

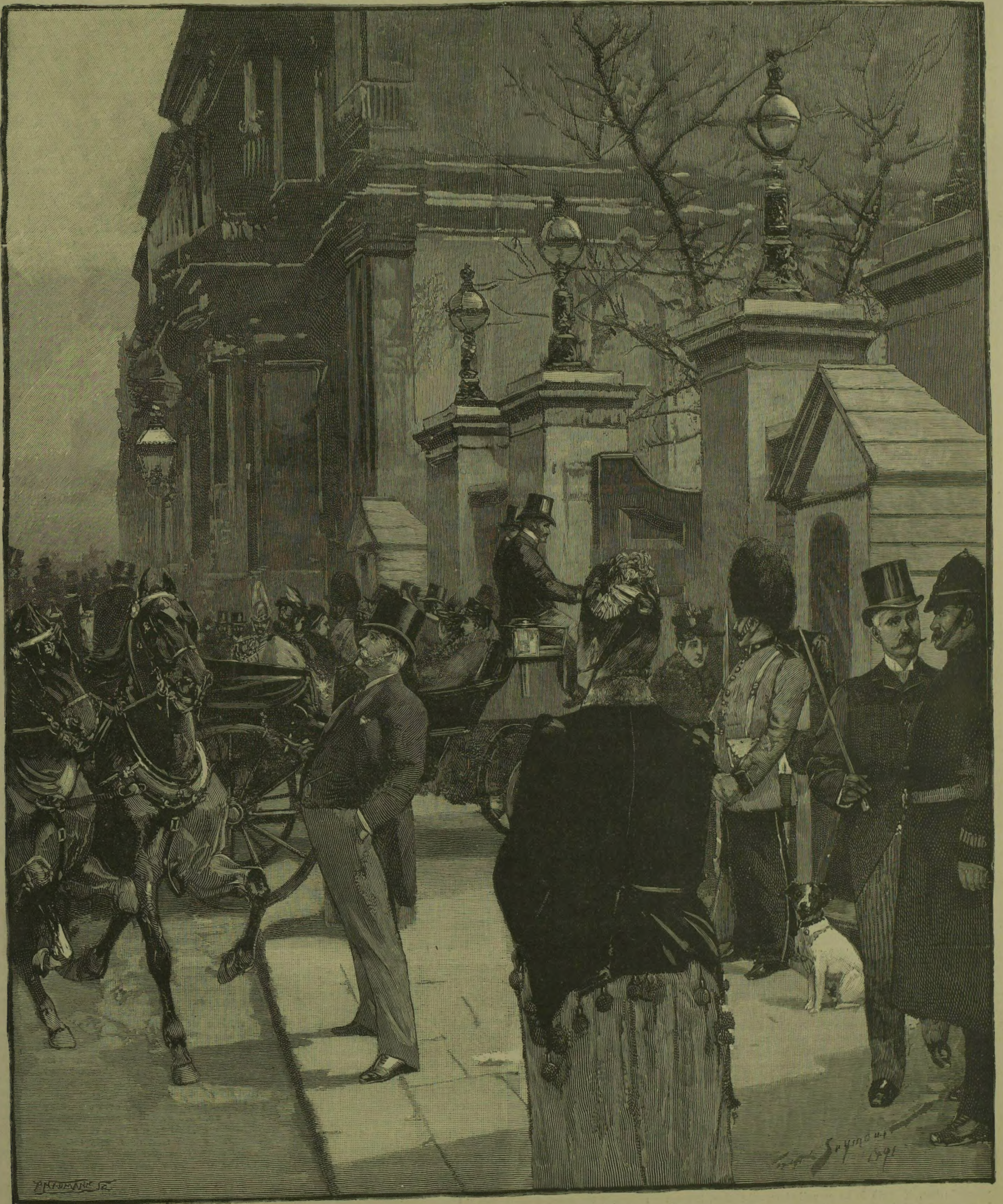
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ILLNESS OF PRINCE GEORGE OF WALES: CALLERS AT MARLBOROUGH HOUSE.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

There are some offences against the law that strike the human mind, however well constituted, as venial. Poaching is asserted to be one of them, on account of the enormous temptation in persons of sporting tendencies to kill game (like "Injuns") "wherever found"; but this is applicable, if applicable at all, to only a small minority. The rights of the Crown or of lords of the manor to ancient treasure found in one's back garden or elsewhere is a case more to the point: without wishing to dispute them, there is a natural impulse in the finder to consider his interesting discovery as a private matter between himself and the British Museum. A still better example is the natural temptation to recover one's own property, when stolen, as quickly as possible, even from the rogues themselves, without the delays (and fees) incident to a prosecution. This is what the law (which loses by it) stigmatises, with an equally natural indignation, as compounding a felony. A housemaid, the other day, was robbed by her fellow-servant of a sovereign, and convicted her of it. The mother of the thief said, "If you will not prosecute my girl, you shall have your money back on Monday." This really seems very convenient, as well as including the virtue of Christian forgiveness; but when the money was not paid, and the thief was very properly given into custody by the poor housemaid, the magistrate pitched into her, as though she had stolen the sovereign. "Are you aware, young woman, that you have been compounding a felony?" "No, Sir; please, Sir," was the reply, "I am only a housemaid" (thinking possibly that she was accused of interfering with the cook's department). How should she know anything of an offence so artificial? For my part, I confess I envy her ignorance and sympathise with her innocence. So long as the law, in addition to its "glorious uncertainty," is so difficult of access, tardy in administration, and expensive in employment, we shall always find poor people eager to "come by their own," if they can, without its intervention—and sometimes rich people. It is not so long ago that an advertisement in the daily papers, from the owner of certain stolen jewels, expressed his willingness to recover them for a suitable consideration and "no questions asked."

To most people, the notion of the church doors being locked upon the congregation within is a humorous idea rather than a practical matter—a thing to read about but not to be believed in. Yet it seems it really happens in some places. The churchgoer has not only to listen to arguments from which he may differ without reply, but is prohibited from leaving the edifice till they have been concluded. This hardly seems expedient, and one is glad to find from a recent legal decision that it is not lawful. The case itself was a peculiar one, and opportunely illustrative of the great sermon question. A parishioner could stand the rector's discourses but not the curate's, and when, through some alteration in the arrangements, the latter appeared in the pulpit instead of the former, this individual took up his hat and made for the door. This, however, "was not only locked but guarded by a sidesman" who had his shoulder against it, as well as by someone who was holding the handle fast on the outside." Such extraordinary precautions to prevent escape seem hardly complimentary to the attractions of the preacher, and naturally aroused the protests of the would-be fugitive; but the only reply he received was: "I have orders not to let you out unless you are ill." If it had been a case of the bona-fide traveller, he would probably have said he *was* ill; but the reverence due to the sacred edifice, or his own high principles, forbade him to use such a pretence, so he resumed his seat and comforted himself as well as he could under unwelcome dogma with the thought of the action he would bring for false imprisonment. The report does not say that he resented the curate's discourses because he *was* a curate, though that sometimes happens. A rector of my acquaintance in an agricultural parish found his own sermons acceptable enough to his congregation, but not those of his assistant. "Why don't you come to hear Mr. Jones?" he said to the leading farmer; "he's an excellent fellow, and preaches far better than I do." "That may be, Sir," was the grave rejoinder; "but we've been inquiring and inquiring about your curate, and we can't find as he's got any property; and we don't like to be told of our sins by a person as hasn't got no property."

Following close upon the case of the soldier who shot his fingers off to get out of the Army is that of the sailor who, by his own confession, pushed his comrade over a cliff "in order to get out of the Navy." It is not to be supposed that these are other than exceptional cases, for both the services are greatly improved, and much less unattractive than of yore; and the question arises whether it is worth while to keep persons of this kind in a profession which, with however little reason, they find intolerable, and where they are at best useless, and at worst nuisances. It would never do, of course, to say "Go, if you like," to every idler or malingeringer, but might it not be possible to allow them to go on payment for so many years to come (according to the service that remains to them), just as soldiers can be "bought out" at an earlier stage by a certain sum of money down? Until the money is paid they could be placed under police surveillance, as the ticket-of-leave men are until their time is out. This would be a good riddance for the services, and the rubbish would be shot at its own expense.

The reconciliation between Sardou and Zola has proved the text for many a sermon of late upon the jealousy of authors. It seems a pity to destroy such a time-honoured subject for "copy"; but, if truth is to prevail above all things, it must be confessed that this jealousy is imaginary. I have known, personally, more or less, almost all the popular writers of the last thirty years, and never, but once, have I seen an example

of it. A few of them have fallen out with one another, but even at the height of their quarrel they have never expressed themselves slightly of each other's books. On the contrary, though they may have privately said, "He talks like poor Poll," they have hastened to add, with even exaggerated appreciation, "though he writes like an angel." *Noblesse oblige*, as well as good taste, may have, one hopes, something to do with this; but surely no intelligent person would belittle a rival to others, and thereby expose himself to their just contempt: it would be showing his hand (and rather a dirty one) to his own disadvantage. In Grub Street, indeed, it is possible such things may happen, but not in Paternoster Row. There is, of course, a very large class of people who take delight in literary detraction, and to whom it is gall and wormwood to behold the prosperity or popularity of their fellow-creatures; but these are the reptiles of the literary world: its great carnivora (whose habits I have studied), if they think "one another's roar a bore," never express that opinion.

In a police report the other day I read for the first time of "an alibi house"—that is to say, a public-house "at which persons who are frequently convicted make arrangements for their acquittal" by that means of defence so enthusiastically advocated by Mr. Weller, sen. The mansion of Mr. Quirk (in "Ten Thousand a Year") was called Alibi House, a title the selection of which always struck me as being more humorous than prudent. The public-house in question did not call itself "The Alibi," but seems to have been well known to gentlemen in trouble. To know where "a commodity of good names" is to be bought, and also their testimony upon oath, must be a great convenience. I am told that the getting up of a good alibi is very dramatic. If many witnesses are required, a dinner is held where someone takes the part of the suspected person; then no one need break down in details under cross-examination. He has only to substitute in his mind's eye the prisoner in the dock for the guest of the evening, while the entertainment itself is, of course, antedated to suit the case. The neglect of this precaution has caused many a poor fellow to be convicted, and his heartbroken father to exclaim, "Oh, Sammy, Sammy, why didn't you try a halibi?"

There is a notion among some highly cultured persons that books—especially books of fiction—are not so good as they used to be. The error is as old as the hills. Every age has produced their like, but it has all the attractions for them of novelty. Yet, if we take even historical novels, which were the specialty of three or four generations ago, we have modern instances that can compare with the best of them, and easily surpass the second best. It was but the other day that we had "The House of the Wolf," but yesterday "The White Company," and to-day, by the author of the former work, "The Story of Francis Cludde." One holds one's breath as one reads the perils that youth encounters, though they appear neither unnatural nor far fetched. To say that "the stories have all been told" is a good excuse to those who do not know how to tell them for abstaining from the attempt, but here, at least, is one that gives them the lie. It is as fresh as the dawn, though the portraits it lights up are those of our far-away ancestors. Some carpers will say, "But it is a mere string of adventures!" They might as well say of a necklace, "This is a mere string of pearls!" But there is much beside adventure in the book—loyalty and love and self-sacrifice, as seen by the sombre glow of Queen Mary's time. In many ways it reminds one of Charles Reade's great romance, but, though inferior to it in some respects, it is less voluminous, and never hangs fire through too much dissertation and reflection. "The Duchess" is a noble character, and her kinswoman as good in her way, though it is not a good way. I have been accused by a generally competent critic of praising too often and too much. As to the first charge, it is not the mission of these "Notes" to find fault—an easy thing to do even with the best of books—but merely to point out to readers such works as will repay their perusal. As to the second, if my critic had to read as many books as I, and such bad ones, he would be ready to acknowledge, with some fervour of gratitude, the merit of the few exceptionally good ones that reach his hands.

A very bright and pleasant little story is "Where Town and Country Meet." It has found a fresh field in the Kent hop-gardens, and new characters among the pickers. Otherwise, it is a love-tale of quite the old-fashioned sort. There is a scene near its commencement which belongs to a high order of fiction, and reminds one of George Eliot. Mrs. Craddock holds "peculiar views," but one fancies they were not unknown to Mrs. Poyser. This lady's conversation with her friend Mrs. Tipper may be almost spoken of in the same breath with that immortal colloquy between Sairey Gamp and Betsy Prig.

"You can't teach the men nothing," she says. "They're that conceited they won't be learnt how things is to be done. They're an onmanageable lot, they are. There's some hope o' children learning to do as they're bid—leastways, gels, but b'ys is disobedient from the beginning, as obstinate as mules, and as thirsty as fishes. They're a-preparing to be men i' the time. And when they're sober, what good is the men i' the house, if it isn't to make work for us as never leaves it? They're allays busy about summat or other as is no manner of good when it's done, playing wi' fire, wi' matches and tobacco, and them as hasn't pipes i' their mouths puts snuff up their noses—tricks as children 'ud be well smacked for, and serve 'em right. If I'd justly known what the men was like, I'd ha' gone into a nunnery by hundreds, as the saying is, afore I'd ha' married one of 'em."

"Come, Mrs. Craddock, don't 'ee talk i' thaten. There's a deal of women 'as worse husbands than what you've got. Yours don't munch you, nor keep back as much o' the wages

for drink as a many do; and when he's in liquor, he takes it respectable-like and sets quiet, and don't look much more of a fool than what he do when he's sober," said Mrs. Tipper, soothingly.

The end of the story is weak and melodramatic, but, notwithstanding that defect—and with novels "there is always a something"—"Where Town and Country Meet" is a book to be read.

HOME NEWS.

The Queen arrived at Windsor from Scotland on Saturday morning, Nov. 21, and was welcomed by a large number of spectators in the streets.

The Queen and Princess Beatrice came to London on Nov. 23 to inquire personally as to the condition of Prince George of Wales. After a stay of an hour at Marlborough House, her Majesty and the Princess returned to Windsor.

The Princess of Wales, accompanied by Princesses Victoria and Maud, arrived in London on Nov. 22 on her return from Russia. The royal travellers, who looked much better than could have been expected after their journey of five days and nights, were met at Charing Cross by the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Clarence and Avondale, attended by General Sir Dighton Probyn and Major-General Ellis.

His Royal Highness Prince George has borne the first meeting with her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales without undue fatigue, and is now doing well—so well, in fact, that the Prince of Wales has thought it safe to fulfil a long-standing engagement to visit Monsieur and Madame de Falbe at Luton Hoo.

The marriage of Mr. Gordon C. Wilson, Royal Horse Guards, eldest son of Sir Samuel Wilson, M.P., of Hughenden Manor, Bucks, with Lady Sarah Isabella Augusta Spencer Churchill, youngest daughter of the late Duke of Marlborough, took place on Nov. 21 in St. George's Church, Hanover Square. The Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge were present at the wedding, and were among the guests at the reception by the Dowager Duchess of Marlborough after the ceremony. In the course of the afternoon a telegram of congratulation was received by the bride from her brother, Lord Randolph Churchill.

Lord Salisbury proceeded to Birmingham on Nov. 23, in order to address two gatherings in connection with the National Union of Conservative Associations. The Prime Minister was met at Birmingham by the leaders of the local Conservatives, and then went on to Bromsgrove, whence he drove to Hewell Grange, where he is the guest of Lord Windsor. On Nov. 24 his lordship addressed a large meeting in the Birmingham Townhall. He repudiated the idea that English and Scotch legislation should be delayed because the Irish Question hung before them. There were many matters affecting Great Britain which seriously required attention. The drawing into the net of the tax-gatherer of all kinds of property was one of these, and it would be a difficult and thorny question. As to the subject of "one man one vote," if our representative system was to be re-examined, there would have to be a redistribution of seats, and the great centres of population would have more members in Parliament, at the expense of Ireland, the north of Scotland, and Wales. The Government meant to perform their promise to create District Councils; but he did not see that any good would be accomplished by Parish Councils. If they could discover any way of increasing the number of small proprietors in the country, they would gladly adopt it.

Lord Hartington presided on Nov. 21 at a dinner given to Mr. Goschen by the Scottish Liberal Union Club in Edinburgh. Having, in proposing his health, warmly praised Mr. Goschen's independence, and the services he had rendered to the country by joining the present Government, he alluded to the possibility of Liberal Unionists and Conservatives acting together under a common leadership, and said the administrative successes of the Government could not be denied. As to the prospects of the party, he said that the bye-elections furnished them with no cause for despondency. Those who had the means of forecasting the probable results of a General Election assured him that, while they might lose seats in the rural districts, they would, at least, hold their own in the great towns and manufacturing districts, and that there was no likelihood that in a new Parliament the Unionist majority would disappear.

Mr. Goschen delivered an interesting and really brilliant address on Nov. 19 to the students of Edinburgh University, of which he is Lord Rector. His subject was the use of the imagination, and the most interesting point in the address was, perhaps, his complaint that modern Socialist "Utopias," such as William Morris's "News from Nowhere" and Bellamy's "Looking Backward," both showed a vital lack of true imagination. The men and women in them were all alike—temperate, prudent, passionless, industrious, and intelligent. In other words, they had had the human nature taken out of them, and as a result the types wanted both interest and reality. Adam Smith, on the contrary, he found to have the true spirit at once of science and imagination—that of prevision or prediction of future societies.

There being no opposition, the Right Hon. W. L. Jackson, late Financial Secretary to the Treasury, has been declared duly elected member of Parliament for North Leeds, he having vacated the seat by accepting the office of Chief Secretary for Ireland.

One of the most eccentric stories of modern fraud was brought to a conclusion on Nov. 23 by the sentence of four years' penal servitude on the Rev. Dr. James Caspar Clutterbuck, a clergyman of the Church of England and an Inspector of Workhouse Schools. Mr. Justice Cave described the case as perhaps the worst that had ever come before him. Dr. Clutterbuck's victims were nearly all persons in a good social position—head masters, clergymen, architects, and ladies of means. His method was to represent that he had been asked by Mr. Goschen to "place" a private Government loan, bearing the magnificent interest of 10, 12, 14, and even 20 per cent. Strange as it sounds, the bait took, and Clutterbuck obtained in all about £35,000 from apparently intelligent as well as well-to-do persons. His frauds were spread over a number of years, and their proceeds were all gambled away in "bucket-shops," on the Stock Exchange, and even on the racecourse. Dr. Clutterbuck's appearance was that of a very mild and benevolent cleric, but he showed no scruple in dragging down personal friends to the ruin in which his own folly had involved him.

Of the nine first-class cricket counties, seven have declared against the visit of the Australian cricket team which it was proposed to send to this country in the spring. The chief objection raised to the Australians is that their visits are becoming too frequent, and that they are detrimental to English cricket.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

EXPULSION FROM RUSSIA.

BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

I confess it was with a feeling of almost certainty that something would happen that I commenced this, my first drawing in Berdicheff. I had worked it up to its present condition when a man in plain clothes pushed himself through the crowd of loafing Jews who were near me, and asked in German what I was making it for. I told him, as I always tell these people—I knew at once that he was a detective—"for myself." There was no use in arguing with him or asking who he was, or why he wanted to know, and all that sort of thing, for it was quite evident he was a person of authority, as he had a couple of policemen with him. Of course, in any other country but Russia I might have browbeaten the detective and hectoring the policemen and come off victorious, to the great delight of the populace, who by this time would have collected in great numbers; I might have become the hero of the moment, and the policemen have been disgraced for ever in their own town. But when you are in Russia, or in a country where you can't speak the language and the people can't speak yours, this is not so easy, and I meekly went to the police-station. My progress there was not triumphal, as it has been in France, Italy, and Austria under similar circumstances. No crowds accompanied me joyfully shouting "Spy!" "Traitor!" "Prussian!" "Kill the Englishman!" "Hang the American!" "To prison with the foreigner!" The two policemen, the detective, and I quietly walked to the station, which was near, and apparently no one took any notice of us; certainly no one followed us. This is the great difference between Russia and all other countries in which I have been arrested. Three times did I see people being escorted by soldiers with drawn swords or fixed bayonets through the streets of Russian towns without attracting the least attention. There is a feeling in the air of "Mind your own business and don't interfere with ours" extending all through Russian affairs, as far as I saw them, which is a delightful contrast to the way in which so many people in so-called civilised parts of the world are everlastingly bothering themselves about other people's concerns.

After all my traps had been brought to the police-station and thoroughly examined (it is quite true that I had taken the precaution to hide all the notes I had made, and that they were not found—these things never are), I was given back my clothes; but a Kodak I had brought with me—it was the first time I had ever had a thing of this sort—and my sketches were kept. The chief of the police refused to understand or to let me explain the Kodak, which was a perfect puzzle to him. It confused him so much that he forgot all his French, which had been reasonably fluent, and he had to send out, or rather take me out, and look up Jews who could speak other lingos besides Russian. Finally, we arranged it that I could either walk back to Kieff, accompanied by two Cossacks, a trip of some ten or fifteen days, and ask the Governor of Kieff personally what must be done with my miserable body, or he would himself send to Kieff and find out.

Now, the first course would have been very much more interesting to the world, and possibly to myself. It certainly would have led to international complications; it would have given the great and good Mr. James G. Blaine another chance to display his marvellous diplomatic ability, which does make some of us so ashamed of our own country; it might even have brought on a war between the United States and Russia, in which I, of course, would have figured as chief correspondent. I pondered long over these things, but I decided eventually upon the second alternative. A ten-days' tramp, even with so many side attractions, did not seem desirable. After thirty-six hours, however, the chief of police and the authorities came to the conclusion that they could not find anything against me: I was very careful not to let them. As I was apparently perfectly innocent of any offence, they simply told me to leave the country by the first available train, and took the trouble to send some officers with me to see that I did so. I went, though at two in the morning. I don't believe anybody, certainly not the Russian police themselves, could find anything treasonable in the drawing which is here published. But it was for making it, and for taking a few snapshots with the Kodak that I was turned out of Russia. Many people who knew nothing of the facts have been good enough to say that it was because I had not asked permission to draw. I first went to Kieff for the *Illustrated London News* to make a series of drawings in the churches there, and I was peremptorily refused permission to draw anything at all, and no reasons whatever were given. But I was almost sure that people who were so stupid as to refuse a man permission to attend to his own business would not be sharp enough to catch him if he did work. And as a matter of fact I did draw for six days in Kieff under the nose of the authorities, civil and religious, and the guns of the sentries in the citadel, and nobody ever stopped me. But when I came down to Berdicheff I did not ask permission—I was not given time to. That it would have been granted I do not believe for a minute. The Russians are not proud of Berdicheff, the biggest Jewish town in Europe. I endeavoured to show them that it was picturesque, but I could not make them see it.

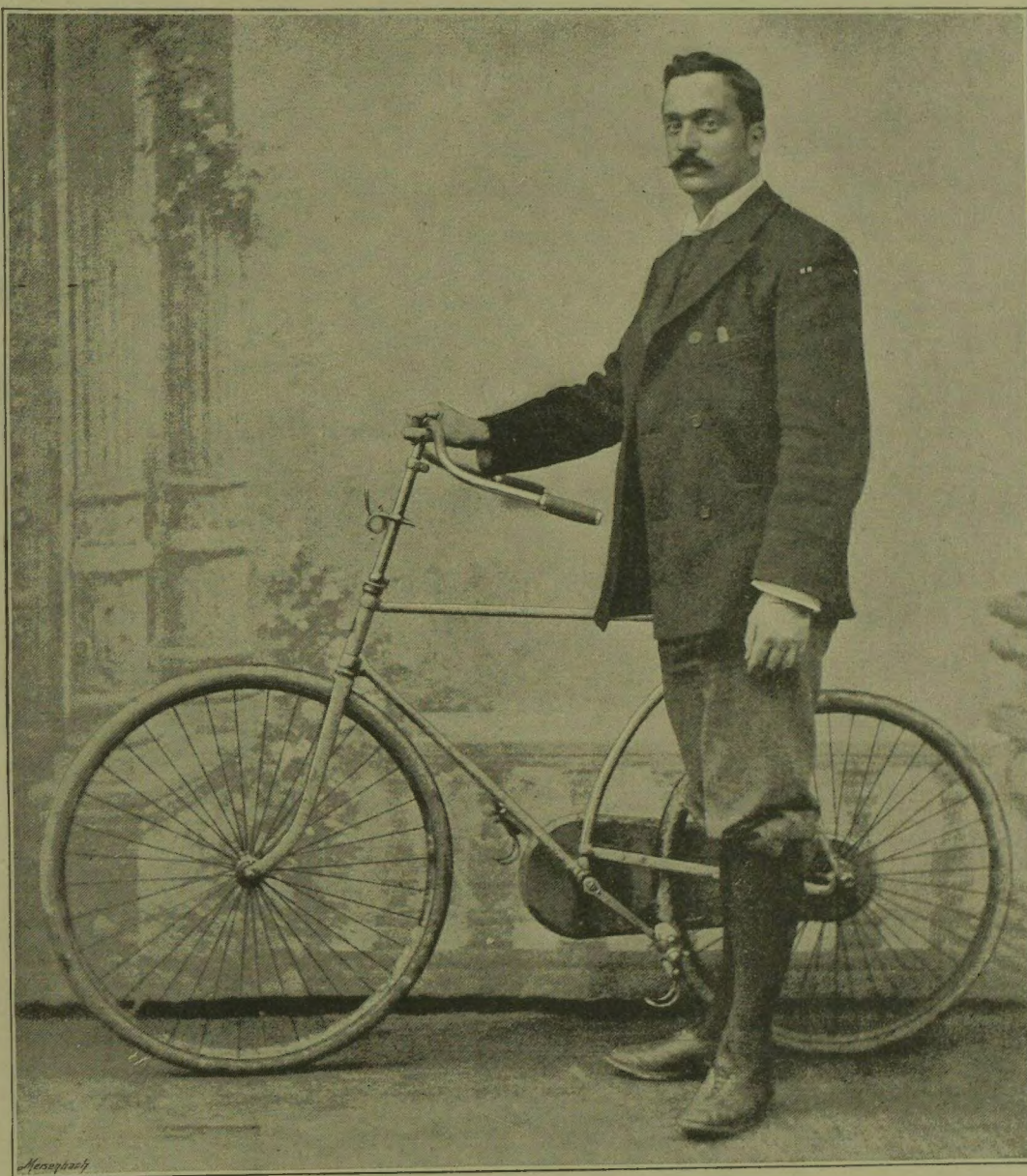
Still, one cannot help respecting in a certain way a nation which displays absolute indifference to what everyone may say of its actions, and whose officials possess the power of carrying out their smallest whims without the least reference to anybody. Of course, there can be no other nation in Europe which, if it could find nothing against a person, would tell him he must leave the country at once. But there is something so

fresh and new, so distinctly powerful and indifferent, in these Russian methods, that you are more interested and amazed than indignant. You are told to go, and you do go; these people do not argue with you, as officials might elsewhere. However, what I managed to see before I left the country, and what I saw in Austria and Hungary, I hope to tell later on.

MR. M. A. HOLBEIN, THE CYCLIST.

Mr. Montague A. Holbein, the well-known cyclist, has just succeeded in breaking his own earlier "safety cycle" record of 336½ miles in twenty-four hours. He started at midnight on Wednesday, Nov. 18, on the Herne Hill track, and rode almost without halt till midnight of the following day. For the first twelve hours the weather was unfavourable, the cyclist having to ride in a drizzling rain, but at noon the sky cleared and things went much more smoothly. Nearly five hundred people waited to see the finish, including a great many lady cyclists. At six minutes to midnight it was announced, amid great excitement, that 360 miles had been covered, and at the stroke of twelve Holbein had traversed 361 miles 1446 yards in the twenty-four hours. His longest absence from the track during the ride was nine minutes, which time was occupied by a rubbing down and a meal of rice-pudding, beef-tea, and jelly. The machine ridden was the Coventry Machinists' Company's "Swift" safety, the wheels of which were 26 in. and 28 in. Its most important adjunct was Harrison Carter's patent gear case and chain lubricator, which completely covers in the chain and chain-wheels, and practically provides a continuous oil bath.

Mr. Montague Holbein was born at Twickenham in 1861, and was educated at the Manchester Grammar School, being then an enthusiast at running, walking, and swimming. He com-



MR. M. A. HOLBEIN, CYCLIST.

menced cycling in 1888, and in the following year he rode 100 miles in 6 h. 18 min. 10 sec., and 324 miles in twenty-four hours, and in 1890 he rode 100 miles in 5 h. 54 min. 2 sec., and 336½ miles in twenty-four hours. In the present year he has ridden from Bordeaux to Paris, a distance of 360 miles, in 27 h. 52 min. 15 sec.

PRESENTATION TO THE BISHOP OF LONDON

At a meeting of clergy and laity of this diocese at Sion College, the Bishop of London was presented with a beautiful pastoral staff, to be held by Bishop Temple and his successors. The Duke of Westminster, heading the subscribers, could not attend on this occasion; the chair was, therefore, occupied by the Lord Mayor, who was accompanied by the two Sheriffs of London. The Dean of St. Paul's and the Bishops of Bedford and St. Albans were present. The pastoral staff, of silver-gilt, was designed by Sir Arthur W. Blomfield, A.R.A., and was manufactured by Messrs. Carrington and Co., 130, Regent Street. It bears a Latin inscription, recording the gift, on the knob, which is adorned with foliage. The pastoral crook rises from a hexagonal base, enriched with foliage, corbelled out from the circular stem. The base is composed of six richly canopied niches or stalls, in which are the seated figures of former Bishops of London—namely, Mellitus, St. Erkenwald, Maurice, Roger Le Noir, Ridley, and Compton. Each is distinguished by costume, by an appropriate emblem, and by the name engraved on the seat. Over these are secondary niches, containing figures of angels bearing emblems of the Passion. From these the crook grows, continually diminishing, but retaining the hexagonal section. The sides are slightly hollowed, and finish at the angles with a small roll; they have running foliage laid in. The outer edge is enriched with beaten crockets, diminishing in size. In the circle formed by the crook is a panel of open tracery work, in which are two figures representing Our Lord's appearance to St. Paul in a trance (Acts xxii. 21).

ILLNESS OF PRINCE GEORGE OF WALES.

During the week from Tuesday, Nov. 17, to Nov. 24, there was some anxiety in the public mind concerning the second son of the Prince of Wales. His Royal Highness was brought to London from Sandringham on Friday, Nov. 13, having been unwell, more or less, a week at Sandringham, where he arrived from Dublin on Oct. 31. He had been visiting his brother, the Duke of Clarence and Avondale, staying at the new barracks in Dublin. These buildings are said to be perfect from a sanitary point of view; but it is well known that the Royal and other barracks in Dublin are open to suspicion in this respect, and it is possible that Prince George may have taken the infection in one of his visits to those quarters. Another conjecture ascribes his malady to eating some oysters in an unwholesome condition. The Prince's illness was declared, when he came to London, to be enteric fever; he was placed under the care of Dr. W. H. Broadbent, one of the first authorities on zymotic diseases, with Dr. F. H. Laking, who acts as general medical attendant on the Prince's household. It soon appeared certain that Prince George was suffering from typhoid fever of a mild type, without any aggravated symptoms. There were some symptoms to show that when the first examination was made the fourteenth day of incubation of the typhoidal bacteria had been reached. Typhoid fever takes seven, fourteen, or twenty-one days to develop fully in the system, the symptoms being always well marked. It is just twenty years since the Prince of Wales had a severe attack of the same complaint, and it is well known to have proved fatal to the late Prince Consort, at Windsor Castle, in December 1861, but there was less danger in the case of Prince George, who has a remarkably robust constitution, and has suffered less from sickness since his boyhood than any of the Prince of Wales's family. His open life at sea and the rough experience of torpedo-boats will be of no small advantage in enabling him to rally from the effects of the fever. He could take liquid nourishment freely, enjoyed refreshing sleep, and his temperature, though it once rose to 103 deg., went down to 102 deg. by day and 101 deg. by night, at which it remained tolerably steady. At Marlborough House the Prince of Wales has remained with his son, frequently visiting the sick-bed, and only going out once or twice a day for a short walk. The Princess of Wales, who was at Livadia, in the Crimea, accompanied by Princesses Victoria and Maud, staying with the Russian Imperial family, when the news of Prince George's illness reached her, lost no time in travelling homeward at all possible speed, a journey of six days, arriving in London on Nov. 22, and entered on the duty of nursing her son, who now showed every sign of improvement. His brother, the Duke of Clarence, stayed at Marlborough House during that week. On Monday, the 23rd, her Majesty the Queen came from Windsor, and went to Marlborough House, where she found all going on well, and took tea with the Prince and Princess of Wales. All the members of the royal family in England have, from time to time, visited the house; and numerous calls of personal inquiry have been made by the nobility, foreign ambassadors, members of Parliament, and other persons of distinction, while telegrams have been received from almost every Court in Europe. The daily bulletins of the physicians, exhibited at the gate of Marlborough House, at eight o'clock in the morning and evening, have been eagerly read by crowds of people. There was no longer, after Nov. 23, any reason for serious alarm. The medical skill and science watching over this case are of the very best. The nurses are Miss Ward and Miss Hallam, both trained in London hospitals. It is needless to state that the patient is kept extremely quiet. The apartments which he occupies at Marlborough House face St. James's Park and Carlton House Terrace, and not the slightest sound of the traffic in the streets can reach him.

THE DISTRESS IN RUSSIA.

Deplorable accounts continue to be received at St. Petersburg regarding the effect of the famine in the provinces of Simbirsk and Samara. In the latter province the situation appears to be aggravated by the incapacity of the local government to cope with the distress. To make matters worse, the necessitous condition of the people is being taken advantage of by greedy and unscrupulous speculators. It seems that the new district chiefs, nominated from among the nobility, are alive to their obligations, and are doing their utmost to put a stop to the proceedings of those persons; but they can do little to remedy the present state of things. There are various mistakes and abuses in connection with the purchase of grain for the public sustenance. The district officials, moreover, are put to much trouble in ascertaining the localities in need of assistance. As soon as news is received that a certain village has no corn, an officer is sent to the place to report. He often finds the inhabitants in the last stage of destitution, not a handful of flour in the village, and the only food left consisting of the leaves of the potato-plant, which the peasants boil. In such cases aid must be sent at once to be of use, but this is often nearly impossible owing to the want of communication. The authorities find that the only effective means of helping the people is to supply them month by month. One feature worthy of notice at the present time is that all the supplies are furnished by the central Government, most of the provinces being so badly administered that, far from possessing any reserve fund, they are in arrears with the receipts from taxation due to the Imperial Treasury. The eastern frontier districts of Austria and Germany are burdened with wandering, starving, and helpless Russians, not only of Jewish race and persuasion, but also of pure Slavonic race.



"BAD NEWS!"—BY FANNIE MOODY.



IN THE STREETS OF BERDICHEFF: AN INTERRUPTED SKETCH.

BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

While making this sketch our Artist was arrested, and, after thirty-six hours' detention, was expelled from Russian territory.

PERSONAL.

The Princess of Wales, who arrived in London on Nov. 22 from Russia, in order to share in the nursing of Prince George of Wales, is an excellent sick-bed attendant. She has the nurse's capacity of watching for night after night by a patient's bedside, taking her sleep in brief snatches, and remaining quite fresh and strong after a long and wearing vigil. She showed this great physical endurance during the Prince of Wales's illness, though since her son's progress towards recovery it has not been necessary to tax her powers to this extent.

Mr. G. N. Curzon, the new Under-Secretary for India, is one of those fortunate persons of whom everybody speaks well, and whose rise to a position of the first importance is safe so long as his party remains in power. The Prime Minister has a very good opinion of him, he has powerful social connections, and both as a writer and a speaker has succeeded in nearly everything which he has attempted. He is as popular in Lancashire as among his old college friends, and in spite of the cares of public life he still continues to be one of the best-dressed men in the House of Commons. He is a bachelor, and lives in the Albany. He has done a good deal of the higher kind of journalism, has written one delightful book, and promises another on Persia at the beginning of the new year.



THE RIGHT HON. G. N. CURZON.

By the death, on Nov. 24, of Lord Lytton, her Majesty's Ambassador to the French Republic, we have cause to mourn the removal of a picturesque and fascinating personality. A son of the Lord Lytton whose "Last of the Barons" and "Harold" were the delight of our childhood, and whose poems and translations were the joy of later years, he has followed his father as a poet and a novelist, but with considerably less of popular favour. The poems, however, which were published under the pseudonym of "Owen Meredith" would have made a considerable reputation for many a man less fortunate than the deceased Ambassador, who went from step to step until he was made Viceroy of India by Lord Beaconsfield in 1876. The discussions to which Lord Lytton's Afghan policy gave rise will be in the memory of our readers; but it sufficeth here to say that he left India in 1880 deeply regretted by the ruling and profoundly respected by the subject race. In 1887 he was appointed Ambassador at Paris, and that he has filled that appointment for the past four years with entire success is not disputed even by the bitterest opponents of his Afghan policy.

The death of Mr. Ralph Heaton, the chairman of the Birmingham Mint Company (late Ralph Heaton and Sons) removes a notable figure in the commercial world. Mr. Ralph Heaton was born in 1827, and the Birmingham Mint which he afterwards conducted was founded when Matthew Boulton's mint at Soho was stopped. The Birmingham firm began by making copper money, either in the form of "blanks," to be afterwards stamped by the Royal Mint, or of completed coins. The first large order was for 500 tons of copper money, from pennies to quarter-farthings, by the British Government. Since that period the Birmingham Mint has coined silver money for this country to the value of a million sterling. Mr. Heaton has also executed large commissions for France, Italy, Germany, Denmark, Sweden, and China, and was decorated, with his brother, Mr. George Heaton, for the way in which the firm did its work. Mr. Heaton was an active Conservative, a J.P. for Birmingham, and a vigorous member of the Town Council, where, on account of his ample physique and his interest on the Public Works Committee, he was familiarly known as the "Colossus of Roads."

Mr. Charles Magniac, whose sudden death has been just announced, purchased, about twenty years ago, Chesterfield House, South Audley Street, one of the few remaining old Georgian mansions in London. It was chiefly remarkable, however, for the memorials of other greater houses which it contained. Its most striking feature was the marble staircase, of which each step was a single block, 20 ft. long, of the finest veined Italian marble. This staircase had originally formed part of the superb "Palace of Canons," built for the "grand" Duke of Chandos by John James, the architect of Greenwich, at a cost of £300,000. At the duke's death, in 1744, the greater portion of the palace was dismantled, giving point to the prophetic satire of Pope—

Another age shall see the golden ear
Imbrow the slope and nod on the parterre,
Deep harvest bury all his pride has planned,
And laughing Ceres reassume the land.

In the library of Chesterfield House the fourth Earl of Chesterfield wrote his celebrated "Letters to His Son," of which an *édition de luxe* was the last work of one of his descendants—the late Earl of Carnarvon. The library was formerly described as the "finest room in London," and contained an unrivalled series of panel-portraits of English poets and dramatists down to 1750. But both this and the boudoir—"the gayest and most cheerful room in England"—were considerably marred and overshadowed by the rapidly encroaching buildings. The scene of E. M. Ward's famous picture "Dr. Johnson in the Ante-room of Lord Chesterfield" was also laid here—by the artist. But at the time of its occurrence Chesterfield House was not completed, and the meeting—if not entirely mythical—probably took place in Bedford Street, Covent Garden.

Professor Henry N. Moseley, LL.D., F.R.S., who died recently at Clevedon, in Somerset, was a naturalist of considerable distinction. He was a son of Canon Moseley, of Bristol, and began his scientific career with a first class in the Natural Science Schools at Oxford. He had very early employment under Government, and his most interesting and fruitful appointment was that of one of the naturalists to the Challenger Expedition in the voyage round the world from 1872 to 1876. He published the results of his observations in his well-known work "Notes by a Naturalist on the Challenger." Like his father, he was a Fellow of the Royal Society, and was a member of the council for several years before his death. He made a complete collection of the plants found in the course of the Challenger's voyage.



THE LATE PROFESSOR MOSELEY.

Count Herbert Bismarck, who is now in England and was an interested listener during part of the sitting of the Labour Commission at Westminster a few days ago, is, physically, a remarkably fine specimen of a German aristocrat. He is six feet in height, powerfully yet gracefully built, and his strongly marked features and massive brow bear a decided resemblance to those of the Prince, his father, a resemblance heightened by the heavy moustache which conceals the firm, well-cut mouth. Count Herbert's mother was Johanna von Puttkammer, a lady of great beauty and many accomplishments, whom the great statesman, with his usual determination, married, in 1847, in spite of considerable objection on the part of her parents, who disapproved of the attentions of one who was at that time known as "the mad Bismarck."

The death on Nov. 23 of Canon Evans, the Master of Pembroke, removes from Oxford one of its most familiar figures—not, indeed, that he was valiant in the councils of University reformers, or a leader in the intellectual life of Oxford. His sympathies were rather more with the undergraduate than the graduate life of that University; for to his latest days he took the keenest interest in athletics. His college was his first love: from Pembroke he took his second as long ago as 1835; in Pembroke he reappeared as Fellow and tutor; and over Pembroke he was placed as Master in succession to Dr. Jeune. He was not a great scholar or a born administrator; but he was a man of sound common-sense, of unfailing geniality, and broad sympathies.

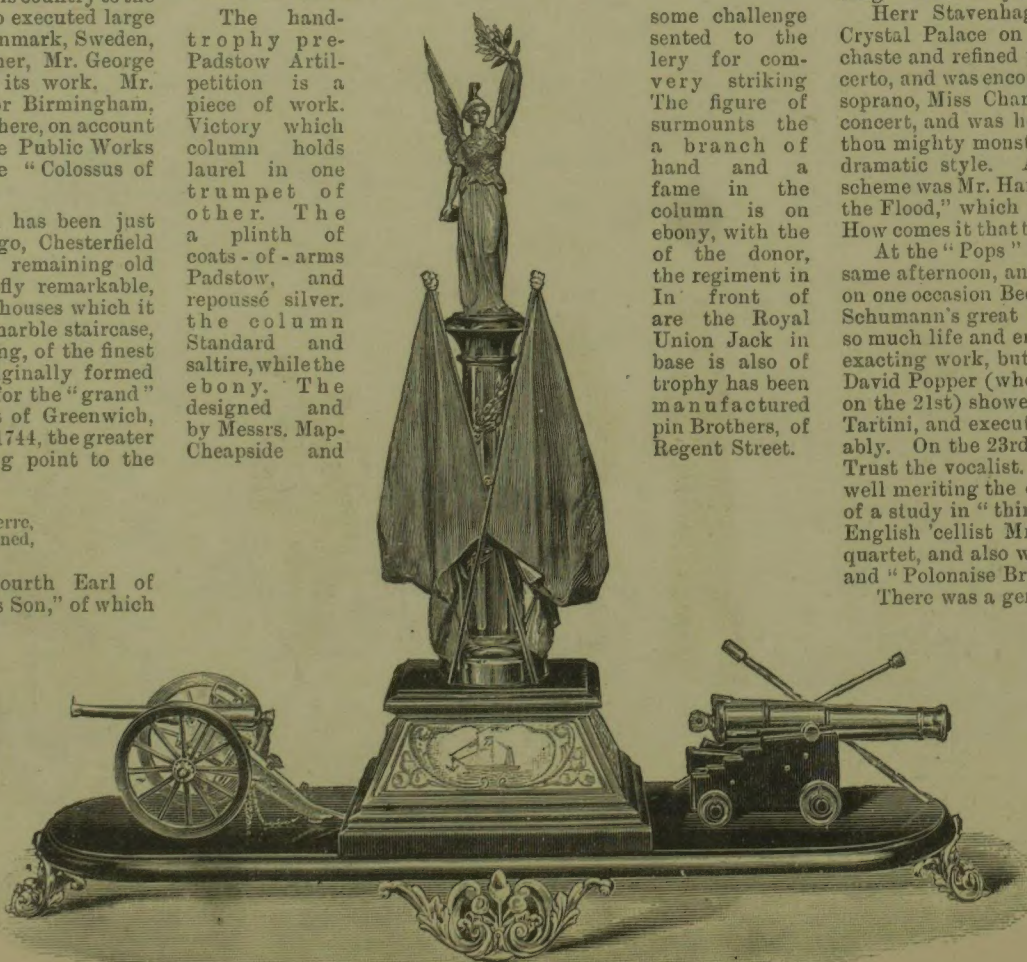
The death of Mr. Alfred Henry Haggis, the Deputy Chairman of the London County Council, removes a hardworking member of that body, from which, however, the deceased gentleman contemplated retirement at the next election. Mr. Haggis, while travelling in an omnibus from Victoria to Charing Cross on the morning of Nov. 24, was taken suddenly ill, and removed from the omnibus to Charing Cross Hospital, dying on the way of cardiac affection. The Deputy Chairman was born in London in 1834, and was a saw-mill proprietor connected with Croydon, of which borough he had been an alderman since 1883. In politics he was a Liberal, and was in 1888 elected to the newly formed County Council as member for West Southwark. Mr. Haggis was the responsible chief salaried officer of the Council—he received a salary of £1500 a year—and the head of its staff. He was elected Deputy Chairman in 1889, and was re-elected in 1890.



THE LATE MR. A. H. HAGGIS.

The hand-trophy presented to the Padstow Artillery Volunteers for competition is a piece of work. Victory which column holds laurel in one trumpet of other. The a plinth of coats-of-arms Padstow, and repoussé silver. the column Standard and saltire, while the ebony. The designed and by Messrs. Map-Cheapside and

some challenge sented to the lery for comvery striking The figure of surmounts the a branch of hand and a fame in the column is on ebony, with the of the donor, the regiment in In front of are the Royal Union Jack in base is also of trophy has been manufactured pin Brothers, of Regent Street.



CHALLENGE TROPHY PRESENTED TO THE PADSTOW ARTILLERY VOLUNTEERS FOR COMPETITION.

MUSIC.

What may be aptly termed the French autumn opera season came to a termination on Saturday, Nov. 21, when "Carmen" was given before a large audience. At the end of the performance Sir Augustus Harris was called before the curtain and easily prevailed upon to deliver the inevitable speech. He thanked the public for their warm reception of the French artists, and promised to bring them to Covent Garden again. His next summer season would, he thought, be the best he had ever given, while the success of the subscription was already ensured, the whole of the pit and grand tier boxes being even now disposed of. Sir Augustus made no allusion to his scheme for German opera, but the facts have since become pretty well known. Being the owner of the performing rights in Wagner's works here, he intends giving some of these alternately with the Italian and French operas, engaging for the purpose some of the leading German artists, who will be free to come over in May and June. It is virtually decided that "Die Walküre" and "Siegfried" are to be the principal productions, M. van Dyck playing the hero in each.

Madame Deschamps-Jéhin, the Carmen of the performance above referred to, has only recently seceded from the Opéra Comique, and signed a three-years' engagement with the directors of the Grand Opéra, where she made her début in the Meyerbeer Centenary celebration on Nov. 14. There can be no doubt that this accomplished artist is better fitted for the larger than the smaller of the two famous Paris opera-houses. After her first successes at Brussels (where, by the way, she created several important rôles at the Théâtre de la Monnaie), Madame Deschamps had the fullest intention of migrating to the renowned French Académie de la Musique; but she was caught "in transit," as it were, by M. Carvalho, who secured her for a lengthy period for the Opéra Comique. There she became an immense favourite, the beauty of her rich contralto voice, the purity of her vocal method, and the rare dramatic instinct of her style generally earning the unbounded admiration of a public by no means easy to please. This was the first time Madame Deschamps-Jéhin had visited London, and her fine impersonation of Carmen was a conspicuous feature of the opera season so ably conducted by her talented husband.

Thanks to the strong personal interest evinced by the Prince and Princess of Wales, quite a substantial subscription-list supports the new series of orchestral concerts started by Sir Charles Hallé on Nov. 20. The attendance looked scantier than it really was, because the unreserved area and gallery seats were empty, and this may be avoided in future by a reduction of the price, which is at present decidedly too high. When amateurs can get a good numbered stall and hear the famous Crystal Palace orchestra for half-a-crown, they can scarcely be expected to pay the same price for an inferior seat to listen to the Manchester band at St. James's Hall. Sir Charles Hallé may also see his way to provide a vocalist upon occasion, and by so doing he will assuredly add to the attractiveness of his programmes. He was himself the soloist as well as the conductor at the opening concert, being heard in the Schumann pianoforte concerto. The orchestra gave, among other things, a capital performance of Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony and Weber's "Oberon" overture.

Mr. John Boosey began his twenty-sixth season of London ballad concerts on Wednesday, Nov. 18. Time seems only to enhance the popularity of these entertainments, and, with an unlimited repertory to choose from, there need be little fear that custom will quickly "stale their infinite variety." Two new songs were given at the first concert, one by Stephen Adams, called "Sweet Kildare," the other "The Bee and the Song," written and composed by Mr. F. E. Weatherly. Both are pleasing ballads, and calculated to take the general ear. Another noteworthy item was Mr. Santley's rendering of the song "Ho! Jolly Jenkin," from Sullivan's "Ivanhoe."

Herr Stavenhagen appeared for the first time at the Crystal Palace on Saturday, Nov. 21. He gave a singularly chaste and refined performance of Beethoven's G major concerto, and was encored in his subsequent solos. A new American soprano, Miss Charlotte Walker, made her début at the same concert, and was heard to advantage in Weber's air "Ocean, thou mighty monster!" She has a powerful voice and a good dramatic style. A welcome instrumental number in the scheme was Mr. Hamish MacCunn's "Land of the Mountain and the Flood," which was beautifully played under Mr. Manns. How comes it that this interesting composition is not published?

At the "Pops" Miss Fanny Davies was the pianist on the same afternoon, and again on the following Monday, playing on one occasion Beethoven's "Adieu" sonata, and on the other Schumann's great Fantasia in C major. There was not quite so much life and energy as usual in her rendering of the latter exacting work, but she played the sonata to perfection. Herr David Popper (who made his first appearance at these concerts on the 21st) showed himself a great player in the adagio by Tartini, and executed his share of the concerted works admirably. On the 23rd M. Ysaye was the violinist and Mrs. Helen Trust the vocalist. Both were encored, the Belgian virtuoso well meriting the compliment for his marvellous performance of a study in "thirds" by Paganini. At this concert our able English cellist Mr. Edward Howell was associated with the quartet, and also with Miss Davies in Chopin's "Introduction" and "Polonaise Brillante," Op. 3. The attendance was small.

There was a genuine crowd at the last Sarasate concert, on Monday afternoon, Nov. 23. Chamber music only was given, and, as usual, Madame Berthe Marx was the pianist.

OUR PORTRAITS.

The portrait of the Hon. G. N. Curzon, M.P., is from a photograph by Messrs. Russell and Sons, 17, Baker Street, W.; the late Mr. Alfred Henry Haggis, by Messrs. Elliott and Fry, 55, Baker Street, W.; Mrs. Grimwood, by Mr. Vandyk, 125, Gloucester Road, S.W.; the late Professor Moseley, by M. Barraud, Oxford Street, W.; the late Mr. R. Heaton, by Mr. J. Collier, 66, New Street, Birmingham; Mr. Holbein, by Mr. R. W. Thomas, 121, Cheapside, E.C.; Madame Deschamps-Jéhin, by Nadar, of Paris.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

Everyone must sympathise with our youngest manager—Mr. Henry Arthur Jones—in his desire to abolish the detestable fee system at our theatres. But at the same time it is curious that so observant and business-like a man should have been, up to the present moment, ignorant of the fact that the letting-off of refreshment bars and the selling of programmes enables so many casual speculators to become managers of London theatres. Innocently enough, Mr. Jones has let a good deal of daylight into this complicated question, and we now know how hard it is to banish and abolish this obnoxious tax once and for evermore. If the refreshment contractor or bar speculator of a theatre can make £10 a night by selling half-a-farthing programmes at sixpence and a shilling apiece, he can, in all probability, make another £5 a night at the least in dragging coats and cloaks off the backs of visitors to the playhouse, and can surely estimate his profits from selling poisonous drinks, mucky buns, and stale chocolates at another £15 a night. This means £30 a night, or, say, £120 a week for six performances. Throw in a couple of matinées at £60 more, and we find £180 a week taken clear of the manager's rent! According to this theory, theatrical management cannot be such a risky speculation as many people imagine it to be. The fact of the matter is that theatrical managers who start business without adequate capital cannot afford to do away with the fee system. They would have to face their £5000 a year rent with no deductions whatever. They forget or ignore not only the obnoxious taxes themselves, but the rude manner in which they are imposed. It is a case of "Money or your life!" You have scarcely put your nose inside a theatre before you are seized upon and called to stand and deliver. First it is your coat. Men and women rush after you and pester you for your coat. They would rejoice if all were foolish enough to yield to their importunate demands, and risk colds, coughs, influenza, and bronchitis for the rest of their natural life. Why, it is madness, at this time of the year particularly, to venture into the stalls without a draught-protector. Modern theatres are so constructed that they are mere draught-traps. If you are seated near a door you risk a stiff neck. You must wrap your cloak around you, and be careful to protect your legs from the blasts of wind that pour in from every crack and cranny. If you are in the centre of the stalls, at many theatres directly the curtain is raised a tornado of wind rushes across the footlights and catches you by the throat. I often think that women are mad who venture into theatres with low dresses in winter time. It is bad enough for men, whose throats and chests, covered up all day, are exposed to theatre draughts, but a low dress in a theatre after November is a curious form of insanity.

And yet these attendants get quite offended if we do not leave behind us the only garments that will protect us from sudden death. They would rejoice if the manager issued an order compelling us to give up our coats and furs just as we are compelled to deliver up our sticks at a picture gallery. Their theory is that we must disrobe or die, the disrobement not only meaning personal discomfort for three mortal hours, but hanging about the lobbies for an endless time when the performance is over in order to recover the stolen property. Remember that no one is free from the theatre highwaymen. Even those who go in with orders cannot get out of the cloak-room or programme tax. At last they must pay. I remember once going into a theatre with a friend who had a keen sense of the ludicrous. I think it must have been W. S. Gilbert. It was a morning performance, and he was attacked in the usual way—

"Coat, Sir!"

"What do you want with it?"

"To take it off."

"Very well," he murmured innocently.

The highwayman prepared to strip off his coat, and behold! my friend, who had prepared for the dodge, walked away in his shirt-sleeves! He had only put on his overcoat, with nothing underneath it.

Unconcerned, he was preparing to enter the stalls, coatless, when the attendant rushed after him.

"Look here, Sir, you must not go into the stalls like that!"

"Why not?" he asked, with a bland and innocent air.

"You asked for my coat. You have got it. What more can you want?"

The coat and cloak fiends having been disposed of, you encounter the second rank of touts. Now it is a programme for which you must pay. They insolently bar your passage. They dun you, and din into your ears "Programme, Sir." It is not a civil request to know if you would like a programme or not, but a demand with an implied threat. The implication is that you are a stingy person, who has no right to be seen in the stalls. A nervous man or youth who enters a theatre with several ladies is usually fleeced to the tune of several shillings for programmes alone. He dare not refuse. He does not like to look mean before his guests or his friends.

But this is not all. Having gone through the first easy stages of theatrical purgatory, you are worried all the evening with ice-sellers and chocolate-vendors and stale-cake providers. If you are in the stalls, safely wrapped up from the draughts, these touts edge in between the very narrow and uncomfortable stalls and generally make hay. They tread on your toes, they disturb the little nest you have made, they make havoc with the ladies' back hair, pulling out confiding hair-pins and crushing the result of the maid's handiwork. They don't care if they dig you in the eye with an ice-tray, or powder you with the refuse of sponge-cakes, or bury you under chocolate-boxes. Their duty is to make as much money as possible for the speculating contractor. It is not their fault, poor things. They all get a commission on their wares, and it is their duty to tout. So far and so bad for the stalls. It is even worse in a private box. During the intervals of the play, if you happen to be engaged in a very earnest conversation, naturally at the back of the box and with one of the opposite sex, just as the dialogue is becoming most interesting and earnest, without any warning the door of the box is flung open, and, if you are not projected into the corridor, you are suddenly alarmed and wantonly interrupted. Who on earth wants ices when he is warmed with argument or devotion? Who wants biscuits when he is discussing love problems—of course, in connection with the play. Who desires mundane chocolate when everything is progressing so sweetly? But these fiends enjoy the pleasure of interruption. Not once or twice, but thrice in the evening they make you buy silence with their detested wares. I do not believe that there is a playgoer in existence who would not vote for the instant annihilation of the theatre tout. Managers can have no excuse now that Mr. Henry Arthur Jones has let the cat out of the bag. We shall know now that they are saving their pockets and their rent by a form of indefensible brigandage.

STRENGTH VERSUS STRATEGY.

BY A LONDON PHYSICIAN.

Has the lady now performing at the Alhambra any abnormal physical force at her command, or has she not? This seems to be one of the questions of the hour, and, such being the case,



LISTENING TO HER MAGNETISM BEATING ON A WINE-GLASS.

a few words setting forth the probabilities from a scientific standpoint may not be out of place. The theoretical objections to the claims of the "magnetic lady" are briefly the following—

Although it is now established beyond a doubt that persons can be put into a mesmeric condition, scientists do not believe in the existence of a mesmeric force. It has been proved beyond a doubt that the capability or susceptibility for being hypnotised resides in the subject, and that he can just as easily be put to sleep by a revolving mirror as by human agency. As regards electricity, creatures such as the electric eel, which have the power of giving electrical shocks, have a special organ in which the electricity is manufactured. It is, therefore, *a priori* inconceivable that the human body can exert any force except that derived from the contraction of its own muscles upon surrounding objects. The assumptions of Mrs. Abbott may be narrowed down to two: she practically claims to be able to increase her own weight and to reduce that of objects with which she comes in contact. If such were really the case, it would be obviously immaterial whether she were to stand upon wood, carpet, glass, or any other substance, as the attraction of gravitation being between the great mass of the



LIFTING A CHAIR WITH SIX MEN ON IT.

earth and her body, the interposition of a few other substances could have no possible effect. Her contention that she can only work standing upon wood or glass is manifestly absurd.

It is one of the laws enunciated by logicians that a general rule can be disproved by adducing even one particular instance to the contrary. When, then, a person brings forward a series of experiments, all of which are professedly accomplished by a certain unknown force, and you can prove that several of them are performed by ordinary means, the assumption is that they are none of them genuine. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Abbott has up to now performed no feat which cannot be imitated with more or less success by persons of average strength and without any special practice. Such being the case, is it not reasonable to expect that her great strength and four or five years' practice at these feats will account for the superiority with which she accomplishes them, without the necessity of calling in the aid of a hypothetical force which refuses to be governed by any of the laws of nature with which we are acquainted?

On careful examination it will be perceived that she is of very great strength. Her small face and the manner in which



SIX-FOOT-THREE TRIES TO LIFT HER, BUT FAILS.

she is dressed favour the illusion of fragility. It is a notorious fact that muscular development in a woman's arm is not so apparent to a superficial observer as in a man. As a case in point, we may cite "Victorina," the strong woman who appears occasionally at the London halls. Although she is able to lift a brass cannon and juggle with 56lb. weights, her arm is a model of beauty; and even when her biceps are vigorously contracting spectators in the stalls can hardly perceive any abnormal development. The writer of this article, having had the opportunity of examining the arms of both "Victorina" and Mrs. Abbott, can unhesitatingly assert that there is very little

to choose between them upon the score of muscular development. As regards her weight, it is probably very much in excess of what it is supposed to be, and it is quite likely that she deludes the person whom she allows to lift her by springing from her toes and thus aiding her ascent. This would tend to make the contrast of her real weight more obvious, and, as she would naturally not aid the lifter in any way, the difficulty of raising her would be enormously increased. Instead of her assisting by keeping her arms rigid, a great part of the muscular force of the operator has to be expended in holding her arms against her side. As a matter of fact, on one occasion she was actually raised off her toes by a young Guardsman, who managed to fix her elbows.

And now for the proof that one of her tricks was not performed in the manner in which she professed to do it, thus making it a logical probability that all were not. This was the lifting of a man in a chair, which was supposed to be held between her open hands.

The writer of this article having sat upon a chair on the Alhambra stage, the performer tilted it back until it was

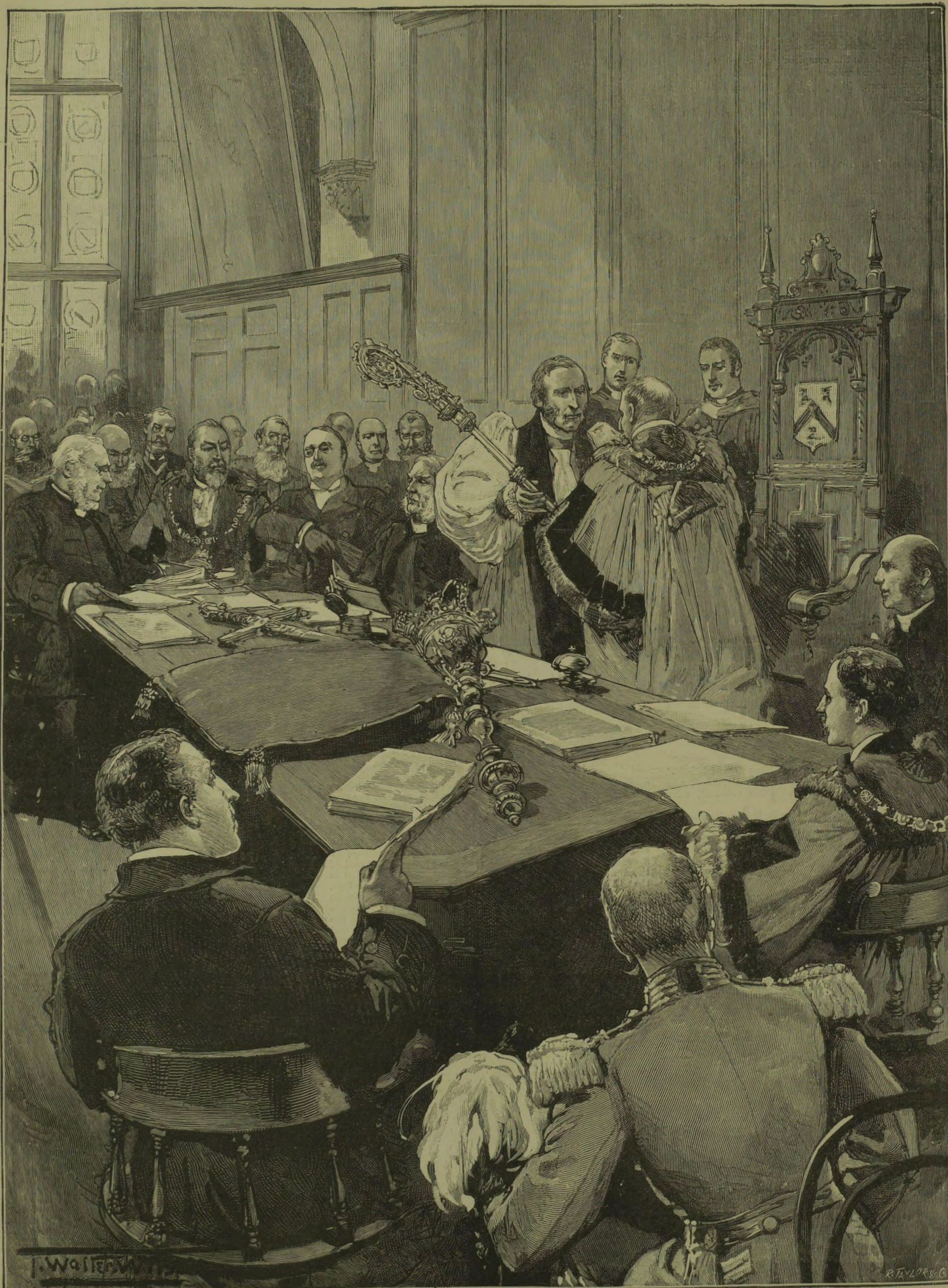


PUSHING BACK THREE MEN.

supported upon its hind legs only. She then raised the chair about six inches from the stage and let it drop again, jumping it forwards. This she professed to do by the aid of the hands alone, but as a matter of fact she levered the chair up against her knee, in so doing pressing against the hand of the writer, who had placed it there, behind the back of the chair, in readiness, expecting that this was the method made use of. The chair was a special one, admirably adapted for this method of working the trick, as it had a low seat, a long, straight, high back, and a rail across at a convenient height to go against the knee. In this instance, therefore, it is absolutely certain that she did the trick in a different manner from what she professed to. It is therefore only logical to assume that her other tricks were done by no more occult means. If the performer really did possess powers of a hitherto unknown description, she would be only too pleased to allow scientific men exactly to estimate its nature. And this science is able to do apart from the clumsy method of setting men to push against her. If the man who is trying to lift her were to stand upon the platform of a weighing-machine such as luggage is weighed with at railway stations, the precise amount of force which he was exerting would be denoted by the remainder left after deducting this known weight from that marked by the machine; and the lady's known weight deducted from this again would be the measure of the attractive power to the earth that she was capable of exerting. But performers of this class do not take kindly to scientific tests. It is the very uncertainty which draws houses in the hope of witnessing a public exposure. Were even such a natural force demonstrated, it would, after a short time, be looked upon as the telephone or phonograph is at the present day, and hardly anyone would pay to see it.



RAISING A BILLIARD CUE HELD DOWN BY SIX MEN.



PRESENTATION OF A PASTORAL STAFF TO THE BISHOP OF LONDON AT SION COLLEGE.

"COME LIVE WITH ME AND BE MY LOVE."

AN ENGLISH PASTORAL.

By ROBERT BUCHANAN,

Author of "God and the Man," "The Shadow of the Sword," &c.

CHAPTER XV.

BRIDGET.

Shrill and keen the east wind blew
(Hey, the wind and the weather!)
The white rose sickened where it grew,
For fingers o' frost and poison-dew
Felt for its heart together!

Even to a nature so barren of pity and imagination—which are often convertible terms—as that of Gaffer Kingsley, murder is a dreadful business. When first the idea that to kill

Bridget was a possible, nay, even an admirable, way out of the imbroglio had risen in his dull mind, the act had looked easy of commission, and, done with due care of detail, safe enough. But from the moment when he had stowed away the Shepherd's little phial in the pocket of his smock-frock, doubts and trepidations began to grow in the Gaffer's mind.

He tried to pooh pooh and ignore them, but they returned, and by the time that he got home to the Warren they had assumed spectral proportions.

Nevertheless, the sight of George sitting solitary in the dim parlour so revived his rage against the innocent cause of all the trouble that for the moment it again seemed easy to perpetrate his hideous design; so the Gaffer went to bed screwed up to the pitch of desperate action, and lay for an hour or two revolving schemes of murder with a diabolic relish. Each plan which occurred to him had its flaw, its point of weakness, its possible loophole for detection, and to his quaking nerves the enterprise began to look impossible again. He tossed and tossed feverishly on his bed. At last the mere presence of the phial in the room became a terror to him, and more than once he furtively struck a light to contemplate it. Once, his dread of the possible consequences so gained on him that he opened the window of his room to dash the little bottle on the stones of the yard below, but in the very act he checked his hand with a new resolve to risk all dangers.

The dawn came, and found him still floundering in the quagmire of doubt, and he went afield with the phial in his pocket. Had the fabled bottle-imp been confined within its small limits, it could hardly have exercised a more potent influence on him, and a dozen times an hour he found himself examining the innocent-looking liquor it contained.

He went back to the Warren at his usual breakfast time, and was for the moment relieved to learn that his son had eaten his meal earlier, and had left the house. But the boy's absence acted on him very much as his presence might have done, and he began to rage at the young fool's obstinacy.

"Vule o' vules!" he cried at last, rising and smiting the table with a heavy hand; "he shall ha' the money, and ha' the land, and ha' Catherine, if I hang for 't, if I hang for 't! He shall, d—n him, he shall!"

He went out into the yard, and finding there a pile of dried branches and a bill-hook, fell to chopping them into lengths, meanwhile revolving for the hundredth time ways and means of effecting his purpose. On a farm-labourer passing through the yard he feigned a sort of ghastly hilarity, and fell to singing, in a voice like the croak of a raven—

The young one has a bonny face,
But the old one has the money!

and cursed himself a moment later for the inappropriate appropriateness of the ditty. He was still slashing at the wood, when a step upon the stones of the yard made him turn. He stood for a moment staring at the intruder with his eyes protruding from his head.

It was Bridget!

She looked worn and ill, with heavy shadows under preternaturally bright eyes. His rage so surged up against her after that one moment of astonishment that his shaking hand closed on the bill-hook with the passing intention of throwing it at her. He checked that characteristic ebullition of feeling, however, and forced his twisted features to a wry smile of welcome.

"'Tis you, Miss Bridget!" he said. "And what brings 'ee hereaway so early of a morning. Come to pay the old man a visit, eh?"

His humour seemed to choke him, for he fell into a fit of coughing which lasted for a minute.

"Yes," said Bridget. "I did come to see you, Mr. Kingsley."

"Deary me, now!" said the Gaffer, in genuine wonder at this statement. "Think o' that! Not to see Jarge, Miss Bridget? Only to see me? Sartin sure?"

"I shall never see George again," said Bridget, steadfastly.

"Poor little lass!" said the Gaffer, with an ugly and clumsy pretence of sympathy which would have been at once remarked by anyone less troubled than Bridget. "But what's done can ne'er be undone. The vule says that so long as you be living, he'll ne'er go courting again."

"I know," said Bridget, with a sob; "I know he loves me."

"Ay, blight him!" cried the Gaffer; then, correcting himself, "There, there, don't 'ee mind me; it's only my way. A crabbed old varmint, I am. But it made me mad to see him throw such a chance away, though I've forgiv'n him now."

Bridget shivered and started at the word, and the Gaffer's fiery little eyes pierced her like gimlets.

"Ay," he continued, "I'm none that hard as some folk'd make me out. But, my wench, what says your sister?"

"She says nothing," said Bridget, with a burst of tears: "She neither speaks to me nor looks at me. She will never forgive me."

"That's bad," said the old man, reflectively, holding his head on one side like a cogitating raven. "Trouble 'tween sisters is powerful bad. But ye know, Bridget, Catherine's in the right of it all through. She's the eldest, is Catherine, land and money too are hers, and the eldest should go first, though 'tis main hard on the younger."

"I know," said Bridget, brokenly. "I've been thinking of all that and of all her kindness, and I don't want to stand in the way of her happiness. I would rather die. Tell George that—tell him—tell him that—although I love him—that—Oh! Catherine! my sister!"

She tottered, clutched at the air, and seemed about to fall.

"Sit 'ee down," said the Gaffer. "Sit 'ee down. Ye're ill, my wench."

The Gaffer helped her to a rude bench under the parlour window.

"Lean your head against the wall. Theer! theer! Will 'ee take a sup o' buttermilk? Yes? No? Well, well!"

He patted her shoulder as she sobbed.

"And so ye want me to tell Jarge as ye'll never marry him?"

"Yes," sobbed Bridget. "Say I told you so. Tell him he must not come to the farm any more."

"Eh! but he's that mad for 'ee," said the Gaffer, shaking his head. "What use be it denying the vule when he swears to marry none else while you be alive?"

His manner and speech were sympathetic and soothing, but he could have torn the girl with his hands.

"The more ye weep and cry, the more mad he grows for 'ee. Eh! if sister was a hard woman, she'd wish 'ee dead and buried."

Bridget's sobs redoubled.

"She does, Mr. Kingsley, she does! Oh! what shall I do?"

The Gaffer's eyes lightened with an angry gleam of resolve.

"Bide here awhile, and I'll fetch 'ee a cup of buttermilk. 'Twill do 'ee good, my wench."

He ambled quickly into the cottage, and, with his shaking fingers clutching at the

murderous little phial in his pocket, found the can of buttermilk on the table, poured a portion into a glass tumbler, and, with tremulous glances about the room, added to it the Shepherd's decoction.

Returning to Bridget, he found her leaning against the wall, the tears running down her white cheeks from under her closed lids.

"Here," he said, tendering the tumbler; "sup, my dear!"

"I can't," said Bridget, feebly, waving the glass aside. "I can't; 'twould choke me."

"Nay, nay; 'twill do 'ee good, I tell 'ee! To show there be no malice i' your heart against me! Maybe things'll come right. I'll talk wi' Catherine."

"You'll ask her to forgive me?" cried Bridget. "You're old. You're George's father. She'll listen to you."

"Ay, ay, lass; I'll talk wi' her. Keep up your heart, my wench. Things will come right. 'Tis a long lane that has no turning, they say. Here, sup!"

Bridget drank, while the old man kept his eyes fixed on her with a glassy stare. He half expected to see her fall dead beneath his eyes, and at the thought his blood froze in his



Returning to Bridget, he found her leaning against the wall. "Here," he said, tendering the tumbler, "sup, my dear!"

"That's what I came to tell you. We met yesterday—it was by accident—and I told him I could never see him any more."

The Gaffer peered at her out of his foxy little eyes to detect some sign of duplicity. He found none. The girl's face was set as with a stern resolve after a long struggle, and she spoke simply and directly.

He did not believe her any the more for that, but set his brain seeking for a possible double meaning in her words.

"And so ye came to see me, and to tell me that? Well, ye're a good wench. Tell me, do 'ee love him? He loves 'ee rarely, the mad vule!"

Bridget's eyes filled with tears, and she turned her face away.

"Well, well, don't cry, my wench. Things may mend! Maybe ye think I'm angry. So I were, at first, afore I talked it o'er wi' my son Jarge. The mad vule! Eh! he's young though, and youth's the time for love-makin'! I were just the same. Ye've bewitched him rarely."

"I am sorry," said Bridget. "I didn't think—I didn't know. But I've told him that it's all over, and now he's going away."

veins. But she merely sighed as she took the glass from her lips.

"'Twill take away the faintness," he said, when he could trust his voice: "Come, another sup!"

She obeyed him, for the cool draught had indeed done her good for the moment.

"Ah! that's better. The colour's come back to your cheek. Go your ways home, my wench. Don't linger."

He gave her his hand to help her to rise, and fussily led her from the yard.

"Say naught about coming here, or maybe Jarge might think I was turning your mind again him. But I'm your friend, lass, I'm your friend!"

The girl's sore heart was touched by his unexpected kindness.

"Good-bye, Mr. Kingsley. Good-bye, and thank you. They say you're a hard man, but you've been good to me in my trouble, and I thank you. You'll—you'll speak to Catherine?"

"Ay, ay, I'll speak to her," he said, forcing the girl away: "Happen she'll listen to me. I'll do what I can. There, don't stand starin' at me like a vule, but go! Go! I'll do my best to put things straight."

She shook her head with a sad, heartbreaking little smile, and went. The Gaffer watched her figure as it passed slowly out of sight.

"I've done it!" he said to himself. "I've done it! 'Twas the only way. Shepherd said 'twas the right stuff, and left no trace."

"No, I'll gi'e it him to-night, when he comes hereaway. Leaves ne'er a trace, ye say?"

This last with his back turned, and over his shoulder. "Nay," said Jasper. "Leastways, not when 'tis paid for," he added drily.

The Gaffer sighed, turned, and unwillingly drew out the money.

"Thank 'ee" said Jasper. "Where's thy son, Gaffer?"

"Fooling about somewhere," replied the old man. "Say, you! What was Miss Catherine doin' last night, up to the folds?"

"Reckon that's her business, not yourn."

"Happen," said the Gaffer, "she saw me up yonder?"

"Nay," replied the Shepherd, to the old man's great relief. "Mornin', Gaffer. Take care o' that stuff, don't leave it lyin' about!"

"I'll be careful," the Gaffer answered.

"'Twas on the tip o' my tongue," he murmured to himself, "to ask him how long it takes to work? Maybe she's sickening now, on the road home, and happen she'll speak o' coming here. I was a vule to do it—a born vule! Why did she come here, temptin' me wi' her white face, and reminding me o' what Jarge said—as he'd never ha' Catherine while she was livin'? If she dies an' they find out I've done it, happen I'll hang!"

In an agony of terror, as if he felt the rope already round his neck, the Gaffer crawled into the house, and, shutting himself up in his own bed-room, collapsed upon the bed.

His feeble yet cunning little mind, only capable of seizing one idea at a time, now occupied itself entirely with thoughts

The task accomplished, the words spoken, she was conscious at first of nothing but a dull aching vacuum, passing gradually into a dull content. She shivered in the warm air, and drew her cloak more closely around her as if it had been winter time, but the shivering increased in violence and frequency, and her limbs seemed agitated as if by a palsy.

"I am going to die, perhaps," she said to herself.

In her strained, half-insane condition of mind, the awful thought seemed welcome.

"George will be free then to obey his father, and Catherine will forgive me when I am gone."

But a young and healthy creature was not likely to look long in that fashion on the heart-freezing terror of death.

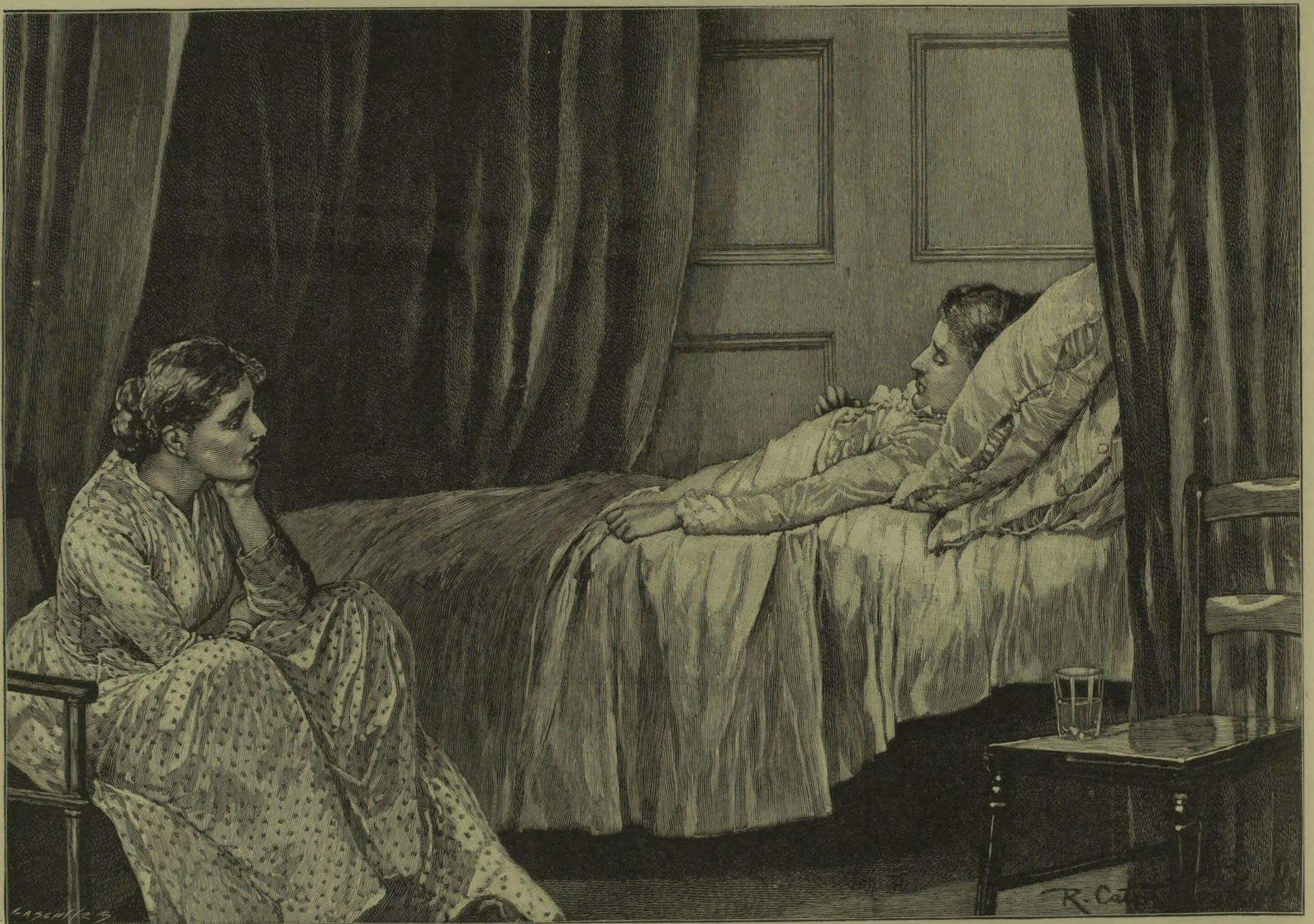
"I can't! I can't leave him! God will not be so cruel! Help me! help me, somebody!"

As if in answer to her prayer, the trembling of her limbs grew fainter and then ceased. She walked on, falling back into her former vacuous condition, until she was within sight of the chimney-pots of the farm, when the trembling seized her again more violently than before.

Her head swam, her eyes were dim, there was a sound in her ears as of rushing water.

She fought hard against the sensations which were overwhelming her, and with tottering feet had covered another fifty yards when the solid ground seemed to slide from beneath her. She fell with no shock, and woke to partial recognition to find herself lying on the soft turf by the roadside.

She tried to rise, but her limbs were slack and nerveless; to cry for help, but her voice sounded dim and faint in her own ears.



Catherine sat in a stony horror beside the bed, listening to Bridget's breathing.

He took up the glass from the seat on which Bridget had left it. "I wonder if she's ta'en enough to do the job? Best throw the rest away. 'Tis dangerous to leave it."

He threw the rest of the buttermilk into the gutter which traversed the yard. As he did so, a voice saluted him.

"Mornin', Gaffer."

He started violently, and looking up, saw the Shepherd.

"Eh, you? Mornin'."

"What ha' ye gotten there, Gaffer?"

"Drop o' buttermilk. I was thirsty like."

"Is that why you throwed it on the ground? It's not like Gaffer Kingsley to be so wasteful!"

"It were sour," said the Gaffer, "and I'd drunk enough. What d'ye want, you?"

"I've come for that two pound ye promised me."

"Come again to-morrow, then," said the Gaffer, all other subjects chased from his mind by the thought of paying the money.

"Nay," said Jasper: "I want the brass now. Who was she that just left 'ee?"

"She! no one!"

He spoke the words hurriedly, and, to cover his confusion, took up the bill-hook and continued his wood-chopping.

"That's a lie, Gaffer," said Jasper, coolly. "'Twas Bridget Thorpe."

"Oh, ay," said the Gaffer, chopping away. "She passed by gate, and gave me a nod. We don't speak, she and me, now I ha' bidden her keep clear o' my son Jarge."

Jasper looked at him fixedly, and the Gaffer continued, with the best air of commonplace he could assume—

"Been down to the farm, you?"

"No," said Jasper: "I'm going down now. What about that dog, Gaffer? Ha' ye given him the stuff yet?"

of the hangman. No thrill of pity, no feeling of remorse mingled with the old man's dread—which was almost purely physical.

Suddenly he remembered the phial, which he still carried in his pocket; and, first peering from the window to see that the coast was clear, he crept downstairs and made his way to a large duck-pond in the field adjoining his dwelling. Whistling feebly as he went, and assuming an air of careless indifference, he reached the pond, gazed round and round, and then, quickly and stealthily, cast the phial into the water.

Through the green slime it sank, down, down, sending up bubbles like a living thing!

CHAPTER XVI.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

There came a Shepherd with his crook
Striding so boldly by,
And he saw the lambkin fleecy white
Wounded and like to die;
And he lifted it up on his broad, broad back
And bore it home to the fold.
Sing, ho! the Flocks of the Silver Fleeces
And the Shepherd with Crook of Gold.—*Songs of the Weald.*

Bridget left the Warren after her interview with the Gaffer, and crept slowly on her homeward road to the farm.

The mellow sunshine lay about the lanes and the surrounding fields, but the familiar beauty of the scene left her untouched. Heart and brain seemed alike empty. She had been sustained on her journey to the Gaffer's house by the heroic resolution to cut the net of trouble which surrounded her and all she loved.

Her arms bent beneath the weight of her body, and she lay supine, conscious of nothing but a strong nausea and a dull internal discomfort, growing rapidly into positive pain. Then she slipped into complete unconsciousness.

She had lain so for half an hour before the hot stillness of the lane was stirred by any other sounds than the light twitter of grass and leaf and an occasional trill of song from the birds sheltering from the noontide heat. Then a slow footstep came round the bend of the lane, and Jasper the shepherd hove in sight, plodding on with his long, slow stride towards the farm.

His eye fell on the prostrate form. He did not at first recognise it, for Bridget lay face downwards in the long grass of the wayside.

"What ha' we here?" said Jasper, peering down on the prostrate form. "It's o'er early i' the day to be took like that, and a young 'un too. Eh, Lord alive, 'tis Miss Bridget! Poor little lass! What ails 'ee? Come, come, it's no good for 'ee to lie here i' the public road, wi' the sun hot on thy head too."

He tried first to turn the girl over by lifting her arm, but the limp, dead weight of the body startled him. He knelt beside her, and turned her face to the light. It was deadly white. The eyes opened and looked vacantly at him, with no recognition. The pupils were widely dilated.

"Lord Almighty!" said the old man, in a low, deep tone of doubt and horror.

After staring at the face for a moment, he clasped his still sturdy arms about the girl's figure, and raised her to his shoulder. She was a heavy weight, but he carried her swiftly and lightly at double his usual speed to the farm.

Amanda was in the yard, casting handfuls of barley to a crowd of clucking poultry. She screamed at the sudden

apparition of Jasper carrying her young mistress, and began to pour out a flood of incoherent questions and exclamations.

"Hold thy clack!" said Jasper, with more than his usual contempt for feminine incapacity of accepting an unexpected situation. "Hold thy clack, wench, and go tell Miss Catherine that her sister is took ill."

Amanda fled upon her errand, and almost fell into the arms of Catherine, who entered the yard at that moment from one of the outhouses.

Jasper marched with his burden into the kitchen, and tenderly depositing Bridget in a chair, stood above her, attentively examining her face, the pupils of her eyes, and feeling her hands and pulse. A languid step sounded on the floor; he raised his head. It was Catherine.

"What is this?" she asked, looking down with an expressionless face at the lax figure in the chair.

"I found her at the roadside," whispered Jasper, "lyin' i' the grass like a dead thing. She's sick, she's sore sick, Miss Catherine."

"She has fainted," said Catherine, calmly. "Stop blubbering," she continued, with a cold contempt, to Amanda, "and bring a little water."

Amanda clattered out of the kitchen with a basin.

"Tis no common faint," said Jasper, thoughtfully.

"What do you mean?" asked Catherine, still in the same dull fashion. "Is she ill?"

Jasper nodded, with his eyes on her face.

"There's no creature in the parish that's so ill," he replied. "Get her to bed, Miss Catherine."

"Do you mean," asked Catherine, "that she is *really* ill—that her life is in danger?"

"Not if I can help it," returned the old man. "But I'll tell 'ee one thing: ye may thank God as 'twas I that found her! Get her to bed. 'Tis no time to talk. Lend thy missis a hand, Amandy."

He stalked from the kitchen, and catching sight of a labourer loading a cart at a little distance, hailed him:

"Ye know my hut?" he said quickly to the man. "My hut up on the Weald? Go there, and on the end o' the shelf over the door ye'll find a bottle, a long green bottle wi' a white label half scraped off. Bring it to me here. And hark 'ee, run as if your life depended on it! Miss Bridget's sick, and like to die."

The man stared at him for a second in silence, and then started off at a round pace towards the Weald.

"Run, lad, run for your life!" Jasper shouted after him.

He watched the man's figure out of sight, and then returned to the kitchen, and sat staring at the floor till aroused by Catherine's entrance.

"Jasper," she said agitatedly, "you are right. Bridget is very ill. She is quite insensible."

Her stony, imperturbable look had gone; she was more like the Catherine of former days.

"Ay," he said, "she's ailing badly, but, with God's help, we'll pull her thro'. Has she said aught?"

"She called my name, though she didn't seem to know me when I spoke to her, and she spoke of—of George, and of the Gaffer."

"The Gaffer?" said Jasper, quickly. "Ay, she spoke o' the Gaffer, ye say? Let me go in and see her, Miss Catherine. I've sent Jabez to the hut for a bottle o' stuff. Let me know when he comes wi' it."

Catherine answered by a sign, and, as the old man left the room, sank down in the seat which he had vacated.

"She's ill," she said to herself, monotonously. "She's very ill. It's so sudden. Can she be dying?"

The words she had spoken to Bridget came back to her memory, and struck her brain like a blow. She had wished her sister dead! Was God going to answer her infamous prayer?

She was aroused from a dazed condition of horror by the entrance of Amanda.

"Missis! Missis!" screamed the terrified handmaid, "Miss Bridget's a-dying, sure and sartin! She's crying out, and she's twistin' all over the bed!"

"Run for the doctor!" cried Catherine, springing up. "Doctor Dutton! If he isn't at home, follow him till you find him. Tell him it's life or death!"

She raced upstairs, with Bridget's cries ringing in her ears, and stood at the threshold of her room frozen to stone by the sight she beheld. Her sister, writhing on her bed in agonies of violent sickness, was prevented from rising only by the pressure of Jasper's right hand upon her shoulders. His left hand held a water-basin.

"Don't 'ee be feared, Miss Catherine," said the old man. "She'll do herself no damage. I've giv'n her mustard and hot water to drink, and, please God, she's been vomiting. The worst's over, if Jabez will only make haste wi' the stuff I've sent him for."

Even as he spoke the paroxysm passed, and Bridget fell back into unconsciousness.

"She's *dying*!" cried Catherine, horrified at the sudden quiet as she had been at the noise and the convulsions.

"Nay, nay," said Jasper, wiping his forehead. "Trust me. I never tell lies; ye know that, Miss Catherine. She's a good chance yet. The fit'll come on her again, and more than once maybe, but 'twill pass. I know the symptoms. I've seen 'em afore to-day, in dumb creatures." As he spoke he left the bedside, and, opening the window, cast out the contents of the basin into the open yard.

"What is it?" panted Catherine, hoarsely, with distended eyes of horror glaring alternately at Jasper's face and at the figure on the bed.

"There'll be time enough to talk of that later on," answered Jasper, averting his eyes. "We must get to work. The lass's life is still in danger."

Catherine fell into a chair, staring at him like one distraught.

"Bear up, Miss Catherine!" said Jasper. "Keep a brave heart. She'll come through it, please God! Stay you with her. I've done all I can for the time, till Jabez brings the stuff."

He patted her reassuringly on the shoulder, and went downstairs and out into the yard. There he met Dutton returning with Amanda. The man of science snorted disdainfully at the sight of his rival practitioner.

"Has he been tampering with the case?" he asked Amanda, loftily.

She stopped in her whimpering to look at him wonderingly, and shook her head before resuming.

"So much the better," said Dutton, misreading the gesture. "The infernal old quack ought to be laid by the heels. If he's allowed in the sick-room I'll throw up the case."

Jasper heard the words, as Dutton had meant he should, but took no heed of them, leaning on the gate of the yard and looking eagerly towards the Weald in anxious expectation of the return of his messenger. Then, with a grim smile, he walked to the spot where the contents of the basin had fallen and were soaking into the ground. Bending down, he scraped the place with his foot, and effaced all traces of the slimy discoloration.

"I was right," he muttered to himself. "'Tis an ugly job!"

Catherine, sitting in a stony horror beside the bed, listening to Bridget's breathing with a horrible fear that each heave of her bosom might be the last, or that the convulsions which had terrified her would again begin, heard the Doctor mounting the stair and passing along the corridor, but did not recognise his step. She answered his tap at the door, and at his appearance in the room sprang from her seat and ran to him.

"Thank God you've come!" she cried.

Women, even the least conventional, are creatures of use and wont, and love conventionalities in solid human form. She trusted Jasper, and believed profoundly in his skill, and she had a sort of good-humoured tolerant contempt for Dutton as a general practitioner; but at the sight of him his uncouth rival's assurances were forgotten, and all her faith for the moment was given to the diploma'd Science represented by the village surgeon.

"Thank God you've come! Quick! Tell me what we must do! Jasper says my sister is dying!"

Dutton, bending over the patient, looked round with an angry scowl.

"So that old quack-salver has been meddling," he said. "What brings him here, away from the beasts that are his fit companions?"

"He found her lying in the road, and brought her home," replied Catherine. "He says she's in great danger."

"I fear he's right for once," said Dutton, with Bridget's pulse between his fingers.

"She has had convulsions—terrible convulsions," said Catherine.

"Just so," said Dutton, majestically. "'Tis a brain shock, following an exacerbation of the nervous centres. Pulse weak, breathing irregular? I'll go home and bring you some medicine. Meanwhile, keep her cool and dry, and prevent that old ass from meddling with her. If I hear of any interference with the case I'll throw it up. How a woman of your position and education, Miss Catherine, can listen to the rubbish of an old ignoramus like that—an ignoramus who can't even speak our own language, I cannot understand."

"Oh, go!" cried Catherine. "Go and send what is necessary. The convulsions might return at any moment. Tell me, is she really ill?"

"She is dangerously ill," said Dutton. "'Twill be a long affair, maybe weeks. If the case fell into the hands of an irregular practitioner, I shudder to think what the consequences might be."

Catherine fell back into her seat, moaning and wringing her hands, a pitiful spectacle to anyone who knew her well, and with what quiet courage it was her wont to receive any trouble, however severe.

"Well, well," said Dutton, still airing his small importance: "I've diagnosed the case fairly well, I think. We'll try a sedative. I'll bring it myself, presently. We have to guard against the cerebral excitement which will probably accompany the return of consciousness."

He marched away, to find Jasper still leaning on the yard gate. The old man turned at the sound of his footstep, and held the gate open with a politeness which, to an acuter mind than Dutton's, might have been a little suspicious.

The doctor walked through with a haughty "Thank you, my man." Twenty yards from the gate he was passed by a rustic running fast, with a big green bottle in his hand. He took no heed of him, except to answer his panting salute by a patronising nod.

(To be continued.)

SIX LYRICS.

I.

Scentless flow'rs I bring thee—yet
In thy bosom be they set;
In thy bosom each one grows
Fragrant beyond any rose.

Sweet enough were she who could,
In thy heart's sweet neighbourhood,
Some redundant sweetness thus
Borrow from that overplus.

II.

Nay, bid me not my cares to leave,
Who cannot from their shadow flee.
I do but win a short reprieve.
'Scaping to pleasure and to thee.

I may, at best, a moment's grace,
And grant of liberty, obtain;
Respite for a little space,
To go back into bonds again.

III.

Thy voice from inmost dreamland calls;
The wastes of sleep thou makest fair;
Bright o'er the ridge of darkness falls
The cataract of thy hair.

The morn renews its golden birth;
Thou with the vanquished night dost fade,
And leav'st the ponderable earth
Less real than thy shade.

IV.

And these—are these indeed the end,
This grinning skull, this heavy loam?
Do all green ways whereby we wend
Lead but to yon ignoble home?

Ah well! Thine eyes invite to bliss;
Thy lips are hives of summer still.
I ask not other worlds while this
Proffers me all the sweets I will.

V.

Under the dark and piny steep
We watched the storm crash by:
We saw the bright brand leap and leap
Out of the shattered sky.

The elements were minst'ring
To make one mortal blest;
For, peal by peal, you did but cling
The closer to his breast.

VI.

Well he slumbers, greatly slain,
Who in splendid battle dies;
Deep his sleep in midmost main
Pillowed upon pearl who lies.

Ease, of all good gifts the best,
War and wave at last decree:
Love alone denies us rest,
Crueller than sword or sea.

WILLIAM WATSON.

THE COLONIAL "BURKE."

The last objection to the emigration of the younger son is now removed; he can found a family in the Colonies without placing himself outside the pale which encloses the "gentry" known to Sir Bernard Burke. The Colonial "Burke" will, no doubt, rapidly find its honoured place on those drawing-room tables where Mr. Froude was once agreeably surprised to find the *Nineteenth Century*, and the "first families," say, of the Swan River Settlement, will be duly fortified in their aristocratic superiority to later arrivals.

But, apart from all pleasantry, this handsome volume is one more sign of our growing consciousness of the existence of "Greater Britain." Its publication is likely to do at least as much towards federation of the empire as the premature elaboration of detailed schemes. And we shall, here in England, gradually come to realise in all seriousness, notwithstanding Lord Randolph Churchill's letters, that the Colonies have passed the stage of log-huts and bush life, and that Victoria and Canada, New South Wales and the Cape are already the ancestral homes of old and wealthy families, who no longer feel themselves emigrants or exiles.

There is much that is interesting in Sir Bernard Burke's rather stereotyped records of family genealogy. His very first page records the birth of the first white baby which opened its infant eyes under the Victorian sun, and its descent from an old Sussex family. His last pages record the annals of the old Scotch race of Pearsons, of whom the Victorian Minister of Education is an offshoot. Here we are introduced to Edward III. and James I. of Scotland, Killiecrankie and Cameron of Lochiel, and all the bewildering intricacies of Scotch feudal law. Between these two come the genealogies of some two hundred and fifty colonial families who have "arrived," if not always at distinction, at any rate at that comfortable stage of assured wealth which is so prominent a factor in Anglo-Saxon respectability.

These families represent several different types. We may trace the cadet of an old English "county family" emigrating to the land of promise; we may see him marrying a colonial girl of altogether heterogeneous descent. We may trace his retention of family feeling in the names of his children and in the designation of his residences; and now, finally, we have him eagerly helping Sir Bernard Burke to record in this "social Bible" the family arms and the family genealogy as a last undoubted demonstration of his connection with the gentry of the old country. Or we may trace the emigrant of more lowly birth, of yeoman or artisan extraction, making his way in the new world to wealth or political eminence, supplying the scanty records of his family genealogy from the half-obliterated entries in an old Bible, or a vague tradition as to the place of its former residence. There is, indeed, comparatively little pretence or fiction to be detected in these records. The editor has evidently done his best to exclude any family bombast, and his perfect acquaintance with British and Irish genealogies has enabled him to preserve, at any rate, that consistency which ranks next to historical truth. One slight affectation might be dispensed with. We say nothing about the coats of arms, which, even when not genuinely derived from ancestors who legitimately bore them, are, no doubt, duly paid for. But it seems unnecessary to maintain, in a Colonial "Burke," the assumption that every family worthy of record must necessarily be "of" some estate. This remnant of the feudal system may be difficult to oust in Scotland, where to be "Mackenzie of Kintail" is more than to be Sir John Mackenzie; but "Jones of Walla-Walla" excites, as yet, no such feeling, and it seems a pity either to provoke it, or to act as if it existed. Nowadays a family may be great without being rooted to a manor. We do not speak of the Rothschilds as "of" anywhere; nor is Sir Edward Watkin any the more distinguished now that he is "of" Snowden.

The future historian will find this volume of some use for names and dates, but it is to be regretted that so little reference has been made in the records to the events of colonial history. To be sure, these have not always been of a nature pleasing to a loyal subject eager to be inscribed in "Burke." A very large proportion of the two hundred and fifty families belong to Victoria, but apparently not one of them is willing to own to any participation in the affair of the Ballarat Stockade, when the disaffected diggers on that renowned gold-field fortified themselves against the British troops, and had to be driven out at the point of the bayonet. Yet it was largely this gallant stand against military misrule that brought about the self-government of Australia, and created what is virtually the Federation of Australian Republics of to-day. Nor do we notice that any of the Canadian gentry are anxious to recall the deeds of any members of their families in the great Canadian rebellion of 1837, which nearly lost us our last footing on the American continent, but which eventually gave us, through the wisdom of Charles Buller and Lord Durham, the Canadian Dominion. "It is all very well," said an irate Yankee skipper, who was a guest at the table of a Lieutenant-Governor of one of the Canadian provinces, "for you to sit up there mighty fine with your uniform and crosses, but I remember you in '37 running free before the Queen's troops."

This disposition to ignore the past struggles of the Colonies for freedom distinguishes the colonial "gentry" from those of the United States, and marks the difference between the founding of a colony and that of a nation. It is a distinction not altogether to the advantage of the Australians and the Canadians, and it is to be hoped that "Burke" will do nothing to foster a servile imitation of that spurious "loyalty," to ceremonial institutions rather than to liberty, of which the continental aristocracies have often been guilty.

*A Chronological and Heraldic History of the Colonial Gentry. By Sir Bernard Burke, C.B., LL.D., Ulster King-of-Arms. Vol. I. (London: Harrison and Sons, Melbourne, Sydney, and Adelaide: Petherick and Co.)



THE DISTRESS IN RUSSIA: PEASANTS IMPORTUNING THEIR PRIEST.



"THERE'S NO FOOL LIKE AN OLD FOOL."

THE TRAMP ABROAD AGAIN.

By MARK TWAIN.

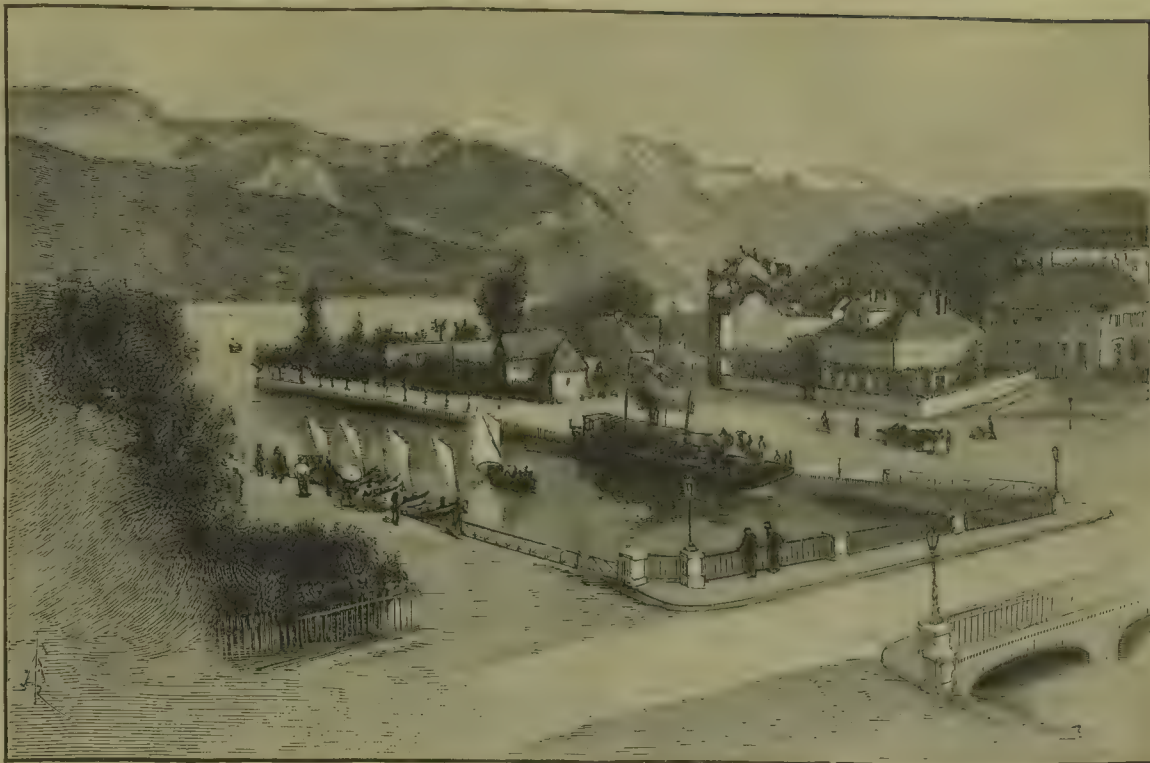
I.—THE PARADISE OF THE RHEUMATICS.

(Continued.)

But what I came here for, five weeks ago, was the baths. My right arm was disabled with rheumatism. To sit at home in America and guess out the European bath best fitted for a particular ailment, or combination of ailments, is not possible, and it would not be a good idea to experiment in that way, anyhow. There are a great many curative baths on the Continent, and some are good for one disease but bad for another. So it is necessary to let a physician name your bath for you. As a rule, Americans go to London to get this advice, and South Americans go to Paris for it. Now and then an economist chooses his bath himself, and does a thousand miles of railroading to get to it, and then the local physicians tell him he has come to the wrong place. He sees that he has lost time and money and strength, and almost the minute that he realises this he loses his temper. I had the rheumatism, and was advised to go to Aix, not so much because I had that disease as because I had the promise of certain others. What they were was not explained to me, but they are either in the following menu or I have been sent to the wrong place. Dr. Wakefield's book says—

"We know that the class of maladies benefited by the water and baths at Aix are those due to defect of nutrition, debility of the nervous system, or to a gouty, rheumatic, hepatic, or scrofulous diathesis—all diseases extremely debilitating and requiring a tonic, and not a depressing action of the remedy. This it seems to find here, as recorded experiences and daily action can testify. . . . According to the line of treatment, followed particularly with due regard to the temperature, the action of the Aix waters can be made sedative, exciting, derivative, or alterative and tonic."

The "Establishment" is the property of France, and all the officers and servants are employés of the French Government. The bath-house is a huge and massive pile of white marble masonry, and looks more like a temple than anything else. It has several floors, and each is full of bath-cabinets. There is every kind of bath—for the nose, the ears, the throat, vapour-baths, tube-baths, swimming-baths, and all people's favourite, the douche. It is a



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payable at the end of the course. Also at the end of the course you pay three or four francs to the superintendent of your department of the bath-house. These are useful particulars to know, and are not to be found in the books. A servant of your hotel carries your towels and sheet to the bath daily, and brings them away again. They are the property of the hotel; the French Government doesn't furnish these things.

You meet all kinds of people at a place like this, and if you give them a chance they will submerge you under their experiences, for they are either very glad or very sorry they came, and they want to spread their feelings out and enjoy them. One of these said to me—

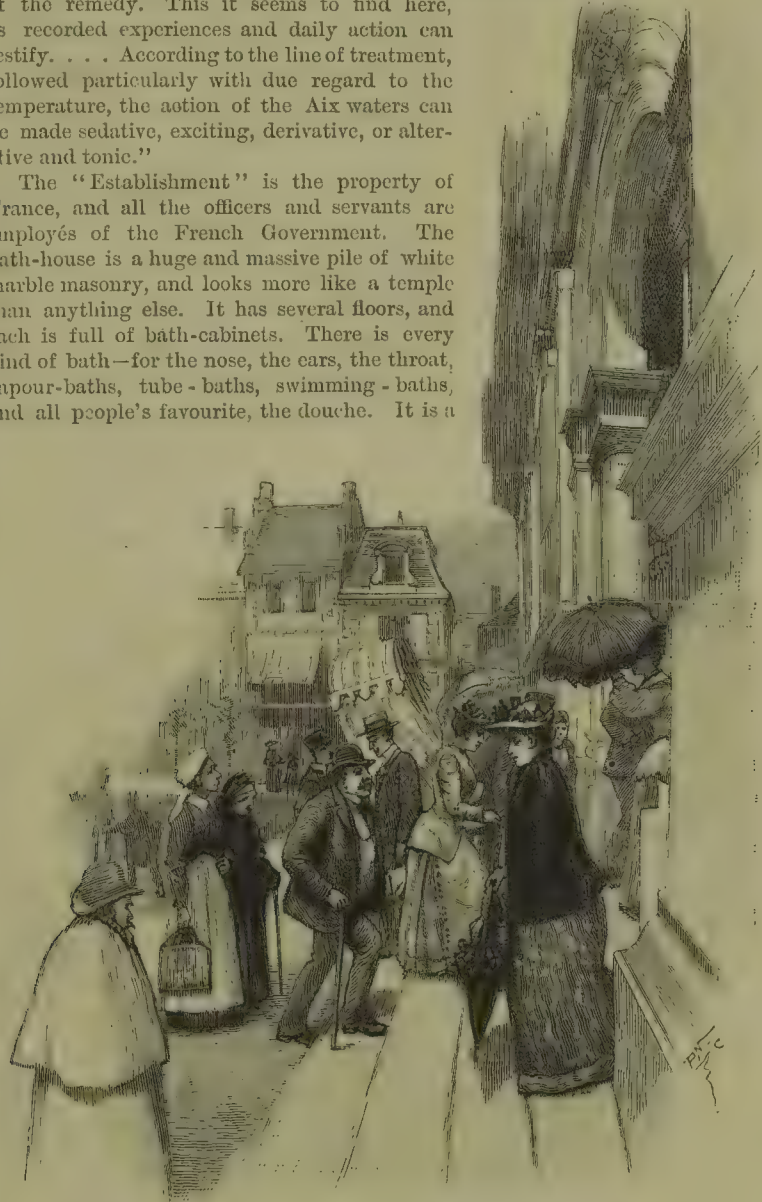
"It's great, these baths. I didn't come here for my health. I only came to find out if there was anything the matter with me. The doctor told me if there was the symptoms would soon appear. After the first douche I had sharp pains in all my muscles. The doctor said it was different varieties of rheumatism, and the best varieties there were, too. After my second bath I had aches in my bones and skull, and around. The doctor said it was different varieties of neuralgia, and the best in the market—anybody would tell me so. I got many new kinds of pains out of my third douche. These were in my joints. The doctor said it was gout, complicated with heart disease, and encouraged me to go on. Then we had the fourth douche, and I came out on a stretcher that time, and fetched with me one vast, diversified, undulating, continental kind of pain, with horizons to it, and zones, and parallels of latitude and meridians of longitude, and isothermal belts, and variations of the compass—oh, every thing tidy and right up to the latest developments, you know! The doctor said it was inflammation of the soul, and just the very thing. Well, I went right on gathering

me, twisted me, and applied all the other details of the scientific massage to me, for seven or eight minutes. Then they stood me up and played a powerful jet upon me, all around, for another minute. The cool shower-bath came next, and the thing was over. I came out of the bath-house a few minutes later, feeling younger, and fresher, and finer than I have felt since I was a boy. The spring and cheer and delight of this exaltation lasted three hours, and the same uplifting effect has followed the twenty douches which I have taken since.

After my first douche I went to the chemist's on the corner, as per instructions, and asked for half a glass of Challe water. It comes from a spring sixteen miles from here. It was furnished to me, but, perceiving that there was something the matter with it, I offered to wait till they could get some that was fresh; but they said it always smelt that way. They said that the reason that this was so much ranker than the sulphur water of the bath was that this contained thirty-two times as much sulphur as that. It may be true, but in my opinion that water comes from a cemetery, and not a fresh cemetery either. History says that one of the early Roman generals lost an army down there somewhere. If he could come back now I think this water would help him find it again. However, I drank the Challe, and have drunk it once or twice every day since. I suppose it is all right, but I wish I knew what was the matter with those Romans.

My first baths developed plenty of pain, but the subsequent ones removed almost all of it. I have got back the use of my arm these last few days, and I am going away now.

There are many beautiful drives about Aix, many interesting places to visit, and much pleasure to be found in paddling around the little lake Bourget on the small steamers; but the excursion which satisfied me best was a trip to Annecy and its neighbourhood. You go to Annecy in an hour by rail, through a garden land that has not had its equal for beauty, perhaps, since Eden; and certainly not Eden was cultivated as this garden is. The charm and loveliness of the whole region are



AIX-LES-BAINS: ON THE STEPS OF THE BATH-HOUSE.

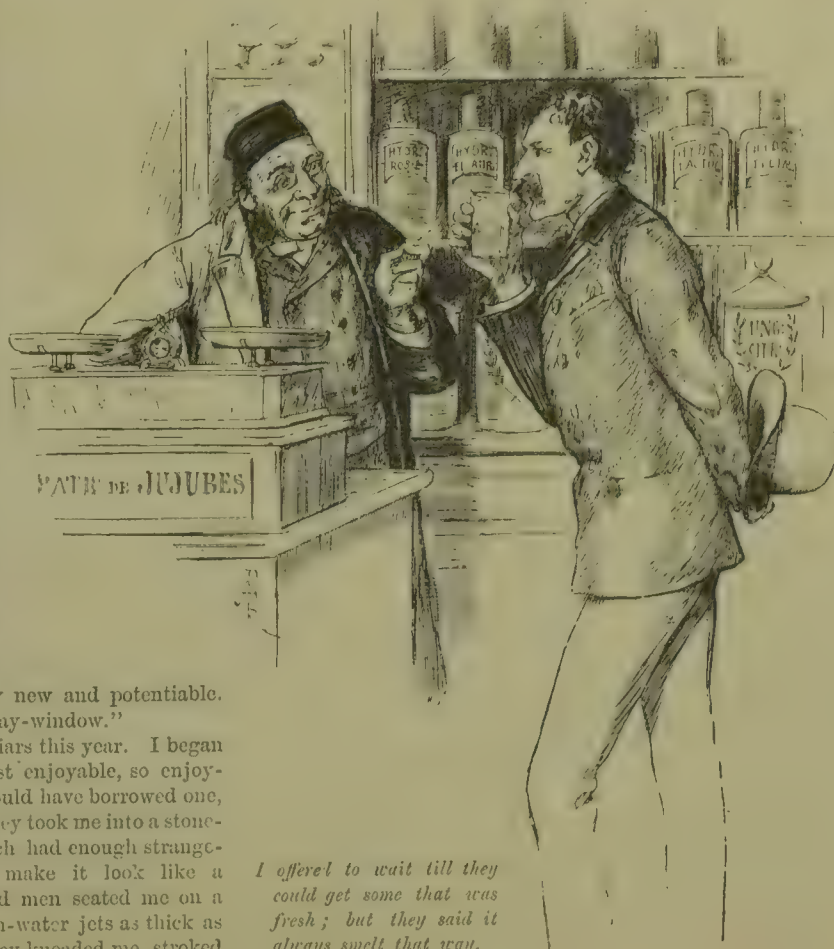
good building to get lost in, when you are not familiar with it. From early morning until nearly noon people are streaming in and streaming out, without halt. The majority come afoot, but great numbers are brought in sedan-chairs, a sufficiently ugly contrivance whose cover is a steep little tent made of striped canvas. You see nothing of the patient in this diving-bell as the bearers tramp along, except a glimpse of his ankles bound together and swathed round with blankets or towels to that generous degree that the result suggests a sore piano-leg. By attention and practice the pall-bearers have got so that they can keep out of step all the time, and they do it. As a consequence, their veiled churn goes rocking, tilting, swaying along like a bell-buoy in a ground-swell. It makes the oldest sailor sea-sick to look at that spectacle.

The "course" is usually fifteen douche-baths and five tube-baths. You take the douche three days in succession, then knock off and take a tube. You keep up this distribution through the course. If one course does not cure you, you take another one after an interval. You seek a local physician, and he examines your case and prescribes the kind of bath required for it, with various other particulars. Then you buy your course-tickets, and pay for them in advance—thirty-six shillings. With the tickets you get a memorandum-book, with your dates and hours all set down in it. The doctor takes you into the bath the first morning, and gives some instructions to the two doucheurs who are to handle you through the course. The *pourboires* are about sixpence to each of the men for each bath,

them in—toothache, liver complaint, softening of the brain, nostalgia, bronchitis, osteology, fits, coleoptera, hydraugia, cyclopadia britannica, delirium tremens, and a lot of other things that I've got down in my list that I'll show you, and you can keep it if you like, and you can lay the bric-à-brac as you lay it in.

"The doctor said I was a grand proof of what these baths could do; said I had come here as innocent of disease as a grindstone, and inside of three weeks these baths had sluiced out of me every important ailment know to medical science, along with considerable more that were entirely new and potentiable. Why, he wanted to exhibit me in his bay-window."

There seemed to be a good many liars this year. I began to take the baths, and found them most enjoyable, so enjoyable that if I hadn't had a disease I would have borrowed one, just to have a pretext for going on. They took me into a stone-floored basin about 14 ft. square, which had enough strange-looking pipes and things in it to make it look like a torture-chamber. The two half-naked men seated me on a pine stool, and kept a couple of warm-water jets as thick as one's wrist playing upon me while they kneaded me, stroked



I offered to wait till they could get some that was fresh; but they said it always smelt that way.

bewildering. Picturesque rocks, forest-clothed hills, slopes richly bright in the cleanest and greenest grass, fields of grain without fleck or flaw, dainty of colour and as shiny and shimmery as silk, old grey mansions and towers half buried in foliage and sunny eminences, deep chasms with precipitous walls, and a swift stream of pale-blue water between, with now and then a tumbling cascade, and always noble mountains in view, with vagrant white clouds curling about their summits.

Then at the end of an hour you come to Annecy, and rattle through its old crooked lanes, built solidly up with curious old houses that are a dream of the Middle Ages, and presently you come to the main object of your trip—Lake Annecy. It is a revelation; it is a miracle. It brings the tears to a body's eyes, it is so enchanting. That is to say, it affects you just as all things that you instantly recognise as perfect affect you—perfect music, perfect eloquence, perfect art, perfect joy, perfect grief. It stretches itself out there in the caressing sunlight, and away towards its border of majestic mountains, a crisped and radiant plain of water of the divinest blue that can be imagined. All the blues are there, from the faintest shoal-water suggestion of the colour, detectable only in the shadow of some overhanging object, all the way through, a little blue and a little bluer still, and again a shade bluer, till you strike the deep, rich Mediterranean splendour which breaks the heart in your bosom, it is so beautiful.

And the mountains, as you skim along on the steam-boat, how stately their forms, how noble their proportions, how green their velvet slopes, how soft the mottlings of sun and shadow that play about the rocky ramparts that crown them, how opaline the vast upheavals of snow banked against the sky in the remotenesses beyond—Mont Blanc and the others—how shall anybody describe? Why, not even the painter can quite do it, and the most the pen can do is to suggest.



History says that one of the early Roman generals lost an army down there somewhere. If he could come back now, I think this water would help him find it again.

Up the lake there is an old abbey—Talloires—relic of the Middle Ages. We stopped there: stepped from the sparkling water and the rush and boom and fret and fever of the nineteenth century into the solemnity and the silence and the soft gloom and the brooding mystery of a remote antiquity. The stone step at the water's edge had the traces of a worn-out inscription on it; the wide flight of stone steps that led up to the front door was polished smooth by the passing feet of forgotten centuries, and there was not an unbroken stone among them all. Within the pile was the old square cloister, with covered arcade all around it, where the monks of the ancient times used to sit and meditate, and now and then welcome to their hospitalities the wandering knight with his tin breeches on; and in the middle of the square court (open to the sky) was a stone well-curb, cracked and slick with age and use, and all about it were weeds, and amongst the weeds mouldy brickbats that the Crusaders used to throw at each other. A passage at the farther side of the cloister led to another woody and roofless little inclosure beyond, where there was a ruined wall clothed to the top with masses of ivy, and flanking it was a battered and picturesque arch. All over the building there were comfortable rooms and comfortable beds, and clean plank floors, with no carpets on them. In one bed-room upstairs were half-a-dozen portraits—dimming relics of the vanished centuries—portraits of abbots who used to be as grand as princes in the old day, and very rich and much worshipped and very holy; and in the next room there was a howling chromo and an electric bell. Downstairs there was an ancient wood-carving with a Latin word commanding silence, and there was a spang new piano close by. Two elderly French women, with the kindest and honestest and sincerest faces, have the abbey now, and they board and lodge people who are tired of the roar of cities and want to be where the dead silence and serenity and peace of this old nest will heal their blistered spirits and patch up their ragged minds. They fed us well, they slept us well, and I wish I could have stayed there a few years and got a solid rest.

(To be continued.)

THE LAST OF THE STUARTS: A PALINODE.

BY ANDREW LANG.

Charles Nodier enumerated, it is said, twenty-two varieties of literary crime. Among them is, or should be, writing on a topic without competent knowledge. This was my sin, in a recent article on "The Last of the Stuarts."

That article was mainly based on an old *Quarterly* essay, "The Heirs of the Stuarts" (1847). I was aware that there had been a "Reply" to the *Quarterly Review*, and I said that if the "Reply" converted me to a belief in John Sobieski and Charles Edward Stuart as legitimate descendants of Charles Edward, I would recant my heresy of incredulity. Partly on account of the "Reply" (*Blackwood's*, 1848), partly by reason of other evidence, unpublished, I am compelled, at least partially, to recant. The very truth about the "last of the Stuarts" remains obscure, but I have become convinced that they did not invent or imagine the strange legend of their birth; that they were not the forgers of the book called "Vestiarium Scotiae, or Garderope of Scotland" (1842); that they were, if imaginative, honest; that the tale of their connection with the Stuarts dates from the generation preceding theirs; that they were not fairly used by the *Quarterly* reviewer; and, finally, that whosoever, like Vernon Lee and myself, relies on the *Quarterly* article is leaning on a broken reed.

The evidence which conducts me to these opinions is partly published (in the "Reply"), partly consists of letters and other papers never printed. To save trouble, I must begin by saying that the evidence is unimpeachably authentic and at first hand; beyond this I cannot condescend to particulars. First, then, as to the "Reply" to the *Quarterly Review*. The reviewer (who is alleged, in a note to Sir Walter Scott's *Journal*, to have been Professor Skene) had before him the "Tales of the Century," by John Sobieski and Charles Edward Stuart (1847); the "Vestiarium Scotiae," a splendid folio, edited from a manuscript once in the Scots' College at Douay, by John Sobieski Stuart (1842); "The Bridal of Caolhearn, and Other Poems," by John Hay Allan (1822), and, finally, "The Decline of the Stuarts," edited by Lord Mahon, from Sir Horace Mann's despatches, for the Roxburghe Club (1843). Taking the last first, the reviewer showed, on Sir Horace Mann's evidence, that the Countess of Albany, wife of Charles Edward, never had a child. He then made fun of the romantic legend of a son's birth to the Countess in the "Tales of the Century." Now, on that point Mr. John Sobieski Stuart, in his "Reply," says not a word; nor does he defend what is so suspicious, the "Gathering" of the Hays, a poem which he averred to be taken from an old MS., and which, under the name of John Hay Allan, he published in 1822. That "Gathering" has all the air of a literary imitation modelled on Flora MacIvor's song in "Waverley." But many of us have written sham ballads, like Surtees of Mainsforth, though in other respects "indifferent honest." Where Mr. Stuart meets the *Quarterly* reviewer is in his defence of the "Vestiarium Scotiae." This gives itself out for an edition of an old manuscript on vellum, written by one Sir Richard Urquhart, previous to 1570. The manuscript is declared by the editor to have lain long in the Scots' College at Douay, to have been given to Charles Edward, and to have come (he never says how) into his own possession. He is also cognisant of an old manuscript

copy on paper, and of another, a very shabby one, at one time owned by an old Highland sword-player. Finally, a copy was made about 1826-9, on paper, and was submitted to Sir Walter Scott. Now, the reviewer believes in no ancient copy of the manuscript. He begins his attack by asserting that in 1822 the Messrs. Hay Allan were instructing their countrymen in the lore of tartans. The reply is that the editor of the "Vestiarium" was not in Scotland in 1822, nor for four years later. Next, the reviewer says that, about 1829, "a description of the manuscript, with a transcript of a part, if not the whole," was placed in Scott's hands by the secretary of the Society of Antiquaries. Sir Walter, says the reviewer, pronounced the style and dialect to be "utterly false, a most feeble and clumsy imitation." To this Mr. Sobieski Stuart replies that no transcript of his oldest MS., nothing but a comic travesty of an inferior MS., was made, or could have been shown to Scott. This travesty derived Montgomery from Mount-go-Merry, and "was illustrated in vermilion with bizarre caricatures." Of course, if Scott was shown a burlesque of that kind, he must have entertained a very low opinion not only of the transcript but of the people who asked his opinion of such rubbish. Now, what Scott saw was, in fact, a modern copy of the MS., illustrated with facetious designs in red: for example, people dancing on a hill-top are drawn above the page on Montgomery. This modern MS. was a fair enough reproduction, in other respects, of what was published later (1842) as "Vestiarium Scotiae." Now, we have in Scott's *Journal* (II., 296) his own words on the matter. He does not say, as the reviewer quotes him, that it is "utterly false, a most feeble and clumsy imitation." He says: "If it is an imposition it is cleverly done; but I doubt the quarter it comes from. These Hay Allans are men of warm imaginations." In a letter, he insists that the original should be submitted to the Deputy Registrar, "to be closely scrutinised by competent persons." He says, "Did you look at the watermark of the MS.?" that is, not of the original manuscript on vellum, but of the old copy on paper. And he seriously objects to the attribution of tartans

to the Border clans, wherein the *Quarterly* reviewer follows him. To take this last point first, the reviewer never hints that the editor, Mr. John Sobieski Stuart, in the preface to the published "Vestiarium," gives considerable evidence for the use of tartan on the Border before the Union, when it became fashionable as a protest against that measure. That evidence is not refuted by the reviewer; it is ignored. In his "Reply," Mr. Stuart seems to think that the author of his manuscript was a fanatic in his way, like the heralds who invented coat armour for Hector and Achilles, Adam and Eve. Such a man might greatly exaggerate the Border use of tartans, in particular patterns for particular clans. But Mr. Stuart makes it sufficiently plain that tartans were far from being unfamiliar on the Border. As to the reviewer's arguments concerning clan genealogies, I leave them to Sennachie. The mere Lowlander has no right to an opinion.

We now reach this point: the reviewer's anecdote about the Hay Allans' conduct in Scotland in 1822 is met by a flat denial. The reviewer states Sir Walter Scott's opinion in a manner most unlike the statement which we have in Scott's own handwriting. Did Scott, at different times, give two different opinions? If not, the reviewer is most untrustworthy. Next, the reviewer seems to be unfair in ignoring the old evidence for Border tartans, from books, prints, and authentic Bannatyne manuscripts. Thus, though Mr. Stuart was clearly, as his "Reply" shows, a very bad Latin scholar, and though he alleges an absurd motive for the reviewer's attack, still, he was but hardly used by the *Quarterly*.

What, then, was the truth about the "Vestiarium"?

First: The advice of Sir Walter was taken, the watermark of the old paper copy (not the vellum copy, of course) was examined. It proved to be older than the Union of Scotland and England. This demonstrates nothing, of course, as old paper can be procured for literary forgeries. But, as far as Sir Walter's test had any value, it was met satisfactorily.

Second: The language of the "Vestiarium" is, at all events, not a "clumsy forgery." "If it is an imposition, it is cleverly done," as Scott admitted, after seeing the modern copy.

Third: The Hay Allans were anxious to meet Sir Walter's wishes, and submit the original manuscript on vellum to experts. But this was prevented by other influences over which they had no control. This was a fact, not a mere excuse.

Fourth: Documentary evidence proves that the Stuart origin of the brothers was no dream or invention of their own, but, whatever its meaning and worth, was earlier by a generation, and was held with a kind of austere and secret piety.

Thus the whole question remains as obscure as the Annesley case, or any other puzzle of history. The story hinted at in "Tales of the Century" seems utterly absurd and incredible. The hypothesis of a dream or imposture of the brothers is no longer tenable—at least, by me. One is left in the dark, but please! to be able to believe that the "last of the Stuarts" were, at all events, honourable gentlemen.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Bishop Jayne, of Chester, has written a remarkable letter in reply to an invitation addressed to him by a Wesleyan minister who was once an Indian missionary. This gentleman asked Dr. Jayne to preside at a conference on missions in which Churchmen and Nonconformists were to take part. The Bishop, in declining, says that "Undenominationalism is at present the one State-paid religion in this country, the great imposture of the day, the offspring of an unhallowed alliance between bad logic and worse theology," and that the only basis of co-operation with Nonconformists is the *suo* basis "of the Catholic faith and constitution as held and exemplified by the primitive and undivided Church"; while he (the missionary) replies that "to a man who has lived in a country where the people worship cows, monkeys, snakes, and devils, the little things which separate Christians are as the small dust of the balance."

The new sub-editor of the very ably conducted organ of the Roman Catholics, the *Dublin Review*, is Canon Moyes, of St. Bede's College, who has been a contributor to its pages.

The *Literary Churchman*, which under the care of Dr. Samuel J. Eales and others has rendered valuable service, is in the market. The circulation, though limited, has been influential.

The *Guardian*, which attacked in a manner almost unexampled Canon Cheyne's Bampton Lectures, reviews very favourably Canon Driver's "Introduction to the Old Testament," which has been one of the most popular books of the season. As there is really no practical difference between the conclusions of the two friends and fellow-professors, the readers of the *Guardian* have some reason for perplexity.

Canon Cheyne is busy on a new work on "The Religious Uses of Criticism."

The new bishopric of Birmingham may now be regarded as a certainty of the near future. The new diocese will be carved out of the dioceses of Worcester and Lichfield, and St. Philip's, Birmingham, will be the pro-cathedral.

Messrs. Sampson Low and Co. have commenced the issue of a new series of sermon volumes by eminent Church and Nonconformist preachers with a book by the Archbishop of Canterbury. The price of the volumes, as sermon literature goes, is perhaps too high, and some of the preachers named do not command a large constituency. Still, the series is creditable and promising. The bibliography in the volume is very poor, and does not include what is, perhaps, the Archbishop's best sermon—that on Bishop Prince Lee.

Among those most prominently mentioned for the secretaryship of the Congregational Union are the Rev. D. Burford Hooke, acting secretary, the Rev. Samuel Pearson, M.A., the Rev. J. Hirst Hollowell, M.A., and the Rev. G. S. Barrett, B.A.

Canon Knox Little has been taken to task for apparently encouraging improvident marriages among the clergy. He says that, though it would be "nonsense to pretend that narrow means do not imply considerable self-denial," yet "the highest happiness of life is the play of the affections," and that "it is better to live in the simple manner necessitated by a small income" than to remain apart "in comparative ease and luxury but with hearts unsatisfied."

CLEMENT'S INN.

Although we are prone to overestimate the charms of antiquity, and all too ready to avail ourselves of the familiar sneer of "new lamps for old," the further destruction, now in progress, of Clement's Inn may well give us pause. Many of us can remember the large and handsome gateway which, with the porter's lodge and four houses, was removed in 1868 to make room for the New Law Courts. Out of the proceeds of this sale were constructed the modern buildings that now abut on the Strand. No one need regret the loss of the stuccoed hall, of the worst type of early Georgian architecture; it is the old grey buildings, with their flower-beds, lawn, and trees, that the Londoner can so ill spare. True, Clement's is undoubtedly the least picturesque of the six old Inns of Chancery that yet remain to us out of the original nine. Without the adjacent kindred buildings of New Inn, it would also be the most insignificant; and for a London Inn dating back to the reign of Edward IV., it is singularly devoid of famous tradition. No literary men of note can it claim—one Robert Paltock, author of "Peter Wilkins," is the only exception. Sir Matthew Hale, whose portrait till recently hung in the hall, is mentioned in the records of the Inn as its most eminent "ancient." Clement's Inn gets its name from St. Clement's Church hard by, and the long since vanished St. Clement's fountain, to which once led Holywell Street. The badge of St. Clement, who succeeded his master St. Peter, according to tradition, in the Papacy, is an anchor surmounted with a C. This device exists throughout the parish, as well as on the buildings of Clement's Inn. The anchor typifies a Pope, just as the Church is often emblemised by a ship. The sole object of interest that this Inn ever boasted was the bronze statue of a kneeling blackamoor supporting a sundial, now re-erected in the gardens of the Inner Temple, to which Clement's Inn was once attached. The history of "the black boy" is obscure enough. The name of the artist is unknown, though the figure is not without merit. It has been reputed Italian. It was presented to the Inn by one of the Earls of Clare, but by which of them, or when, there is no record, any more than there is of the site of Clare House, which stood somewhere in the district now known as Clare Market.

More than a century ago a writer in the *Builder* declared that "the whole nest of streets and passages behind the south side of Lincoln's Inn Fields requires rearrangement and improvement." The entire district bordered by Drury Lane on



CLEMENT'S INN.

white brick, is separated by a narrow passage from King's College Hospital, and its western extremity reaches Clement's Inn. The official architect is Mr. John Taylor, at the Office of Works, Whitehall Place.

ART NOTES.

In the *Century Magazine* for November Mr. F. D. Millet speaks hopefully of the future of American art, looking forward to the not distant day when his fellow-countrymen shall have freed themselves of the leading-strings of school tradition, and shall have been released from the "glorification of technique." It may at once be conceded that in no country ought art to have a more brilliant future than in the United States, where, notwithstanding the absence of State patronage, art schools and museums are to be found in every town of note from Maine to California, from Texas to Wisconsin. The single city of Pittsburgh, for example, has not only been provided with a library and a museum by the liberality of one of its citizens, Mr. Andrew Carnegie, but also with a perpetual endowment of £10,000 a year, of which nine tenths are to be expended in the purchase of works by American artists. This is only one among many instances where private benefaction has taken the place of State endowment, and, while admitting that a too-rigid observance of the conditions laid down may lead to a provincialism in art detrimental to the real interest of a national school of painting, we cannot but recognise the incentive held out to native artists. Hitherto the academies of New York, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and others have been content to allow their most gifted pupils to drift away to Europe, where they have displayed their skill in producing works which can scarcely be distinguished from those of their masters or their associates. Others, like Church and Bierstadt, have fallen more and more into the panoramic style of painting, as if conscious that only works conceived on a grand scale could reflect the features of Niagara and the "Rockies"; and, clever as much of their work undoubtedly is, one is forced to ask in looking at them whether, after all, the conditions of atmosphere and life make America paintable for the landscapist or suggestive to the painter of *genre*.

It is with real pleasure that we hear that a very strong effort is about to be made to replace the art of wood-engraving in the position it occupied before the multiplication of the days of "processes," by which drawings are now (*pace* Mr. Henry Blackburn) reproduced with purely mechanical correctness. Mr. T. Cole, an American engraver, who attracted

attention some few years ago by his reproductions of the mosaics of Ravenna and the Florentine panel-paintings of the fourteenth century, has now completed a series of drawings from the old Italian masters of the "golden age." A specimen of this artist's power is given as the frontispiece of the current number of the *Century Magazine*, the subject selected being Michael Angelo's "Cuman Sibyl," from the fresco in the Sistine Chapel. The weird grandeur of this relic of paganism, who intrudes herself upon the religious art of the Renaissance, is rendered with remarkable effect, and the softness of the lines of the drawing in no way detracts from the force and spirit of the original work. Unfortunately for the future of wood-engraving in America, it seems unable to obtain recognition as an "art" from the State—which from such matters has always held aloof, except through its Custom House officials—and, although works of American artists done abroad are admitted free, "manufactures of wood," as the blocks are termed, are subjected to the heaviest duties.

Mr. Henry Blackburn is a little disturbed because "art critics," who used to count him among their number, will not appreciate the value of "process" reproductions. The most prominent writers on art, he assures us, persist in speaking of "photo-mechanically produced blocks" as inferior rubbishing processes, but he avers that it is the misuse of the processes only which is to blame. Doubtless there is some force in what Mr. Blackburn says, but it is necessity which drives editors and publishers to have recourse to rapid processes. The popular demand for illustrations can only be met by mechanical means, and these, though excellent, are not always infallible. Mr. Blackburn might know, from his own experience, that the desire to reproduce rapidly, dexterously, and accurately is not always crowned with success.

The Government and Legislature of British Columbia are a long time making up their mind whether to accept Mr. Goshen's proffered loan of £150,000 to settle 1200 crofter fishermen and their families on the Pacific coast of Canada. Two commissioners have just returned from a prolonged survey of the coast, and there can be little reasonable doubt that such a colony would succeed if carefully managed. But the expenditure of British Columbia was last year \$150,000 in excess of the revenue, and the feeling seems to be that the future financial policy of the province should be a cautious one. There is, moreover, the strong labour element in the new Legislature to be taken into account.



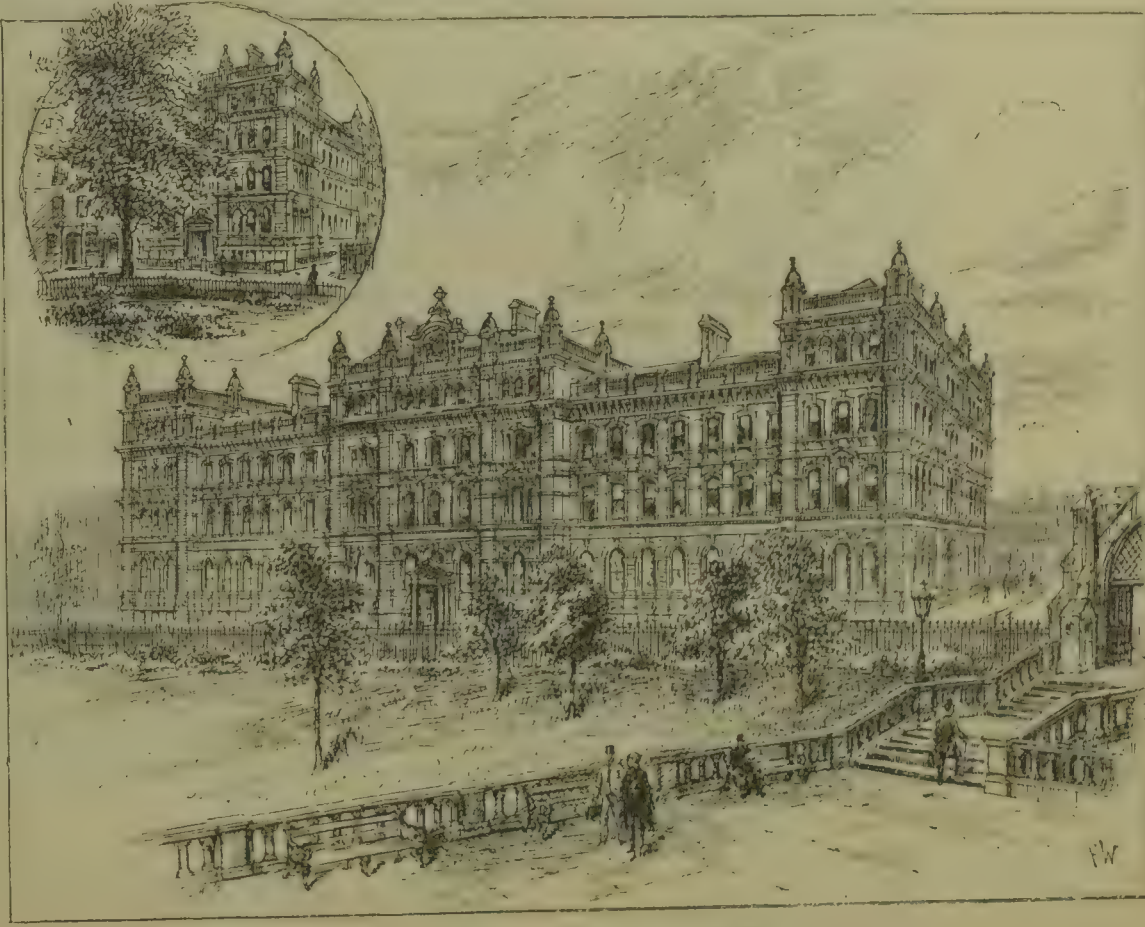
CLEMENT'S INN HALL.

the west and by Holywell Street on the south is now to be renovated—to be assimilated, as near as may be, to the American ideal of lofty blocks intersected by broad, rectangular streets and avenues. That this should occur in the squalid neighbourhood of Clare Market is doubtless desirable; model lodging-houses, however hideous of aspect, are preferable to unsanitary slums. But it is a wholly different matter that the quiet and staid buildings of Clement's Inn should be replaced with ostentatious "mansions" of offices and chambers; not, be it understood, for any reason of convenience or expediency, but merely in hope of enabling the company that has bought the place to put thereby more money in the pockets of its shareholders. It is conceivable that such anticipations may prove ill-founded. The old tenants will disappear, betaking themselves mostly to the other Inns. For the dweller in an Inn is usually a man of taste and education, and loves not the noisy street. Not all are held by the charm of quiet, some desire the feeling of legal sobriety; many young men are taken by the similarity of the mode of living to that which, with its sense of liberty, delighted them at their University. For all such the new fireproof buildings, with their red brick dressed with stone, and with their hall-porters in uniform, will be barren of attraction. It would seem, moreover, to judge from the scarcity of tenants in similar "blocks" already erected hard by in Chancery Lane and Shaftesbury Avenue, that the supply of such tenements already much exceeds the demand.

The former legal aspect of the outer Inns, or Inns of Chancery, has long ceased to exist. Originally they served as elementary schools for law-students previous to their admission into the Inns of Court. They were governed by a president and a body of "ancients," corresponding to the benchers in the parent institutions. Like them, they had their "moots," or discussions of abstruse legal questions, that used to take place in the hall after the members of the Inn had all dined in common. Since their disestablishment they have mostly, like Clement's, passed into the hands of a private individual or company. It will be remembered how, only a few years ago, when Staple Inn was threatened, it was the Prudential Assurance Company that gallantly came forward to rescue for Londoners one of their most picturesque links with the past.

THE NEW BANKRUPTCY COURTS.

The range of new buildings to the north-west of the New Law Courts, approached from Carey Street, and overlooking, from a rising ground, the pleasant lawn within railed enclosure attached to the western side of the Law Courts, presents an extensive front visible from the Strand, near the church of St. Clement Danes. This block of buildings has been erected by her Majesty's Government for the courts and offices of the Bankruptcy Law administration. Its architectural features, externally, may be observed by a glance at the stately front elevation. The edifice is of imposing length, but has little depth; its back, constructed of



THE NEW BANKRUPTCY COURTS.

ELIZABETH,
COUNTESS OF WILSON.

MR. COTLAND, FR-M.P.H.

LORD HON. MRS.
Wm. DENTON. GERARD PARKER.

CAPTAIN DRYCE.



MR. HODGKINSON.

LADY HENNA McNEIL.

CAPTAIN KING KING.

CAPTAIN WARNER, M.P.H. MASTER GROOM HORNS.

HUNTING SKETCHES.—No. I, A MEET OF THE QUORN AT ASHBY FOLVILLE.



THE QUORN.

Despite the memory of Meynell and of Squire Osbaldeston, there are many who date the glory of the Quorn from the coming of Tom Firr into Leicestershire, and the deposition of the Craven pack, all too slow for the county. According to the historians, no remarkable prestige followed the doings of the hunt until the year 1753, when Meynell kept his hounds at Great Bowden Inn, on the borders of Northamptonshire, and lived himself at Langton Hall. It was this Master who gave the name to the pack, removing the kennels as he did to Quorndon Hall, and retaining a glorious Mastership for nearly forty-seven years. And, perhaps, his was the only reign during which the Quorn hounds were stooped to the hare in the spring, a practice which somewhat took the place of the later cub-hunting, but which has been derided by many modern Masters. Meynell was followed by the famous Lord Sefton, who kept a couple of packs and introduced the second horse. An abnormally heavy rider, he rode abnormally heavy animals, and considered that by frequent changes he held his place in the field, a claim which is hardly admitted by his contemporaries. In the earlier years of the present century, the great Assheton Smith and the ever-famous "Squire" added much to the records of the Quorn. Both are the subjects of panegyrics: both have been criticised for their methods. Assheton Smith drew his coverts too quickly; he was uncertain, they said, and sometimes would

not lift his hounds at all. He held that the first fox away was the best fox, and so he gave his fields tremendous bursts of two or three minutes, but rarely more. Still, he was a great Master in an era of great Masters, and was followed by such giants as Lord Southampton, the second Marquis of Hastings, Goodricke, Hodgson of Holderness, Sir Richard Sutton, Mr. Tailby, and Lord Stamford. Of Sir Richard Sutton they tell the evergreen anecdote of the delicate hound. "You will favour me," he said to one clumsy horseman, "by avoiding that hound, for he is far from well." "I am very sorry," replied the duffer; "but when I get away I am quite irresponsible, and I am afraid that he will have to take his chance with the rest."

Coming to speak of the Quorn in this day, it must be admitted that it holds its prestige in Leicestershire. Melton remains, as ever, the El Dorado of the hardy horseman. There the man with six horses knows that the Quorn is within reach on Mondays and Thursdays, the Cottessmore on Tuesdays, the Belvoir on Wednesdays, and one of the two latter packs on Saturdays. No other centre in the kingdom may possibly be compared to it; the wealth of country and of foxes is unsurpassed. It is a town of which the ballad-mongers have sung, and will sing again. And, perhaps, above all, it is the town of the Quorn.



The great pack is now under the Mastership of Captain Warner. He has kept well the traditions which Lord Manners has left. The skill of Tom Firr remains the talk of the district. The careful work of the whips is unrivalled anywhere. Of the kennels, books might be written. There are

none more complete in the country. They were built from the designs of Mr. Smith, and were erected by Lord Suffield in the year 1858. The design included a room for the young hounds, a hunting-pack room, two principal lodging-rooms, a covered court for use before feeding, a feeding-room, a straw-court with benches for use after feeding, a hospital for sick hounds, and sundry store-rooms. Many of the rooms open into grass courts; all are built with divided doors, so that the kennelman can see at a glance how the hounds do, which need feeding first, and if there is likely to be a sick-list. In respect to cleanliness and good order, the Quorn kennels have ever been models, and the famous design on which they have been erected has now been copied in many of the shires. M. P.

A few topographical details may be convenient to readers unacquainted with the district. The town of Melton Mowbray, to the north-east of Leicester, is fifteen miles from the county town by the railway, a branch line quitting the Midland main line at Syston Junction. Twelve miles to the north of Melton is Belvoir Castle; and Quorndon is as far to the west, beyond the river Soar, and near Loughborough. The antiquities and historical associations of many neighbouring places are worthy of note. Melton Mowbray, which was the manor of a Baron de Mowbray famous in the struggle with

King John for Magna Charta, has a fine ancient church, partly of Early English architecture, built with nave, aisles, transepts, and central tower. The old manor-house of Quorndon was, from the time of Queen Elizabeth, the abode of the Farnhams; and the monument of their ancestor, Sir John Farnham, erected in the chapel in 1587, represents him in the act of besieging a fortress. Quorndon Hall, with the kennels, is a few miles distant.



LITERATURE.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

The Shelley Society is threatening another performance of "The Cenci" as a means of celebrating the centenary of Shelley's birth. That they may fail in raising the necessary funds will be the wish of the majority of those who witnessed the last performance. The genius of Miss Alma Murray and Mr. Hermann Vezin assisted to make that performance one of the most gruesome experiences in the lives of many of us. Mr. Swinburne has described "The Cenci" as "the one great play written in the great manner of Shakspeare's men which our literature has seen since the time of these." But the Shelley Society's performance demonstrated once and for all that it was not an acting play. Lacking not only humour, but even the smallest suggestion of light and shade, its unmixt gloom, its nauseous ground plot, will make the very thought of its reproduction revolting to the majority of healthy-minded people. It is not by placing so horrible a play as "The Cenci" on the stage or setting the "Hellas" to bad music that we can do real honour to Shelley, whose high position as a great lyric poet will not, however, be materially injured by the society which aspires in such curious ways to celebrate his memory.

An attractive outcome of the present interest in Shelley is the volume of "Pictures from Shelley," designed by Ella Dell, which Messrs. Macmillan have just published. The illustrations are mainly suggested by "The Cloud," although "Queen Mab," "Alastor," and other poems have been drawn upon. The book will be in demand among Shelley collectors; for the general public it can have but little attraction. Miss Dell's work is a rather ineffective imitation of Turner.

Within a few months we are to have, from the Clarendon Press, a collection of Johnson's letters, edited by Dr. G. B. Hill, who, of all men since the days of Boswell, is most entitled to be styled "Johnsonianissimus." The letters will be in two octavo volumes, uniform in size and type with Dr. Hill's edition of "Boswell." There will be some letters never before printed, and none which are to be found in the "Life of Johnson." The volumes will be annotated by the editor, whose notes will throw light on some interesting topics connected not only with Johnson but other famous men, and some women of that period. Johnson, in his old age, told Boswell that, as it had become the fashion to publish letters, he put as little as he could into his (Johnson's). "Do what you will, Sir," replied Boswell, "you cannot avoid it. Should you even write as ill as you can, your letters would be published as curiosities."

Professor Charles Eliot Norton is preparing for the press a volume of essays by Mr. Lowell, not included in the Riverside edition. Papers on Milton, Gray, Landor, Keats, and Walton, and an address before the Modern Language Association will make up the contents. It is understood that the Riverside edition of Mr. Lowell's works, although his death occurred just in time to "boom" it, has not, hitherto, met with the success which it deserves.

Canon Ainger has edited for Messrs. Macmillan, uniform with the well-known Primers, a "Tennyson for the Young." It is an attractive little book, which many a Tennysonian will be pleased to carry in the pocket, but as for "the young"—it will be a terribly precocious youth who is attracted by such a poem as "Circumstance."

Here are some jottings on the whereabouts of our leading men of letters. Lord Tennyson is in the Isle of Wight, Mr. Swinburne at Putney, and Mr. William Morris at Hammer-smith. Mr. Rudyard Kipling is expected back in London at the beginning of the New Year. Mr. R. Louis Stevenson, who writes to the *Times* a tragi-comic narrative of anarchy in his home in the South Seas, has just completed a new story, in addition to "The Wreckers," now appearing in *Scribner*. Mr. George Meredith, who will probably go to the Riviera in January, is making a selection from his poems for Heinemann and Balestier's Foreign Library. Mr. Thomas Hardy is at his home at Dorchester, in his beloved "Wessex." Mr. J. M. Barrie is at Thrums (Kerriemuir), but will return to London in a few days to look after his new play. Mr. Andrew Lang has taken up his residence at St. Andrews for the winter.—K.

NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS—SELECTED.

- "The Works of Heinrich Heine." Vols. II. and III. Translated by C. G. Leland. (W. Heinemann.)
- "Who Shall Serve?" A Story for the Times, by Annie S. Swan. (Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier.)
- "The Library Manual," by J. H. Slater. Third edition. (L. Upcott Gill, 170, Strand.)
- "The History, Principles, and Practice of Heraldry," by Edward Hulme. (Svan Sonnenschein and Co.)
- "The Riviera," by the Rev. Hugh Macmillan, D.D. New and revised edition. (J. S. Virtue and Co.)
- "Dame Care," by Hermann Sudermann. Translated from the German by Bertha Overbeck. (J. R. Osgood and Co.)
- "Waterloo Letters: A Selection from Original and hitherto Unpublished Letters bearing on the Operations of the 16th, 17th, and 18th June, 1815, by Officers who Served in the Campaign," edited by Major-General H. T. Siborne. (Cassell.)
- "The Art Teaching of John Ruskin," by W. G. Collingwood. (Percival.)
- "Buds and Flowers," by Mary Howitt. Illustrated by Giacomelli. New edition. (F. Nelson and Sons.)
- "Barracks, Bivouacs, and Battles," by Archibald Forbes. (Macmillan.)
- "Stories from the Bible," by A. J. Church. Second Series. (Macmillan.)
- "The Story of Francis Cludde," by Stanley J. Weyman. *International Series*. (Cassell.)
- "The Faith Doctor," by Edward Eggleston. *International Series*. (Cassell.)
- "Architectural Perspective: With Hints on Pen-and-Ink Drawing," by F. O. Ferguson. (Crosby Lockwood and Son.)
- "The New Rector," by Stanley J. Weyman. Two vols. (Smith and Elder.)
- "The Confessions of Rousseau," Vol. II. *Masterpieces of Foreign Authors*. (David Stott.)
- "Early Papers and Some Memories," by Henry Morley. (Routledge.)
- "Inconsequent Lives," by J. H. Pearce. (W. Heinemann.)
- "The Marquis of Salisbury," by H. D. Traill. (Sampson Low and Co.)

A NOTE ON MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF.

BY BARRY PAIN.

It is not difficult to understand the popularity which the journal and letters of Marie Bashkirtseff have achieved. In a biography—even in an autobiography—something is sacrificed to literary form, and the unseemly humanity of the subject is trimmed and polished until it is neat enough for the libraries. In the journal and the letters the literary imperfections add to the conviction, and the reader seems to have attained to a deeper and more real intimacy with the writer. And there is something strangely attractive and winning in the personality of Marie Bashkirtseff. She was young and beautiful; she was intelligent and artistic; she was intensely human, passionately desiring sympathy, longing to be understood. She went through life, as it were, with her hands outstretched and her eyes searching eagerly; and she never found what she sought. Brilliant society, success in art, the devotion of men and the affection of women, all left her dissatisfied. "No," she writes in one of these letters, "there are moments of lassitude when one would like to end everything; and to end everything there are only two ways—to die or to fall in love. Ah, if you knew how weary I am of this life of sadness, in which everything crosses us, everything evades us, everything mocks us!" There is a certain pathos in the "si vous saviez." Had anyone known, the weariness would have been so much less. She sought for such sympathy in strange ways, not always quite judicious. And yet she turned quite naturally from a book that had appealed to her, and wrote to her conception of the author—to the author, that is, as he existed in her imagination. "I confess," she says to one of them, "that I am foolish enough to have cherished the impossible dream of an epistolary friendship with you." She seems in these letters to different authors to be writing half in fear, and, consequently, not altogether seriously, yet with a real need.

She was not merely a sentimentalist; had that been all, the world would have been less interested. She had attain-



MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF.

From a hitherto unpublished portrait in the possession of Madame Bashkirtseff.

ments and abilities of a high order: wit and observation are noticeable in these letters; she did not place herself above the smaller interests of life. She was not, as some have thought, a *poseuse*; she was self-conscious, but she was also humble—humble enough to work hard at her art and to laugh at herself even when she hardly deserved ridicule. Her life was a protest; limitations that may serve a good purpose in many cases only stifled her. Her nature was eager and questioning, and she died without having received any complete answer. With every desire to face and appreciate realities, she found herself confronted constantly by things that were hollow and colourless. Her potentialities were greater than her opportunities. If one reads these letters with a sympathetic admiration for the woman as she was, one must read them also with some regret for what she might have been.

JULES BRETON.

The Life of an Artist. By Jules Breton. (Sampson Low and Co.)—Autobiographies of artists are, or at least should be, as interesting as those of statesmen. Both sets of men are endowed with keen faculties of perception, both mix with widely different classes of their fellow-creatures, and, if politicians know more, they are often able to say less than those who are free from conventional restraints. M. Jules Breton's reminiscences of himself and his friends are full of interest, and, what is more noteworthy, full of true poetic feeling. It is doubtful, perhaps, whether ordinary English readers will appreciate the effusive sentiment with which he recalls his early life; but it is interesting to see what a firm hold his childhood has upon Jules Breton, how its most trivial incidents seem to acquire importance in forming his character as he looks back on them undimmed by the interval of fifty years. His father was steward to the Duc de Duras, and superintended his estates in the neighbourhood of Arras; so that Jules Breton's early inclination towards Flemish art was due to his "environment" more than to anything else. It was not with his father's approval that he devoted himself to painting, but at length, after a short course at the University of Douai, Jules Breton was allowed to enter as a student the Academy of Ghent, and fell under the more special direction of Felix de Vigne and Vanderhaest, who, attempting to unite the divergent currents of contemporary French art—that of Ingres and that of Delacroix—produced a strained eclecticism, of which Louis Gallait was the chief exponent.

After three years' study there, Jules Breton went to the Antwerp Museum, then directed by Wappers, where, as he says, his hours of idleness, in which he studied Rubens, were more profitable than his course of study; and finally, in 1847, he found himself in Paris, and entered the atelier of Drolling, for no other reason than that his *concierge* had been a friend of the *concierge* of the Louvre, whose advice had been asked on this important point. Drolling, however, was an excellent teacher, and among his pupils had some of the most rising artists of the day. The story of his struggles, his disappointments, and his first success, "The Gleaners," painted in 1854, is told by Jules Breton with charming naïveté. His judgments on his contemporaries are honest but always good-tempered, and his own love-story, ending with a happy marriage, is pleasant reading. The translation renders, perhaps, somewhat too literally some of the long bursts of sentiment which read well enough in the original; but it must be remembered that the English version was primarily intended for the countrymen of Mr. Walt Whitman, with whose rhapsodies some of Jules Breton's flights of fancy have a curious analogy. The volume, moreover, printed in America, is one of the first-fruits of the recent Copyright Convention. The spelling of certain words on the other side of the Atlantic, as we know, is at variance with that adopted here. It will be interesting to watch, in the struggle for existence, which method survives.

A LADY'S BENEVOLENT EXPERIMENT.

Evelyn's Career. By the author of "Dr. Edith Romney." Three vols. (Bentley.)—Novels designed to interest the more generous and aspiring minds among contemporary young womanhood must reflect the outlines of that type of an ideal philanthropic mission which haunts the imagination distressed in these days by the glaring contrasts of modern social life. This is a worthy, indeed a noble, sentiment, which only needs to be controlled by wider knowledge and by sounder judgment than can usually belong to rich heiresses at twenty-one years of age. Since the heroine of Mr. Walter Besant's pleasing romance, "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," devoted the wealth arising from a great brewery at the East-End to her benevolent establishments in that quarter, fiction has repeatedly presented more or less similar examples. The novelist, however, both as an *ex officio* professor of worldly wisdom, and as holding a brief, with a perpetual retainer, to advocate the rights of the interesting passion that should result in matrimonial settlement, cannot very well endorse the most beautiful scheme of this kind as practicable and suitable for a young lady who has an eligible lover. In showing, as this author does, how Miss Evelyn Cunningham's project of endowing and personally superintending, at her country-house in Kent, a rural home for miscellaneous drafts of hopeless London poverty, was bound to prove a failure, there may be an implied lesson of ethics, or of the laws of social and industrial economy. But still more prominent, to the view of ordinary novel-readers, is the just claim of her estimable cousin, Mr. Adrian Cunningham, a perfect gentleman in behaviour and a man of good sense, to be allowed due consideration for the offer of his heart and hand. Although, during the past years of Evelyn's girlhood, educated by her grandmother, Lady Cunningham, this prospective match has been accepted with content as a family arrangement. Adrian and Evelyn were not strongly in love with each other, or so voluntarily and decidedly engaged as to make her conduct blamable in choosing an independent "career." Her position and experiences are extremely peculiar, having a mother in London from whom she has been separated ever since her babyhood, and who, being an uneducated person of humble rank, now the wife of a needy small tradesman, Mr. Kirby, the druggist, is unable to meet her accomplished daughter on equal terms of companionship, despite their natural affection and Evelyn's sweet disposition.

In portraying the moral struggle of the heroine to overcome her repulsion to circumstances of sordid meanness and vulgar rudeness among the acquaintance that she makes in a visit to Mrs. Kirby, the author has exercised much tact and discrimination. Evelyn there learns more than most young ladies can know of the actual miseries of the destitute poor, and is somewhat impressed by the rough rebukes of a fierce Democratic Socialist, Radley the bootmaker, who denounces aristocracy and wealth. So when, inheriting a large fortune, she returns to fashionable society for one season, as the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Vavasour, this young lady begins to deliver a series of drawing-room lectures, with artistic accessories contrived by her friends, leading to the formation of a rather fantastic guild or league, and to the foundation of her expensive Home for the Poor at Fairmount. While Evelyn herself, in all her actions, manners, and discourse, preserves a gracious simplicity of character that is singularly charming, the idle vanity of her polite assistants is gently ridiculed in scenes which have much refined humour of the light comedy vein. More serious questions are touched, but delicately and not unwisely, by the exhibition of her religious agnosticism, with its insufficiency to sustain and direct the efforts she has to make in bringing solace to the deathbed and in assuring the sinful of Divine mercy. The practical efficacy of the Christian faith is at length vindicated by the conversion of Radley, after he has been crushed by the supposed ruin and disgrace of his daughter Alsie; and we are left to infer that Evelyn also, before she gives up a part of her enthusiastic schemes and marries her cousin Adrian, has come round to a belief in God, without which no artificial methods of social reform can prosper against prevailing selfishness in the mass of mankind.

A QUEER MENAGERIE.

Those Other Animals. By G. A. Henty. With Twenty-two Illustrations by Harrison Weir. (Henry and Co.)—This volume is one of the "Whitefriars Library of Wit and Humour," and consists of a series of essays, some of which, the preface informs us, were contributed to the pages of the *Evening Standard*. Mr. Henty has endeavoured to treat certain members of the animal creation from "a broader point of view" than is generally taken by the ordinary reader. He asserts that we condone the failings of animals we esteem and ignore the virtues of those we dislike. Thus we slur over the bee's imperfections, while we underrate the wasp's industry and intelligence. The author undertakes the office of advocate for the less esteemed members of the animal world, and contrives to make out a very good case for most of his clients. He does not pretend, of course, to technical zoological knowledge—as, for instance, in speaking of the three eyelids of the crocodile, many other animals possessing a third eyelid, and even man exhibiting a trace of this structure—but the volume will be found chatty and entertaining none the less. Is it by intent or overlook that the spaces for illustrations of bacilli on page 214 are left blank? As the spaces all bear the legend "Natural size," and as the natural size of a bacillus is somewhere about the one-thousandth of an inch (in length), it may be that the author leaves the spaces blank as a kind of practical joke—which, however, is not explained in the text. Besides, bacilli are a little out of Mr. Harrison Weir's line of work; his illustrations, otherwise, being highly characteristic.

“T H R E E Y E A R S I N M A N I P U R .”

The great charm of Mrs. Grimwood's book (Richard Bentley and Son) is its simplicity. The author describes her life in the little State in the most unaffected way, with many womanly touches, and with an entire absence of repining at the fate which robbed her of her gallant husband. It is noteworthy that Mrs. Grimwood shows no resentment against the Manipur princes who put Mr. Grimwood and his fellow-officers to death. She does not use the word “murder” in reference to that tragedy, and she takes manifest pains to set before the English public the best qualities of the Senaputti (or the Jubraj, as he afterwards became), who has been painted in some quarters as an unredeemed monster. The whole point of the book is that the Grimwoods lived with this prince and his brothers on terms of friendship, which would, in all probability, have remained unbroken to this day if the Indian Government had not conceived the idea that it was necessary to assert British authority by sending the Jubraj into exile. Public opinion in this country with regard to that transaction was never very favourable to the Indian Government, and it will

ever more popular, both with princes and the people, than Mr. Grimwood, and no one could have imagined that these agreeable relations would end in such a catastrophe. The young princesses seem to have been very fond of Mrs. Grimwood. “The Senaputti used to bring them, and they loved running all over the house, examining everything. They liked most of all to go into my bed-room and try on my clothes and hats, and brush their hair with my brushes, admiring themselves in my long looking-glass. They used to be very much surprised to find that my dresses would not meet half-way round their waists. . . . After the party had explored my room we used to rejoin the others, and take them all out in the garden, allowing them to pick the flowers and decorate each other, and then my husband would photograph them.”

For the Manipuri women in general Mrs. Grimwood has nothing but praise. They are not secluded like the women in most parts of India, and are “much more enlightened and intelligent in consequence.” In some parts of the country Mrs. Grimwood's clothes excited the liveliest curiosity. It was the time of “dress-improvers,” and when Mrs. Grimwood changed her ordinary costume one day for a riding-habit, the villagers wished to know what she had done with her “tail.” They supposed the fullness at the back of the dress had concealed that appendage, and when Mrs. Grimwood showed some of the women the “steels” in her dress, “they thought it a very funny fashion indeed.”

Of the Manipur tribesmen there is not much to be said, though, as our Illustration shows, they have some pretensions to variety of ugliness. But Mrs. Grimwood is never tired of details about the Manipur princes. One of them proposed to learn English, and tried to master phrases like “an elegant puce quilt.” He never got any further than “kilt.” But he contrived to say “Good-bye,” which became his favourite greeting. “It was a little embarrassing to meet him on arrival, and be welcomed by a shake of the hand and a solemn ‘Good-bye.’” The Maharajah had an excellent band, and the bandmaster presented himself to Mrs. Grimwood in “a white frock-coat, made in a very old-fashioned way; black broadcloth continuations, rather short and very baggy; a red-corded silk waistcoat with large white spots, and tie to match, turn-down collar, and ancient top-hat, constructed in the year 1800, I fancy.” This marvel of Manipuri fashion also wore “patent-leather boots stitched with white, and covered with three rows of pearl buttons,” and he carried a light cane “surmounted by the head and shoulders of a depraved-looking female in oxidised silver as a handle,” which was full of attar of roses. There are other sprightly descriptions of the natives, notably the Thoppa, or bearer, who carries the passenger in a basket-chair on his back, and has many quaint peculiarities. “You may swear at a native,” says Mrs. Grimwood, “and abuse all his relations, as the custom is, in his own language, and you will not impress him in any way; but use good sound fish-wife English, and he will treat you as a person worthy of respect.” This, no doubt, is a rhetorical figure, and does not literally mean that the “Memsahib,” as Mrs. Grimwood was called by the natives, habitually



TRIBESMEN OF MANIPUR.

chastened her carriers with the diction of Billingsgate. It is clear that the Resident's wife had a reputation for kindness both to men and brutes; and some of the most charming passages in her book are devoted to the graces of her animal pets, notably an incorrigible monkey, and a tame bear who when he grew up had to be firmly but kindly removed to the jungle.

There came a time when this life was overclouded by unforeseen anxieties, which ended in a terrible calamity. The story of Mr. Quinton's unfortunate mission, of the bootless attempt to seize the Jubraj, and of the siege of the Residency, is told by Mrs. Grimwood with graphic energy. Her escape and the privations of the retreat are vividly recounted; and Mrs. Grimwood nowhere shows herself to greater advantage as a true Englishwoman than in the passage which tells, with noble pride, how her husband laid down his life rather than sacrifice the honour of his country. This spirit alone would have entitled Mrs. Grimwood to the distinction which has been conferred upon her by her Sovereign; but the whole of her simple and modest narrative of the terrible events in which she played so worthy a part will preserve her name in the esteem and admiration of her countrymen and countrywomen.



MRS. ETHEL ST. CLAIR GRIMWOOD.

be intensified by Mrs. Grimwood's account of the first revolution in Manipur, which had such excellent effects on the administration of the country, and which a cool head at Calcutta would have fully accepted. It never occurred to Mr. Grimwood, at all events, that the accession of a new Maharajah demanded the punishment of the Jubraj by the British power; and his widow, without writing one word of censure on the policy which was thrust upon him, makes it quite clear that the true statesmanship would have been to let Manipur alone.

But without concerning themselves any further with the political aspect of this story, readers of Mrs. Grimwood's book cannot fail to be struck by the freshness of her observation, and the buoyant spirit with which she fulfilled her duties as the British Resident's wife. Practically isolated from Europeans in this remote corner of India, Mrs. Grimwood seems to have adapted herself to the conditions with tact and good-humour. There is an amusing account of her first reception of the Manipur princes, who stared at her “very solemnly,” and for one of whom, at any rate, she conceived a high respect. “There was something about him that is not generally found in the character of a native. He was manly and generous to a fault, a good friend, and a bitter enemy. We liked him because he was much more broad-minded than the rest. If he promised a thing, that thing would be done. . . . He was always doing little courteous acts to please us.” That Mrs. Grimwood cannot speak too highly of the man who was instrumental in her husband's death, and who was hanged for rebellion and bloodshed, is a significant commentary on the Manipur disaster, and what led to it. In the British Residency, which impressed Mrs. Grimwood most favourably from the first, she was soon at home. “To us, fresh from the jungle, the place seemed beautiful, and even after we had grown accustomed to it we always returned to it with a fresh sense of pleasure.” The princes came often to the house, the Maharajah in “blue elastic garters, with very fine brass buckles and little bows,” and “very large, roughly made laced boots, of which he seemed supremely proud.” There was constant polo, varied by deer-shooting, and an occasional hunt for a tiger. Probably no British Resident was



THE RESIDENCY AT MANIPUR.



"THE BALLAD OF THE BEGGAR OF BETHNAL GREEN."

ART BOOKS.

Samptuous in appearance, and aiming at a certain originality of design, Mr. Lucien Rossi's illustrations to Sheridan's "School for Scandal" (Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.) will give fresh popularity to that delightful comedy. Not a few of the drawings display considerable taste in grouping; but one is tempted to quote the criticism of one of the personages of the play, which, with slight alteration, is applicable to the illustrator's work: "He generally designs well, has a free hand and a bold invention, but his colouring is too dark and his outlines are often extravagant." Mr. Rossi has had the courage to endow all his characters with a far more generally youthful air than it has been the custom to assign to many of them, and by so doing he has, at all events, removed some of the contradictions of the plot which the tone of the dialogue makes too prominent. On the other hand, Mr. Rossi seems to us to have fallen into the opposite extreme by attributing faces and graces to his characters which are quite out of keeping with their pungent speeches and often bitter railing, and their experiences of life and its disappointments.

We have, perhaps, only one writer among us who can talk of the sea as freshly as Mr. J. C. Hook can depict its shores and sandy coves, and that writer is Mr. W. Clark Russell. From him a wreck on the Goodwins, a reminiscence of old smuggling days, a whaler's yarn or a description of to-day's life by Tyne and Wear come with equal spirit, and clothed with at least an appearance of historic possibility. In a handsomely got-up volume, entitled "The British Isles" (Seeley and Co.), we have not only Mr. Hook's pictures and Mr. Clark Russell's descriptions, but the work of many others who have entered into friendly rivalry with these two with both pen and pencil. The Downs, the English Channel, and the North Sea are described by Mr. Clark Russell himself, and illustrated by etchings and engravings after J. M. W. Turner, E. W. Cooke, and Henry Moore. The west coast of Scotland is described by Mr. A. J. Church, and its northern shores and the Firth of Forth by Mr. James Purves, in honour of which some of the most typical of Mr. Colin Hunter's pictures, supplemented with lighter sketches by Mr. J. Pennell and Mr. A. Dawson, have been brought into requisition, and help us vividly to recall the grandeur of those granite-bound coasts. Mr. Hamerton's too brief monograph on St. George's Channel serves as an elegant frame to Girtin's "Flint Castle" and David Cox's "Penmaenmawr," and Mr. Cagney writes breezily of the Wight and the Solent, where De Wint, Ditchfield, and Barlow Moore have, at long intervals from each other, found so many spots worthy of their fancy and their skill. This delightful volume, which will take high rank among the gift-books of the coming season, lays no claim to originality; but the publishers have been well inspired in rescuing so many fugitive articles from "periodical" oblivion, and in grouping together, for the sake of comparison and contrast, the works of some of our best marine painters, living and dead.

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CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

DELTA.—Many thanks for the games, which are acceptable evidence of Christmas compliments. So far we have found the authorities inexorable in the other matter, but you might have better success with another trial.

BISHOPS TRYTONS.—We are unable to furnish you with the required information.

N. M. (Cork).—Your problem shall be examined shortly.

J. DRAGG (Camberwell).—In the absence of a strong club in your immediate neighbourhood, you had better join the City of London.

PROF. H. RIOLA (Camberley).—The problem is, unfortunately, altogether wrong.

F. E. (Aldershot).—Thanks for new problem. It shall be more carefully examined than the last. Your three-mover admits of two other solutions besides your own.

E. P. H. (Edington).—Has not the problem you sent us appeared before? Do you claim the authorship?

HAROLD RONSON (Wolverhampton).—In the position enclosed White is stalemated, and the game is drawn. The superiority of Black's force counts for nothing under the circumstances.

L. DESANGES (Florence).—The same old game, 1. Q to B 6th, Kt takes Q, P takes Kt. Mate.

A. E. S. (Melton).—1. Q to R 4th, we fear, brings about another solution.

DR. F. ST.—1. P takes P is fatal to your last contribution.

T. H. GUEST.—Your three-mover is correct, and marked for early insertion.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2478 received from W. R. James (Bangalore), and B. M. Foster (Boston, U.S.A.); of No. 2479 from B. M. Foster; of No. 2480 from Hereford and B. M. Foster; of No. 2481 from the Rev. J. Gaskin (Boulogne-sur-Mer), An Old Lady (Petersburg), Hereford, E. Whinfield, B. M. Foster, W. L. Tucker, Emil Frau (Lyons), the Rev. John Wills (Barnstable, Mass.), and H. F. Davidson (Croydon); of No. 2482 from Columbus, Emilia Frau (Lyons), H. H. Brooks, and J. de Rinter; of No. 2483 from G. H. Palmer, Solihull, E. E. H. T. T. Blythe (Stretford), Nellie Gales, Bluet, W. Vernon Arnold, L. Penfold, A. Gwinner, E. G. Boys, Rev. Winfield Cooper, Julia Short (Exeter), and C. M. A. B.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2484 received from A. Gwinner, R. H. Brooks, E. G. Boys, L. Desanges (Florence), J. F. Moon, J. Hall, A. Newman, Fitzwater, J. Coad, Alpha, J. Dixon, Sorrento (Dawlish), W. Kenyon, T. G. Ware, M. Burke, Miss Nixon, E. Worters (Canterbury), C. Page, E. Sussfeld, Dr. F. St. Fr. Fernando (Dublin), Shadforth, Admiral Brandreth, Matthew Hendrie (Liverpool), H. B. Hurford, C. M. A. B. G. Stebbins, J. W. R. Columbus, L. Schlu (Vienna), H. S. Brandreth, F. F. R. Stewart, M. D., W. Vernon Arnold, Dunc John, E. H. Whinfield, Dr. Waltz (Heidelberg), W. R. Radford, Howich, Julia Short (Exeter), B. D. Knox, Odham Club, C. R. B. (Dundee), J. W. Hing, D. McCoy (Galway), J. Annadale, Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), Bluet, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), G. Joicey, G. T. Hughes, T. Roberts, W. G. Ashdown, F. F. (Brussels), and Martin F.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2482.—By PERCY HEALEY.

WHITE.

1. R to K B 5th

2. B to B 6th

3. B mates.

BLACK.

P to Kt 3rd

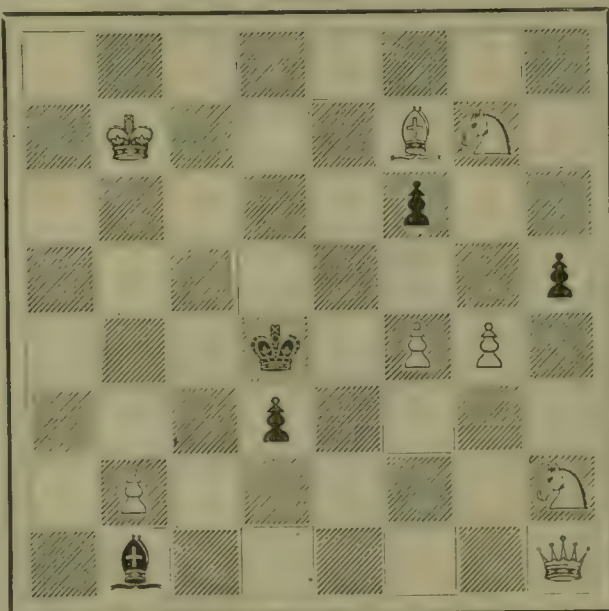
Any move

If Black play 1. P to R 4th, B to Kt 5th; if 1. K to Kt 5th, Kt to R 6th (ch); and if 1. P to B 4th, then 2. R takes P, mating in each case on the following move.

PROBLEM No. 2486.

By Mrs. W. J. BAIRD.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played in the Championship Tourney at the City of London Chess Club between Messrs. C. MORIAT and W. INGOLDSBY.

(King's Gambit Declined)

WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. I.)	WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. I.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	18. B to K Kt 3rd	K to Kt sq
2. P to K B 4th	P to B 4th	19. R to K R sq, with the Q R brought	subsequently into play, would probably
3. Kt to K B 3rd	P to Q 3rd	prolong the defence.	
4. B to B 4th	Kt to K B 3rd	19. Q R to K sq	P to Q R 3rd
5. P to Q B 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	Black is now reduced to a hopeless	condition, and merely awaits his im-
6. P to Q 3rd	Castles	pending fate.	
7. Q to K 2nd	B to K Kt 5th	20. K to Kt 2nd	B to Q R 2nd
8. P to K R 3rd	B to Q 2nd	21. Kt to K 5th	Kt takes Kt
9. P to K Kt 4th	P takes P	22. B takes Kt	P to K B 4th
10. P to Q 4th	B to Kt 3rd	23. Kt to K B 3rd	Q to K 2nd
11. B to Q 3rd		24. P to K R 4th	Q to R 2nd
This is necessary, as Black threatens to		25. K to Kt 3rd	P to K Kt 4th
take K P at once.		26. K to Kt 2nd	
12. Castles	R to K sq	27. R to K R sq	P takes R P
More showy than effective. A highly	Kt takes K P	28. Q takes Q (ch)	K takes Q
interesting line of play might have		29. Kt takes P	K to Kt sq
occurred as follows: Kt to K 4th; B Kt		The game cannot be saved after this.	
takes Kt; P takes Kt; if now, P to Kt		White finishes a well-fought struggle	
5th, to win the Kt, Kt takes K P, Q takes		in a very pretty fashion.	
Kt, Q takes Kt P (ch), Q interposes, or		30. Kt to Kt 6th	B to B 4th
the game is lost at once by Q to R 5th, &c.		White mates in four moves.	
13. B takes Kt	P to Q 4th		
14. B takes P (ch)	K takes B		
15. Q to Q B 2nd (ch)	P to K Kt 3rd		
16. B takes B P	B to K 3rd		
17. Q Kt to Q 2nd	Q to Q 2nd		

Game played at the Divan between two amateurs, White giving odds of Q R.

(Gioco Piano).

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	13. B to B 2nd	Q to Q Kt 3rd
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	14. P to Q 4th	
3. B to B 4th	B to B 4th	The play from this point is lively, and	ends prettily enough.
4. P to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	14.	
5. P to Q 3rd	Castles	15. P to Q Kt 4th	P takes P
6. B to K Kt 5th	P to K R 3rd	16. P takes B	P takes P
7. B to K R 4th	P to Q 3rd	17. Q takes P	P takes Kt (ch)
8. Q Kt to Q 2nd	B to K Kt 5th	18. B takes Kt	Kt to Q B 5th
9. P to K R 3rd	B takes Kt	He evidently cannot take the Bishop,	as mate follows immediately.
An injudicious capture, which gives		19. Q takes K R P	Q to R 4th (ch)
White an open file for his Rook.		20. K to B sq	Kt to Q 7th (ch)
10. Kt P takes B	Kt to Q R 4th	21. K to K 2nd	Black resigns.
11. B to Q Kt 5th	P to Q B 3rd		
12. B to Q R 4th	P to Q Kt 4th		

A match was played at Brighton on Nov. 11, between the Hastings and St. Leonards and the local clubs. The result was: Hastings and St. Leonards, 6½; Brighton, 5½.

On Saturday afternoon, Nov. 21, Mr. Gunsberg played simultaneously against twenty-four members of the City of London Chess Club. His play was very rapid, and in less than three hours Mr. Gunsberg won twenty games, drew three, and lost one. There was a fair attendance, and the result was received with loud applause.

Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, the playwright and manager of the Avenue Theatre, has written to disclaim responsibility for the fees which are charged at his theatre, these being included in the contract for refreshments. "I do not understand," he says, "that condition of mind which allows a man to charge the public sixpence for a badly printed piece of paper which costs him a mere fraction of a farthing, but, since there is a contract, it must be respected."

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

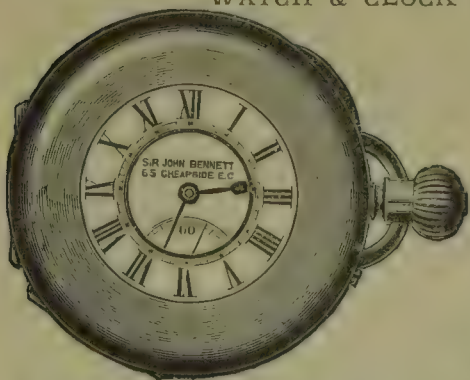
What has been called the "Great Moa Find" has been of late days ventilated in the newspapers. It may prove interesting to my readers if I venture to describe this famous discovery, because it links us to a past epoch in the history of bird-life which is as startling in many of its phases as it is scientifically important. Curiously enough, Mr. Lydekker has recently produced his catalogue of the fossil birds in the British Museum (Cromwell Road, S.W.), and readers who may care to study these ancient birds for themselves will find a visit to the national collection by no means misspent. The moa, to begin with, in one respect resembles the sea-serpent itself, in that reports of its discovery as a living form in the New Zealand islands are more or less perpetually cropping up. But, alas! we only know the *Dinornis* (as the moa is scientifically named) from its bones, which are found in comparative plenty in the "recent" deposits of New Zealand. The find of moa bones is described by a correspondent writing from Oamaru on Sept. 18. The bones lay in a clay subsoil in a cultivated field, and it was reckoned roughly that in this collection of relics the remains of some five hundred of these big birds were represented. Associated with the bones were heaps of stones, such as everybody knows grain-eating birds swallow for the purpose of assisting the gizzard in its action as a crushing-mill for breaking up the seeds on which they subsist. How these five hundred birds came to their end is matter of speculation, and can only be determined by careful examination of the circumstances under which the bones were found.

The moa figures in Maori traditions, and charred bones of the bird, found in relation with native ovens or like places, seem to prove that the early inhabitants of New Zealand must have not only been familiar with these big birds in the flesh, but must have hunted and eaten them as well. If this view of things be correct, then the moa must be reckoned as another illustration of the extermination by man of an animal species. The dodo and the solitaire of Mauritius and Rodriguez were killed off by humanity within recent times; and the big sea-cow, known as the rhytina, was similarly exterminated in the North. The biggest of the moa birds, according to Professor Sir Richard Owen, stood at least ten feet high. Its shin-bone measures a yard in length. Another species (*Dinornis Elephantopus*), though not so tall as the form just described, had a heavier skeleton, and its toe-bones "almost rival those of the elephant." The moas were wingless birds of the ostrich type, and it is a notable fact that in New Zealand we still find the apteryx, a wingless species of curious nature, which serves in itself to represent the fag-end of a once plentiful stock of bird-life of the wingless type. As in the ostrich itself, the breastbone of the moa is a flattened shield-like plate, very different from the keeled breastbone of flying birds, in which the ridge, or "keel," affords attachment for the wing-muscles.

There was another wingless bird found in Madagascar and called the *Aepyornis*. Its bones are familiar enough, and it presents a close relationship to the moa. The eggs of the Madagascar bird have been discovered. They measure from twelve to fourteen inches in diameter, and equal in capacity three ostrich eggs. It is noteworthy that nearly all the wingless birds seem to flourish south of the Equator; for the ostriches are African and may be so described in their distribution; the emus inhabit Australia, the cassowaries are found in North Australia and the Eastern Archipelago, and the rheas are South American. For the most part, too, we meet with these big birds as inhabitants of islands, and both the living and fossil species illustrate this law. It would seem as though they sought a safe residence in island regions, where they were not likely to be molested or disturbed—or, to put the matter more scientifically, these big birds represent the survivals of a population which kept its hold on the earth only by reason of their happening to find themselves on lands which had become islands. It is a fact of geographical distribution that many animals survive to-day simply because they remain on detached land-surfaces, where they are relatively free from persecution by enemies; but, unfortunately, they did not reckon, as we have seen, with man's interference. If humanity preserves many living things for its use and behoof, it no less exterminates, with ruthless hand, when occasion offers, many other species. Witness the slaughter of humming-birds for the ornamentation of ladies' hats, of fur-seals for ladies' jackets, and of the dodo and other birds which could not escape the clubs of the sailor-men, who evidently pined for fresh meat, and thus came to slay these ancient fowls off the face of the earth.

A writer in an American medical journal has been debating the question "What was the cause of Shakspeare's death?" He comes to the conclusion that the poet died of pneumonia—that is, of inflammation of the lungs. The indication that this ailment caused the death of the Bard of Avon is gathered from the expression of the face seen in portraits and busts. The "ineffable sadness" of the poet's face—to quote the expression of writers—it is held, is consistent with the belief in question. Most readers will probably agree with me that we do not yet know sufficient about the facial characteristics of disease to express a decided opinion regarding the cause of death, especially upon the evidence of portraiture, which may be more or less inexact. The late Professor Laycock, of Edinburgh, as many an old student will remember, laid great stress on facial diagnosis as an aid to the physician's examination of a patient; and the American writer seems to be following closely in Professor Laycock's footsteps. I observe, however, that Mr. G. Foy, of Dublin, in criticising the American opinion, remarks that in the diary of the Rev. John Ward, vicar of Stratford-on-Avon, we may find evidence leading to a different conclusion respecting the cause of Shakspeare's death. This diary covers the period between 1648 and 1679, and therefore deals with the time during which Shakspeare enjoyed his leisure and at which he died. Mr. Ward, however, it is pointed out, wrote from hearsay, and his evidence is open, therefore, to criticism. One quotation is given to the effect that Shakspeare, Drayton, and Ben Jonson "had a merry meeting, and, it seems, drank too hard; for Shakspeare died of a fever there contracted." He died in April, relatively young, as we know. Dr. Hall, of Stratford, married Shakspeare's eldest daughter, Susanna, in 1607; and in 1657 Mr. James Cooke, who had possessed himself of Dr. Hall's "ledger," published this book, with the result that, as Mr. Foy adds, it may be believed Shakspeare died of paralysis. If, on the other hand, Mr. Ward is to be believed, the "fever" from which Shakspeare is said to have died may very well have been inflammation of the lungs. It is surely not necessary to suppose, as Mr. Foy seems to maintain, that the term "pneumonia" was in use in these mediaeval days. But of what disease the poet perished, we may never know; unless, indeed, some literary find of the future gives us more exact data than we now possess.

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TESTIMONIALS.

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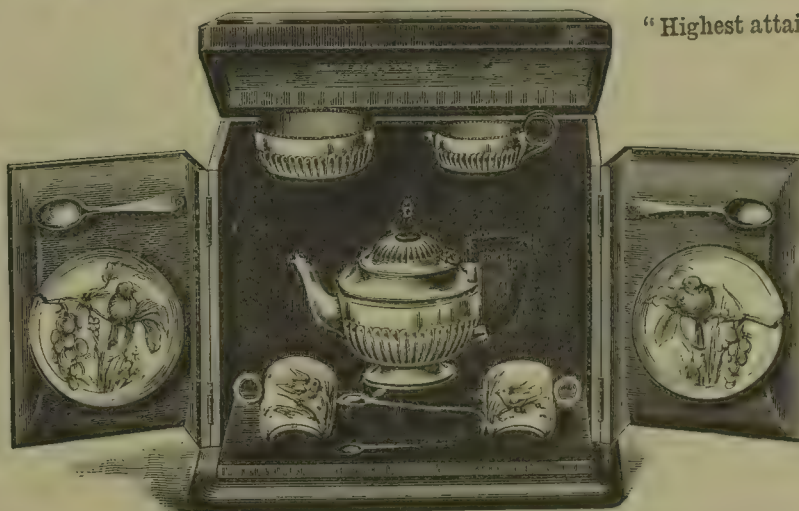
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will, as contained in two papers (executed Dec. 3, 1884, and July 29, 1891), of Mr. John Lord Bowes, formerly of Liverpool and London, wool-broker, and late of Grasse, Department of Alpes Maritimes, France, who died on Aug. 20 at the Buckingham Palace Hotel, Buckingham Gate, was proved on Nov. 17 by William Henry Bates and Robert Arthur Whitting, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £61,000. The testator bequeaths his plate, furniture, pictures, household effects, horses and carriages, to his sister, Isabella Bowes; £30,000, upon trust, for her, for life; and very numerous legacies to relatives, friends, and others. On the death of his said sister he gives twenty-sixtieths of the sum of £30,000, or such part as may remain after all the legacies are satisfied, to Liverpool University College, in aid of the funds of that institution, and in particular for the teaching of chemistry and modern languages; and eight sixtieths between the mayors of the four following places, where he has lived and enjoyed himself, namely, Leeds, Liverpool, London, and Grasse, to be applied by the said mayors for the benefit of the poor and unfortunate of their respective towns.

The will (dated June 14, 1889) of Mr. Richard William Banks, J.P., late of Ridgebourne, Kingston, Herefordshire, who died on June 24, was proved on Nov. 13 by Mrs. Emily Rosa Banks, the widow, and William Hartland Banks, the son; the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £50,000. The testator leaves £500, and all his horses, carriages, cows, greenhouse plants and effects in garden to his wife; his residence, Ridgebourne, with the pictures, furniture, plate, and effects to his wife, for life or widowhood, and then to his said son; a cottage at Newton to his daughter, Rosa Marianna Banks, and various stocks, amounting to £5500, upon trust, for her; and legacies to nephew, nieces, manager and clerks in the Kingston and Radnorshire Bank, servants, and others. The Ridgebourne estate and the residue of his freehold property in the counties of Radnor, Hereford, and Brecon, and the residue of his personal estate, including his shares in the said bank, he gives to his said son.

The will (dated Nov. 13, 1879), with three codicils (dated June 15, 1881; Oct. 24, 1885; and April 19, 1888), of the Rev. Charles Cubitt, formerly of Hawthorndene, Bonchurch, Isle of Wight, and late of 16, Lewes Crescent, Brighton, who died on Sept. 22, was proved on Nov. 10 by the Right Hon. George Cubitt, the brother, the surviving executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £43,000. The testator gives £500 and all his plate, pictures, books, furniture, and effects, horses and carriages, to his wife, Mrs. Alicia Matilda Cubitt; £1600 per annum to his wife, for life; all his freehold and leasehold property at Bonchurch to his wife, for life, and then to his nephew, Edgar Francis Bowring; and legacies to servants. A sum of £10,000, settled by him on his marriage, subject to his wife's life interest, and in default of children, he leaves, in trust, for such persons as his wife shall appoint. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his children; and, in default of children, as to £5000 to his niece Helen Laura, and as to the ultimate residue to his brother William Cubitt.

Letters of Administration of the personal estate of Mr. Beverley Randolph, late of Lansdown, Torquay, who died on

Aug. 26, intestate, were granted on Nov. 13 to the Rev. Douglas Cater Randolph, the committee of the estate of the Rev. William Cater Randolph, the brother and only next of kin, during his lunacy, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £40,000.

The will of Sir James Robert Longden, G.C.M.G., J.P., late of Longhope, near Watford, who died on Oct. 4, has just been proved by Dame Alicia Longden, the widow, and Robert Fulford, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £24,000. The testator bequeaths £500 and all his furniture and effects, horses and carriages, to his wife; and there are one or two other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for his children.

The will (dated Nov. 29, 1883), with three codicils (dated Dec. 21, 1887; Aug. 20, 1890; and June 3, 1891), of Mr. John Marshall Gillies, late of 14, Iddesleigh Mansions, Victoria Street, Westminster, who died on Sept. 15, was proved on Nov. 16 by Hugh Charles Godfray and John Henry Hill Duncan, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £23,000. The testator bequeaths £22,000, upon trust, for Mary Cooper, for life, and then for her son, John Hugh Cooper; and other legacies. As to the residue of his property, he leaves one moiety to his daughter Ella, and the other moiety to his son John.

The will (dated Oct. 29, 1888) of Ludovic Marie Edgar, Viscount d'Estampes, late of Esteville, Canton of Cleres, Department Seine Inférieure, France, who died on April 28, at Nice, on board his yacht, was proved in London on Nov. 10 by Armand Henry Ludovic, Viscount d'Estampes, the son, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £21,000. The testator bequeaths 75,000*fr.*, upon trust, for Miss Geraldine Eda Curwen, for life; 5000*fr.* to be expended by her in charitable purposes, or to redress any wrong he may have inflicted upon anybody; and some souvenirs. Subject thereto, his children are to inherit all his property.

The will (dated June 19, 1889) of Miss Louisa Perceval, daughter of the Right Hon. Spencer Perceval, the Prime Minister who was assassinated in 1812, late of the Manor House, Ealing, who died on Sept. 13, was proved on Nov. 13 by Horatio George Walpole, C.B., and Cecil Henry Spencer Perceval, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £10,000. The only legatees under the will are testatrix's brother, sister, nephews, and nieces.

The will of Mr. Alfred James Lambert, late of 57½, Old Broad Street, and of Kitwells Park, Shenley, Herts, who died on Sept. 22, was proved on Oct. 23 by Thomas Collis Reynolds, Harry William Birks, and Cecil Humphrey Lambert (the son), the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £12,000.

The will of Mr. Henry Latham, formerly one of the Registrars of the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice, late of Singledek, No. 7, Warwick Place, Milverton, Leamington, who died on Sept. 7 at Bideford, Devon, was proved on Nov. 16 by Thomas Latham, the son and acting executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to £6626.

Lord Randolph Churchill will be a passenger to England by the Union Steamship Company's Royal Mail steamer Mexican, which leaves Cape Town on Wednesday, Dec. 9.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

There is a rumour that we are to have loose-backed jackets in fashion, and some Paris models of the style have been sent over. It is certainly not a very graceful one, but as a novelty it may be adopted, especially as many fashionable three-quarter capes are already made quite loose at the back. These new jackets are very much like plain circular capes, with sleeves put in. Fur linings are much used in mantles. They thicken the figure, but they are unsurpassed for warmth; when there is a cold wind the true value of fur is perceived, for it turns the blast off as no thickness or stuffiness of cloth or flannel and wadding lining can do. As to the obvious objection to fur coats of hiding and increasing the apparent size of the figure, it is to be remembered that fur is not suitable for wear in a drawing-room, and elsewhere this effect of the coat will not be much noticed. Russian ladies are more sensible than we are in their use of fur. They, one and all, possess for winter a very big fur wrap, but it is more or less shapeless, and therefore not subject to the changes of fashion, and it is invariably thrown off in the anteroom or hall before entering a reception-room. A smart coat may be worn under the fur, but the Russian lady realises the truth that fur should be used for outdoor protection only.

A novelty in evening gowns is to have a big bow of ribbon or velvet placed just under the shoulders, and long ends descend thence nearly to the bottom of the train, considerably lower than to the ground. Frequently, the sash passes first round the front of the figure, slopingly under the bust; but often, on the contrary, the bow and ends behind form the entire sash. This new idea in sashes is applied also to tea-gowns. The back of the gown is made Princess fashion, closely fitting to the figure, and trained; the wide bow is then fixed across at the shoulder-blades, and the broad ends descend with something of the effect of a Watteau pleat.

Fine-faced cloth is a popular material for a tea-gown, and velvet and satin-backed ribbon for sash and trimming. For example, a handsome model was in blue-green cloth, the front of embroidered white gauze draped over thin green silk, and held in place by a shaped ceinture of olive velvet ribbon, edged with a deep-shaped fringe of beads of moonlight tones. The back had a pointed yoke of olive velvet, with a fringe of beads put round under the collar; and then, beneath the yoke, came a big bow and ends, as described above, their material being olive velvet-and-satin ribbon, about eight inches in width.

Lady Sarah Spencer Churchill's "going-away" dress was made in a new and uncommon style. The back was cut Princess fashion, passing in one piece from the shoulders to the end of the long train. In front, the bodice and skirt were separate. It was of grey bengaline, and trimmed with beaver. The bridesmaids' dresses of rose-pink cloth and silk were also trimmed with fur. There is, indeed, just now quite a mania for putting fur on gowns. Paris-made evening dresses are often fur-trimmed, and here walking-skirts with three narrow bands of fur round the foot are popular. Miss Ada Rehan's famous tea-gown of white trimmed with black fur is an illustration of the audacity with which Parisian dressmakers use such materials. That gown came from Félix. Another of his creations which I have just seen is of white cashmere cut down cuirass-shape to show a yoke of blue brocade, the division between the two being edged with black

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Colour of hair we never become insensible to; of eyes, any peculiar feature. What we cannot mend we think of and grieve over.

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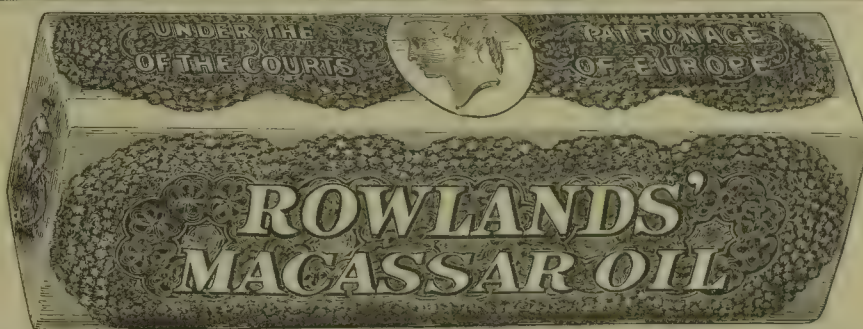
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fur; there are wing-sleeves of white, edged with the black fur, falling away at the elbow from tight ones of the brocade.

Superstition can, perhaps, never be quite banished from our poor, weak human minds. Even the strongest and clearest intelligences are hardly quite proof against it in some form. Some trifle done or undone, some little object possessed or lost, will give comfort or vague uneasiness to the inner consciousness of the most shrewd and learned of humankind on occasion. Dr. Johnson touched all the posts on his way along the street "for luck"; Newton believed in astrology, and John Wesley in witchcraft; Napoleon had unbounded faith in his star. Mrs. Bancroft gravely tells that, whatever may account for it, a black cat always *did* appear around the theatre, from parts unknown, when a successful new piece was about to be produced. How many of you, my dear readers, are indifferent to seeing the new moon through glass, or breaking a mirror, or spilling salt, or each and every other trifling "unlucky" circumstance? We smile when the poor servant-girl gives her hard-earned money to a gipsy at the back door, who professes to "rule the planets," but there is a considerable proportion of educated people not above some similar folly. Fortune-tellers are found at every bazaar, and are a favourite diversion at private parties. The most congested of the correspondence columns of a popular paper is that in which a lady claiming occult knowledge tells anxious inquirers what are their planets. This all is passed off as mere amusement. Nobody believes it—oh! no. It is a mere pastime. Alas! we know so little of what we are—we stand surrounded by so many marvels—cause and effect in our lives work so obscurely, morally and materially, that no wonder the imagination runs riot; and fate, charms, omens, and prophecies, though sneered at with the lips, are half uneasily admitted by the inner consciousness.

So the fact is, at all events, that a fashionable fortune-teller has always a crowd at her doors. In Paris such prophetic professors abound, for there they are unchecked. Here there is a certain risk attaching to the pursuit. It is true that the police overlooked all last season the existence of a widely advertised "inspirationist" in Bond Street; but, theoretically, fortune-telling is forbidden by law. Immunity (and encouragement at religious bazaars, perhaps) has emboldened the practitioners of the art, however; and if it be not checked, mischief will presently be done. To me, fortune-tellers have been always the most transparent humbugs; they do not come near success in my case. As a journalist (bound, of course, to go everywhere to report to my readers), I saw the fashionable sybil; but she passed my five minutes in promiscuous chatter, and such snap-shots as she ventured upon went very wide of the mark. She discovered this, and apparently in a moment of rage predicted to me the speedy death of a near and dear relative. On me this had no effect: I trust it would not have had in any case, but I was freshly armed by the utter failure of her previous guesses at my condition, circumstances, and character. In these latter respects, however, the sybil does not always fail. On the contrary, by feeling her way with tact and by quickness in thought-reading, she often manages to come so near the truth as to antecedent matters that she impresses the imagination of the person who has consulted her. If she follows this up by such a wicked prediction for the future as she made to me, she obviously may often do

serious mischief to a sensitive mind. Indeed, I write with a little gall in my ink, because I actually know of a case where a woman of sensitive and imaginative character has been made wretched by such nonsense. I warn my readers, therefore, that it is more than waste of time to listen to a fortune-teller's chatter. She may be foolish or malicious enough to make her hearer very uncomfortable; or, perhaps, even worse. As to the amateur practitioners of palmistry, the least they can do to excuse their doings is to be careful always to prophesy smooth things.

The Prince of Wales has appointed Messrs. John Brinsmead and Sons pianoforte manufacturers to his Royal Highness, under warrant dated Nov. 9, 1891.

The Society of Arts, on Nov. 18, opened its session with a meeting over which Sir Richard Webster, the Attorney-General, presided. Medals of honour were presented to those who had contributed papers of merit read last session. Mr. William Simpson, our well-known Special Artist, received a silver medal for the historical treatise on "Lithography, a Finished Chapter of Illustrative Art," which we noticed at the time. The inventor of lithography, Senefelder, received in 1819 the silver medal of this society.

Sir Wilfrid Lawson and his friends will grieve to learn of the severe blow which has befallen the cause of Prohibition in that great testing-field of social legislation, the North-West Territories of Canada. The general election to the new Legislative Assembly turned mainly upon the issue of License v. Prohibition, and the Prohibitionists have been sorely routed. Two only have been returned, against nineteen advocates of license. The half-hearted prohibitory system hitherto in force—under which the Lieutenant-Governor had power to issue liquor permits practically as he chose—offended all parties, and the electorate is apparently of opinion that a system of license placed under popular control will much better serve the cause of temperance.

Mr. Goldwin Smith seems to have drawn a hornets' nest about his ears by his recent frank avowal of annexation sentiments. The Oxford don of former days has, of course, never disguised his belief that Canada and the United States would pull well in harness together under the Stars and Stripes, but the Canadians resent his attempt to magnify the annexationist commotion in one border county of Ontario into a widespread movement in support of his theory. No single politician of any standing will put in a good word for the new cause, and Liberal and Conservative journals alike are saying many uncomplimentary things of the ex-professor. But Mr. Goldwin Smith has been used to hard words all his life, and his tranquillity under the present attacks will perhaps induce the Canadians to welcome an honest expression of opinion, however distasteful it may be. A lecture on "Jingoism," which Mr. Smith recently gave in Toronto, was described by him as his last political speech. Mr. Goldwin Smith has also announced his resignation of a post in which he has done much practical work for the suppression of frauds upon the charitable public—the chairmanship of the "Associated Charities" of Toronto—the state of his health forbidding him to spend another winter in Canada.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The chief event of the last few days has been the visit of M. de Giers to Paris. Before the Russian Minister for Foreign Affairs reached the French capital, a semi-official communication was sent to all the European papers through a news agency, in order to give the authorised interpretation of his journey. According to this document, M. de Giers's European trip had been undertaken solely for the benefit of his health, but in Italy he was informed that the Marquis di Rudini wished to see him, and the Russian Minister accordingly had an interview with the Italian Premier, and subsequently with King Humbert, thus giving a political character to his journey. These interviews made it necessary for M. de Giers to go to Paris, where he saw M. Carnot, M. de Freycinet, and M. Ribot, with whom he exchanged views on the political situation, as he had done in Italy. Just as the interviews at Monza had led to the journey to Paris, so the exchanging views with the French President and Ministers made it incumbent on M. de Giers to visit Berlin on his way home. We are told that M. de Giers has asked nothing at Monza, Paris, or Berlin, and that his visits to these capitals were undertaken with the sole object of preventing misunderstandings and consolidating the peace of Europe.

Germany, in the meantime, is proceeding with her armaments and the strengthening of her artillery, to which a sum of 74½ millions of marks will be devoted, the extraordinary military Budget amounting to close upon 78 millions of marks. Altogether, the expenditure this year shows an increase over that of last year of 14,338,356 marks.

On Nov. 17 the municipal elections took place in Berlin, when, in nine districts out of fifteen, a decisive result was arrived at on the first ballot, six Socialists and three Liberals being elected. Six seats now remain to be contested on a second ballot. So far, no Conservative has been returned; and the Socialists have won a decided victory, for they have gained three seats.

In these two facts may be found some remote, but at the same time real, element of danger for the future. For if the German Emperor is undoubtedly bent on maintaining peace, the military party, on the one hand, and the Socialist party, on the other, may, under conceivable circumstances, become difficult to manage and keep within bounds—the former as regards foreign policy, and the latter with reference to home affairs; and, although the causes of disturbance would be widely different, they might lead to the same result.

The birthday of the Empress Frederick was celebrated at Berlin on Nov. 21 by a banquet held at Potsdam, at which were present Sir Edward and Lady Ermytrude Malet and the personnel of the British Embassy. The Empress Frederick, who was in Italy, returned to Berlin on Nov. 26.

In West Africa the Germans have been successful in their expedition against Buka, in the Cameroons, a town in the interior, which was taken by storm after three days' siege and fighting. Unfortunately, this victory was purchased dearly, for Captain von Gravenreuth was killed during the attack. In East Africa it was reported, according to private letters received in Berlin, that Emin Pasha and Dr. Stuhlmann were

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on their way to Wadelai, and that an English officer, whose name is not given, had marched from Uganda to prevent Emin from carrying away the ivory stored in the Equatorial Province. Needless to add that no confirmation of this report has been received.

The panic on the Vienna Bourse has been followed by an outcry against the persons who planned the hoax which caused such commotion a short time ago, and a demand for the prosecution of the guilty parties. Yielding to popular feeling, the Austrian Minister of Justice has ordered that criminal proceedings should be taken against all persons who, after inquiry, may be suspected of having caused the panic; and it is said that members of the Reichsrath may ultimately be prosecuted, with, of course, the sanction of the House.

On Nov. 21 Count Kalnoky completed his tenth year of office as Minister for Foreign Affairs of Austria-Hungary, on which occasion he received the congratulations of the whole Diplomatic Body and of members of the Delegations.

There are about 35,000 miners on strike in France at the present time. Arbitration was proposed by the Government, but M. Basly, the Socialist deputy, who is the leader of the men, urged the delegates to reject the proposed arbitration, because, he argued, the Government had been trifling with the men in proposing State engineers as arbitrators. The meeting held on Nov. 22 at Lens adopted his views—that both sides should appoint arbitrators, and, in case the latter disagreed, an umpire should be applied to, and the proposed

arbitration was unanimously rejected by the representatives of the strikers.

The French Senate is now engaged upon a discussion of the new tariff, and the temper of that assembly seems to be of a decidedly Protectionist nature. M. Challemeil-Lacour and M. Jules Simon both made excellent speeches in favour of Free Trade, or, at all events, of mitigated protection; but they had to admit that there was little hope of their ideas being allowed to prevail. The fact is that the Protectionist current is so strong in France just now that the fact that six or seven million people are to be enriched at the expense of thirty million others does not seem to have any effect on the judgment of the country, which is carried away by false but seductive theories.

Spain has just got through a Ministerial crisis, which was over almost as soon as it was produced. On Nov. 21 Señor Canovas del Castillo sent in his resignation and that of the whole Cabinet, the cause of their retirement being the disaffection of the Minister of the Interior, Señor Silvela, who differed from the policy of his colleagues. Señor Canovas was immediately entrusted with the formation of a new Ministry, and he succeeded in reconstructing his Cabinet, which was joined by Señor Romero y Robledo. The entry of this politician into the new Ministerial combination is supposed to give to the Conservative party the support of the Reformists.

In the United States, as in France, Protectionism is rampant. A few days ago at Boston Mr. McKinley made a

speech, in which he extolled the commercial policy of which he is the most distinguished exponent as being essentially patriotic, and asserted that during the last twelve months the foreign trade of America had been larger than at any other period. As to Free Trade, he said: "When the nations of the world bring their conditions up to ours, and whenever they pay their labour the same wages that we pay ours, we will meet them in the neutral markets of the world, and it will be a case of the survival of the fittest."

A new and sudden development of the Brazilian crisis occurred on Nov. 23, when an armed insurrection, having for its object the overthrow of Marshal da Fonseca, and headed by Admirals de Mello and Wondenkolk, startled the city of Rio de Janeiro. The insurgents demanded the resignation of Marshal da Fonseca, who, finding resistance impossible, complied with their request. General Floriano Peixoto was declared President in place of Marshal da Fonseca, and it is thought that his accession to power will be well received by the whole country, which will once more be united under his government.

Some difficulty has arisen in connection with the carrying out of the plan of M. Baldwin Latham for the drainage of Cairo, the French Government demanding that the new scheme of drainage be open to competition and decided upon by an International Committee of three members—an Englishman, a German, and a Frenchman—whose decision must be unanimous. The matter, therefore, seems likely to be delayed.

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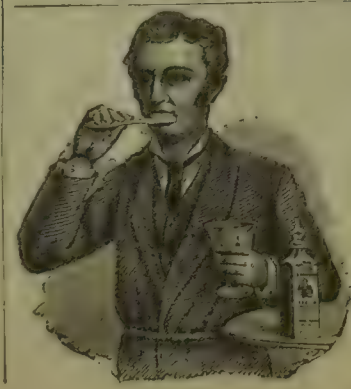
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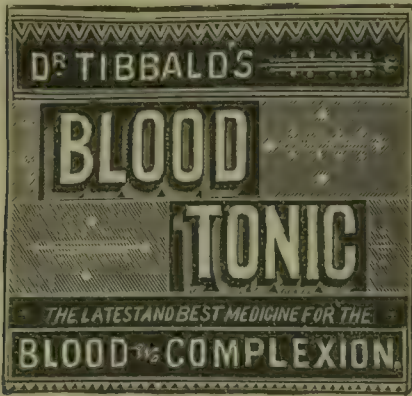
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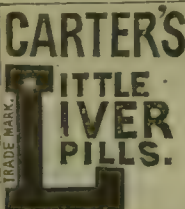
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(No. 386) for DECEMBER 1891. CONTENTS: I. A FIRST FAMILY OF TASAJARA. By Bret Harte. (Concluded.) II. WILLIAM CORBETT. By George Saintsbury. III. THE EXPERIENCES OF AN AFRICAN TRADER. By H. E. M. Studdell. IV. TROPICANA AND TRYPHOSA. V. THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC. VI. IN PRAISE OF MOPS. VII. OUR FIRST-BORN. VIII. A ROMANCE OF CAIRO. By the Very Rev. Dean Butler. IX. LEAVES FROM A NOTE-BOOK. MACMILLAN and Co., London.

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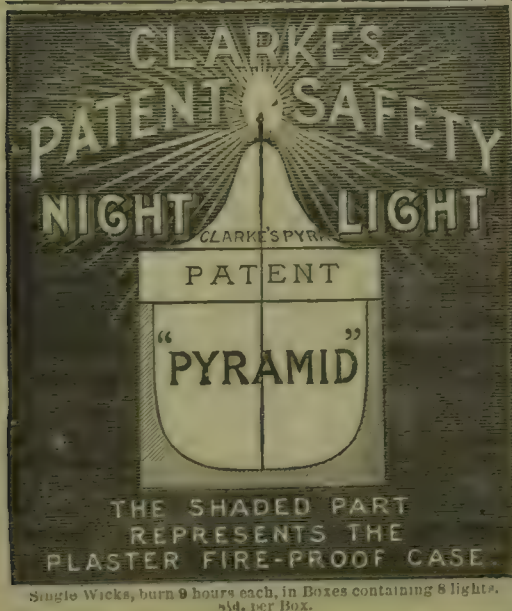
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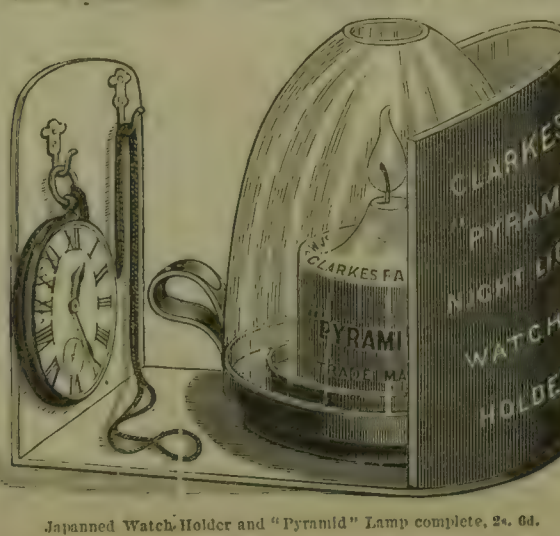
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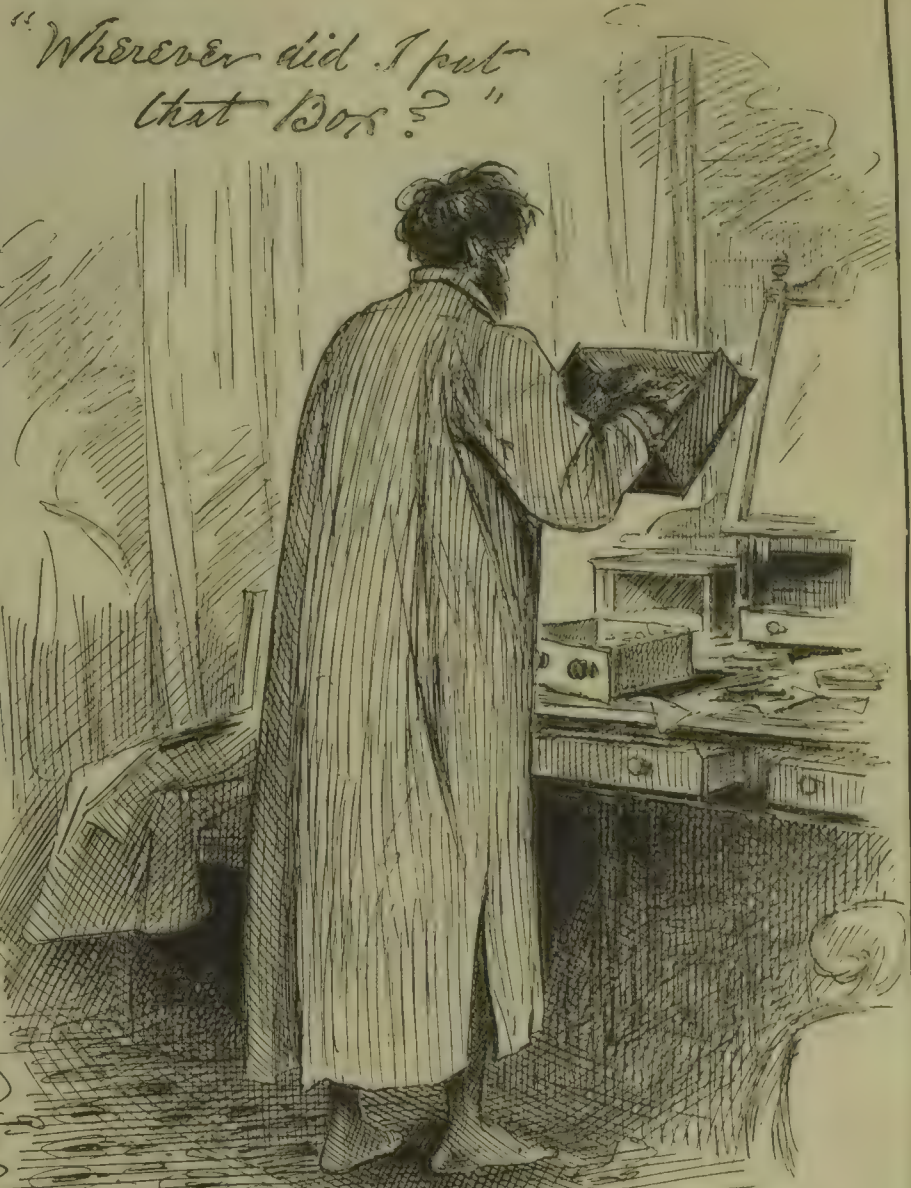
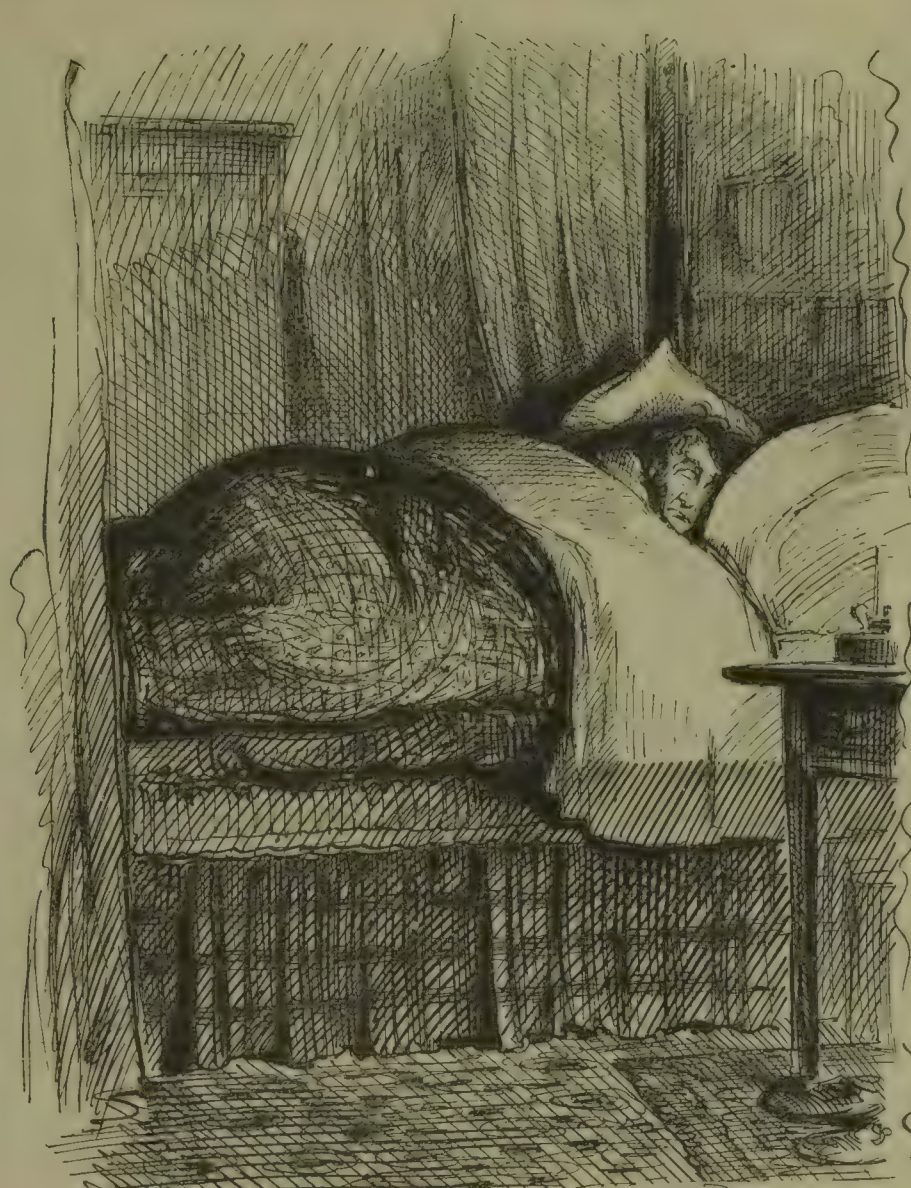
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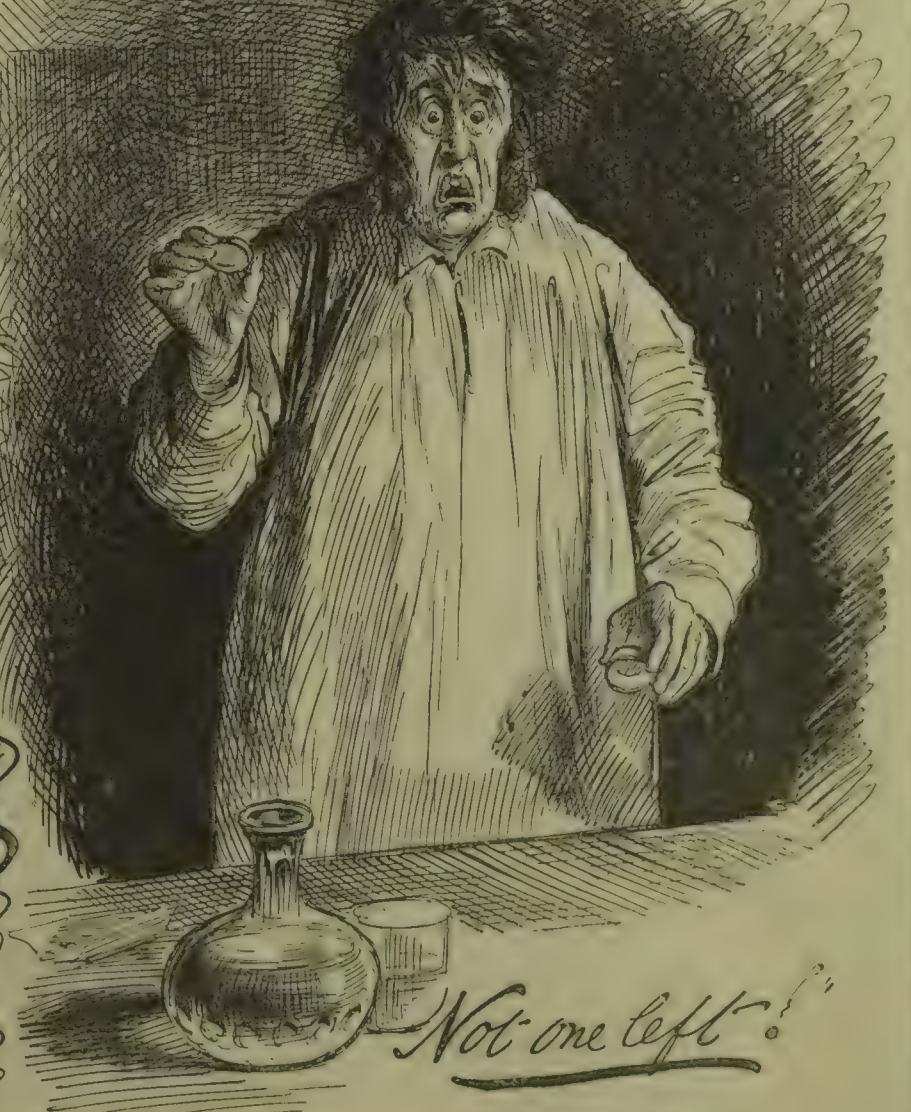


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*"If I cannot get to sleep before the clock
strikes again - I'll get up and take
Some Beecham's Pills -"*



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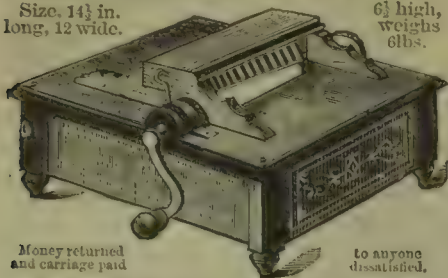
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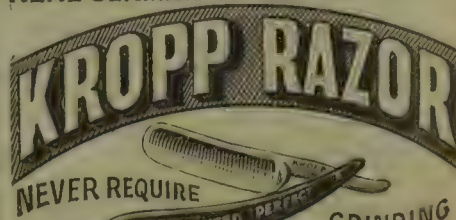
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The Illustrated London News



"SOW AN ACT, AND YOU REAP A HABIT; SOW A HABIT, AND YOU REAP A CHARACTER; SOW A CHARACTER, AND YOU REAP A DESTINY."
—Thackeray.

FORCE AND GENTLENESS.

"UNLESS MAN CAN ERECT HIMSELF ABOVE HIMSELF, HOW POOR A THING IS MAN!"

"SWEET MERCY IS NOBILITY'S TRUE BADGE."—Shakspeare.

"GENTLENESS: THE UNARMED CHILD."—Emerson.

MARIE ANTOINETTE IN THE CONCIERGERIE.

SAYING GRACE AT THE GATE OF ANOTHER
LIFE ON THE EVE OF HER EXECUTION.



"LOVE would put a new face on this weary old world, in which we dwell as pagans and enemies too long; and it would warm the heart to see how fast the vain diplomacy of Statesmen, the impotence of Armies and Navies and lines of defence would be superseded by this unarmed child. Love will creep where it cannot go; will accomplish that by imperceptible methods—being its own fulcrum, lever, and power—which force could never achieve. Have you not seen in the woods, on a late autumn morning, a poor fungus or mushroom, a plant without any solidity—nay, that seemed nothing but a soft mush jelly—by its constant, bold, and inconceivable gentle pushing, manage to break its way up through the frosty ground, and actually to lift hard crust on its head. This is the symbol of the power of kindness. The virtue of this principle in human society, in application to great interests, is obsolete and forgotten. Once or twice in history it has been tried, in illustrious instances, with signal success. This great overgrown dead Christendom of ours still keeps alive at least the name of a lover of mankind. But one day all men will be lovers, and every calamity will be dissolved in the universal sunshine."—Emerson.

"Come wealth or want, come good or ill,
Let young and old accept their part,
And bow before the Awful Will,
And bear it with an honest heart.

"Who misses or who wins the prize,
Go, lose or conquer as you can;
But if you fail, or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman."—

Thackeray.

As time rolls his ceaseless course, Christmas
after Christmas comes round, and we find our joys
and sorrows left behind; so we build up the being
that we are.

WHAT MAKES A HAPPY CHRISTMAS?

HEALTH, AND THE THINGS WE LOVE, AND
THOSE WHO LOVE US.

What higher aim can man attain
Than conquest over human pain?

EVERY TRAVELLING TRUNK AND HOUSEHOLD
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It is not too much to say that its merits have been published, tested, and approved literally from pole to pole, and that its cosmopolitan popularity to-day presents one of the most signal illustrations of commercial enterprise to be found in our trading records.

IMPORTANT to all Leaving Home for a change—Don't go without a bottle of ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." It ought to be kept in every bedroom, in readiness for any emergency. It prevents diarrhoea, and removes it in the early stages.

"From the days of Naaman the Syrian to the present time the simplicity of a remedy often militates against its acceptability in the eyes of the ignorant sufferer. As the captain of the host of the king of Syria rebelled at the injunction 'Wash and be clean,' so the dyspeptic of to-day, in only too many instances, treats with ungrounded contempt a curative agent at once so natural and so efficacious as ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' And

this in the face of evidences of its value as numerous as they are unimpeachable. In this particular case, however, Mr. J. C. Eno, whose name is more prominently connected with saline preparations than any other manufacturer, may rightly claim to have generally educated the public mind up to an approximately appreciative understanding of the remedial virtues possessed by this compound. The labour has been a Herculean one, demanding not only an almost heroic amount of strength and courage, but also an infinite measure of wit and originality that have scarcely met with the recognition so justly their due. Did the world stand still, or did the generation that is to be benefited very fully by the experience gathered by their predecessors, but little necessity would exist for dwelling upon the special recommendations of ENO'S world-famous 'FRUIT SALT.' It is not too much to say that its merits have been published, tested, and approved literally from pole to pole, and that its cosmopolitan popularity to-day presents one of the most signal illustrations of commercial enterprise to be found in our trading records. In view of the constant and steady influx of new buyers into all the markets of the world, it is impossible to rest on laurels, however arduously won or freshly gathered, and for this reason I have pleasure in again, though briefly, directing the attention of readers of this journal to the genuine qualities possessed by Eno's Saline. Residents in the fever-haunted regions to be found in some of our Colonial possessions, travellers at home and abroad, dwellers in the tropics, the *bon vivant*, no less than the man to whom the recommendation 'Eat and be merry' is a sarcasm and a gibe—one and all may, with advantage to themselves, be reminded of a remedy that meets their special requirements with a success approaching the miraculous."—*The European Mail*.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.—STERLING HONESTY OF PURPOSE.—WITHOUT IT LIFE IS A SHAM! "A new invention is brought before the public, and commands success. A score of abominable imitations are immediately introduced by the unscrupulous, who, in copying the original closely enough to deceive the public, and yet not so exactly as to infringe upon legal rights, exercise an ingenuity that, employed in an original channel, could not fail to secure reputation and profit."—Adams.

CAUTION.—Examine each bottle, and see that the Capsule is marked ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." Without it you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation. Sold by all Chemists.

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CHRISTMAS ANNUAL



UNDER THE MISTLETOE

DRAWN BY LUCIEN DAVIS.

THEIR UNCLE FROM CALIFORNIA.

BY BRET HARTE.

IT was bitterly cold. When night fell over Lakeville, Wisconsin, the sunset, which had flickered rather than glowed in the western sky, took upon itself a still more boreal tremulousness, until at last it seemed to fade away in cold blue shivers to the zenith. Nothing else stirred; in the crisp still air the evening smoke of chimneys rose threadlike and vanished. The stars were early, pale, and pitiless; when the later moonlight fell, it appeared only to whiten the stiffened earth like snow, except where it made a dull, pewterlike film over the three frozen lakes which encompassed the town.

The site of the town itself was rarely beautiful, and its pioneers and founders had carried out the suggestions they had found there with loving taste and intelligence. Themselves old *voyageurs*, trappers, and traders, they still loved Nature too well to exclude her from the restful homes they had achieved after years of toiling face to face with her. So a strip of primeval forest on the one side, and rolling level prairie on the other, still came up to the base of the hill, whereon they had built certain solid houses, which a second generation had beautified and improved with modern taste, but which still retained their old honesty of foundation and wholesome rustic space. These yet stood among the old trees, military squares, and broad sloping avenues of the town. Seen from the railway by day, the regularity of streets and blocks was hidden by enviroing trees, there remained only a picturesque lifting of

rustic gardens, brown roofs, gables, spires, and cupolas above the mirroring lake; seen from the railway this bitter night, the invisible terraces and streets were now pricked out by symmetrical lines and curves of sparkling lights, which glittered through the leafless boughs and seemed to encircle the hill like a diadem.

Central in the chiefest square, and yet preserving its old lordly isolation in a wooded garden, the homestead of Enoch Lane stood with all its modern additions and improvements. Already these included not only the latest phases of decoration, but various treasures brought by the second generation from Europe, which they were wont to visit, but from which they always contentedly returned to their little provincial town. Whether there was some instinctive yearning, like the stirred sap of great forests, in their wholesome pioneer blood, or whether there was some occult fascination in the pretty town-crested hill itself, it was still certain that the richest inhabitants always preferred to live in Lakeville. Even the young, who left it to seek their fortune elsewhere, came back to enjoy their success under the sylvan vaults of this vast ancestral roof. And that was why, this 22nd of December, 1870, the whole household of Gabriel Lane was awaiting the arrival from California of his brother, Sylvester Lane, at the old homestead which he had left twenty years ago.

"And you don't know how he looks?" said Kitty Lane to her father.

"I do, perfectly: rather chubby, with blue eyes, curly hair, fair skin, and blushes when you speak to him."

"Papa!"

"Eh?—Oh, well, he *used* to. You see that was twenty-five years ago, when he left here for boarding school. He ran away from there, as I told you; went to sea, and finally brought up at San Francisco."

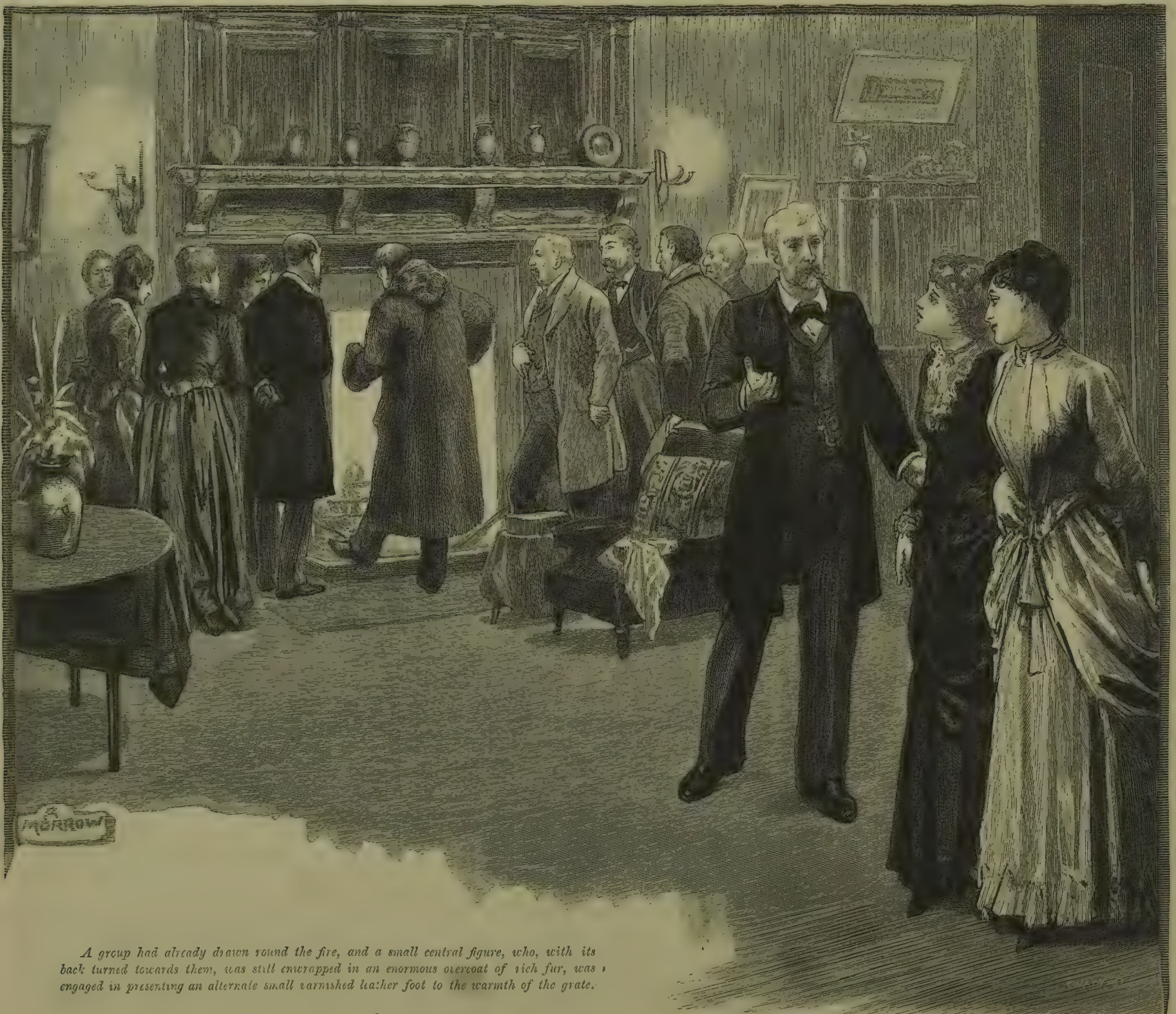
"And you haven't had any picture, or photograph of him, since?"

"No—that is—I say!—you haven't, any of you, got a picture of Sylvester, have you?"—he turned in a vague parenthetical appeal to the company of relatives and friends collected in the drawing-room after dinner.

"Cousin Jane has; she knows all about him!"

But it appeared that Cousin Jane had only heard Susan Markland say that Edward Bingham had told her that he was in California when "Uncle Sylvester" had been nearly hanged by a Vigilance Committee for protecting a horse thief or a gambler, or some such person. This was felt to be ineffective as a personal description.

"He's sure to wear a big beard; they all do when they first come back," said Amos Gunn, with metropolitan oracularness.



A group had already drawn round the fire, and a small central figure, who, with its back turned towards them, was still enwrapped in an enormous overcoat of rich fur, was engaged in presenting an alternate small warmed leather foot to the warmth of the grate.

"He has a big curling moustache, long silken hair, and broad shoulders," said Marie Du Page.

There was such piquant conviction in the manner of the speaker, who was also a very pretty girl, that they all turned towards her, and Kitty quickly said—

"But you've never seen him?"

"No—but"—She stopped, and, lifting one shoulder, threw her spirited head sideways, in a pretty deprecatory way, with elevated eyebrows and an expression intended to show the otherwise untranslatable character of her impression. But it showed quite as pleasantly the other fact that she was the daughter of a foreigner, an old French military explorer, and that she had retained even in Anglo-Saxon Lakeville some of the Gallic animation.

"Well, how many of you girls are going with me to meet him at the station?" said Gabriel, dismissing with masculine promptness the lesser question. "It's time to be off."

"I'd like to go," said Kitty, "and so would Cousin Jane; but really, papa, you see if you don't know him, and we don't either, and you've got to satisfy yourself that it's the right man, and then introduce yourself and then us—and all this on the platform before everybody—it makes it rather embarrassing for us. And then, as he's your younger brother and we're supposed to be his affectionate nieces, you know, it would make him feel so ridiculous!"

"And if he were to kiss you," said Marie, tragically, "and then turn out not to be him!"

"So," continued Kitty, "you'd better take Uncle John, who was more in Uncle Sylvester's time, to represent the Past of the family, and perhaps Mr. Gunn"—

"To represent the future, I suppose?" interrupted Gabriel, in a wicked whisper.

"To represent a name that most men of the world in New York and San Francisco know," went on Kitty, without a blush. "It would make recognition and introduction easier. And take an extra fur with you, dear—not for him but for yourself. I suppose he's lived so much in the open air as to laugh at our coddling."

"I don't know about that," said her father, thoughtfully, "the last telegram I have from him, en route, says he's half frozen, and wants a close carriage sent to the station."

"Of course," said Marie, impatiently, "you forget the poor creature comes from burning cañons and hot golden sands and perpetual sunshine."

"Very well; but come along, Marie, and see how I've prepared his room," and as her father left the drawing-room Kitty carried off her old school-fellow upstairs.

The room selected for the coming Sylvester had been one of the elaborate guest-chambers, but was now stripped of its more luxurious furniture and arranged with picturesque yet rural extravagance. A few rare buffalo, bear, and panther skins were disposed over the bare floor, and even displayed gracefully over some elaborately rustic chairs. The handsome French bedstead had been displaced for a small wrought-iron ascetic-looking couch covered with a gorgeously striped Mexican blanket. The fireplace had been dismantled of its steel grate, and the hearth extended so as to allow a pile of symmetrically heaped moss-covered hickory logs to take its place. The walls were covered with trophies of the chase, buck horns and deer heads, and a number of Indian arrows stood in a sheaf in the corners beside a few modern guns and rifles.

"Perfectly lovely," said Marie, "but"—with a slight shiver of her expressive shoulders—"a little cold and out-doorish, eh?"

"Nonsense," returned Kitty, dictatorily, "and if he is cold—he can easily light those logs. They always build their open fires under a tree. Why even Mr. Gunn used to do that when he was camping out in the Adirondacks last summer. I call it perfectly comfortable and so natural." Nevertheless, they had both tucked their chilly hands under the fleecy shawls they had snatched from the hall for this hyperborean expedition.

"You have taken much pains for him, Kaitee," said Marie, with her faintest foreign intonation. "You will like this strange uncle—you?"

"He's a wonderful man, Marie; he's been everywhere, seen everything, and done everything out there. He's fought

duels, been captured by Indians and tied to a stake to be tortured. He's been leader of a Vigilance Committee, and they say that he has often shot and killed men himself. I'm afraid he's been rather wicked, you know. He's lived alone in the woods like a hermit without seeing a soul, and then, again, he's been a chief among the Indians, with Heaven knows how many Indian wives! They called him 'The Pale-Faced Thunderbolt,' my dear, and 'The Young Man Who Swallows the Lightning,' or something like that."

"And what can he want here?" asked Marie.

"To see us, my dear," said Kitty, loftily, "and then, too, he has to settle something about his share of the property; for you know grandpa left a share of it to him. Not that he's ever bothered himself about it, for he's rich—a kind of Monte Cristo, you know—with a gold mine and an island off the coast, to say nothing of a whole county that he owns, that is called after him, and millions of wild cattle that he rides among and lassoes! It's dreadfully hard to do. You know you take a long rope with a slip-knot, and you throw it around your head so, and"—

light reddish-yellow hair, moustache, and sunburned cheek, which seemed all of one colour and outline, made it impossible to detect the grey of the one or the hollowness of the other, and gave no indication of his age. Yet there was clearly no mistake. Here was Gabriel Lane seizing their nervously cold fingers and presenting them to their "Uncle Sylvester."

Far from attempting to kiss Kitty, the stranger for an instant seemed oblivious of the little hand she offered him in the half-preoccupied bow he gave her. But Marie was not so easily passed over, and, with her audacious face challenging his, he abstractedly imparted to the shake of her hand something of the fervour that he should have shown his relative. And, then, still warming his feet on the fender, he seemed to have forgotten them both.

"Accustomed as you have been, Sir," said the Reverend Mr. Dexter, seizing upon an awkward silence, and accenting it laboriously, "perhaps I should say *inured* as you have been to the exciting and stirring incidents of a lawless and adventurous community, you doubtless find in a pastoral, yet cultivated and refined, seclusion like Lakeville a degree of"—

"Oh, several degrees," said Uncle Sylvester, blandly flicking



"Then, as far as I can see," he said quietly, "you have made ducks and drakes of your share of the property."

"Hark!" said Marie, with a dramatic start, and her finger on her small mouth, "he comes!"

There was the clear roll of wheels along the smooth, frozen carriage sweep towards the house, the sharp crisp click of hoofs on stone, the opening of heavy doors, the sudden sparkling invasion of frigid air, the uplifting of voices in greeting—but all familiar! There were Gabriel Lane's cheery, hopeful tones, the soprano of Cousin Jane and Cousin Emma, the baritone of Mr. Gunn, and the grave measured oratorical utterance of Parson Dexter, who had joined the party at the station; but certainly the accents of no stranger. Had he come? Yes, for his name was just then called, and the quick ear of Marie had detected a light, lounging, alien footstep cross the cold strip of marble vestibule. The two girls exchanged a rapid glance; each looked into the mirror, and then interrogatively at the other, nodded their heads affirmatively, and descended to the drawing-room. A group had already drawn round the fire, and a small central figure, who, with its back turned towards them, was still enwrapped in an enormous overcoat of rich fur, was engaged in presenting an alternate small varnished leather boot to the warmth of the grate. As they entered the room the heavy fur was yielded up with apparent reluctance, and revealed to the astonished girls a man of ordinary stature with a slight and elegant figure set off by a travelling suit of irreproachable cut. His

bits of buffalo hair from his well-fitting trousers; "it's colder, you know—much colder."

"I was referring to a less material contrast," continued Mr. Dexter, with a resigned smile; "yet as to the mere question of cold, I am told, Sir, that in California there are certain severe regions of altitude—although the mean temperature"—

"I suppose out in California you fellows would say our temperature was a darned sight meaner, eh?" broke in Amos Gunn, with a confidential glance at the others, as if offering a humorous diversion suited to the Californian taste. Uncle Sylvester did not, however, smile. Gazing critically at Gunn, he said thoughtfully: "I think not; I've even known men killed for saying less than that," and turned to the clergyman. "You are quite right; some of the higher passes are very cold. I was lost in one of them in '56 with a small party. We were seventy miles from any settlement, we had had nothing to eat for thirty-six hours; our camp fire, melting the snow, sank twelve feet below the surface." The circle closed eagerly around him, Marie, Kitty, and Cousin Jane pressing forward with excited faces; even the clergyman assumed an expression of profound interest. "A man by the name of Thompson, I think," continued Uncle Sylvester, thoughtfully gazing at the fire, "was frozen a few yards away. Towards morning, having been fifty-eight hours without food, our last drop of whisky exhausted, and the fire extinguished, we found"—

"Yes, yes!" said half a dozen voices.

"We found," continued Uncle Sylvester, rubbing his hands cheerfully, "we found it—exceedingly cold. Yes—exceedingly cold!"

There was a dead silence.

"But you escaped!" said Kitty, breathlessly.

"I think so. I think we all escaped—that is, except Thompson, if his name *was* Thompson; it might have been Parker," continued Uncle Sylvester, gazing with a certain languid astonishment on the eager faces around him.

"But how did you escape?"

"Oh, somehow! I don't remember exactly. I don't think," he went on reflectively, "that we had to eat Thompson—if it was *him*—at least not then. No"—with a faint effort of recollection—"that would have been another affair. Yes," assuringly to the eager, frightened eyes of Cousin Jane, "you are quite right, that was something altogether different. Dear me; one quite a line up these things. Eh?"

A servant had entered, and after a hurried colloquy with Gabriel, the latter turned to Uncle Sylvester—

"Excuse me, but I think there must be some mistake! We brought up your luggage with you—two trunks—in the station wagon. A man has just arrived with three more, which he says are yours."

"There should be five in all, I think," said Uncle Sylvester, thoughtfully.

"Maybe there are, Sir, I didn't count exactly," said the servant.

"All right," said Uncle Sylvester, cheerfully, turning to his brother. "You can put them in my room or on the landing, except two marked 'L' in a triangle. They contain some things I picked up for you and the girls. We'll look them over in the morning. And, if you don't mind, I'll excuse myself now and go to bed."

"But it's only half past ten," said Gabriel, remonstratingly. "You don't, surely, go to bed at half past ten?"

"I do when I travel. Travel is so exhausting! Good-night! Don't let anybody disturb themselves to come with me."

He bowed languidly to the company, and disappeared with a yawn gracefully disguised into a parting smile.

"Well!" said Cousin Jane, drawing a long breath.

"I don't believe it's your Uncle Sylvester at all!" said Marie, vivaciously. "It's some trick that Gabriel is playing upon us. And he's not even a good actor—he forgets his part."

"And, then, five trunks for one single man! Heavens! what can he have in them?" said Cousin Emma.

"Perhaps his confederates, to spring out upon us at night, after everybody's asleep."

"Are you sure you remembered him, Papa?" said Kitty, sotto voce.

"Certainly. And, my dear child, he knows all the family history as well as you do; and," continued her father with a slight laugh, that did not, however, conceal a certain seriousness that was new to him, "I only wish I understood as much about the property as he does. By the way, Amos," he broke off, suddenly, turning to the young man, "he seemed to know your people."

"Most men in the financial world do," said Gunn, a little superciliously.

"Yes; but he asked me if you hadn't a relative of some kind in Southern California or Mexico."

A slight flush—so slight that only the keen, vivaciously observant eyes of Marie noticed it—passed over the young man's face.

"I believe it is a known fact that our branch of the family never emigrated from their native town," he said emphatically. "The Gunns were rather peculiar and particular in that respect."

"Then there were no offshoots from the old stock," said Gabriel.

Nevertheless, this pet joke of Gabriel's did not dissipate the constraint and disappointment left upon the company by Uncle Sylvester's unsatisfying performance and early withdrawal, and they separated soon after, Kitty and Marie being glad to escape upstairs together. On the landing they met two of the Irish housemaids in a state of agitated exhaustion. It appeared that the "strange gentleman" had requested that his bed be remade from bedclothes and bedding *always carried with him in his trunks!* From their apologetic tone it was evident that he had liberally rewarded them. "Shure, Miss," protested Norah, in deprecation of Kitty's flashing eye, "there's thim that's lived among snakes and poyson reptiles and faverous disayses that's particklar av the beds and sheets

find it uncomfortable. That's why I'm putting these things outside. But, for Heaven's sake, don't *you* touch them. Leave that to the ineffable ass who put them there. Good-night!"

The door closed; the whispering voices of the girls faded from the corridor; the lights were lowered in the central hall, only the red Cyclopean eye of an enormous columnar stove, like a lighthouse, gleamed through the darkness. Outside, the silent night sparkled, glistened, and finally paled. Towards morning, having invested the sturdy wooden outer walls of the house and filmed with delicate tracery every available inch of window pane, it seemed stealthily to invade the house itself, stilling and chilling it as it drew closer around its central heart of warmth and life. Only once the frigid stillness was broken by the opening of a door and steps along the corridor. This was preceded by an acrid smell of burning bark.

It was subtle enough to permeate the upper floor and the bed-room of Marie Du Page, who was that night a light and nervous sleeper. Peering from her door, she could see, on the lower corridor, the extraordinary spectacle of Uncle Sylvester, robed in a gorgeous Japanese dressing-gown of quilted satin trimmed with the fur of the blue fox, candle in hand, leisurely examining the wall of the passage. Presently, drawing out a foot-robe from his pocket, he actually began to measure it! Miss Du Page saw no more. Hurriedly closing her door, she locked and bolted it, firmly convinced that Gabriel Lane was harbouring in the guise of Uncle Sylvester a somnambulist, a medium, or an impostor.

PART II.

"It doesn't seem as if Uncle Sylvester was any the more comfortable for having his own private bedding with him," said Kitty Lane, entering Marie's room early the next morning. "Bridget found him curled up in his furs like a cat asleep on the drawing-room sofa this morning."

Marie started; she remembered her last night's vision. But *comme d'habitude*—she knew not what—kept her from revealing it at this moment. She only said, a little ironically—

"Perhaps he missed the wild freedom of his barbaric life in a small bed-room."

"No. Bridget says he said something about being smoked out of his room by a ridiculous wood fire. The idea! As if a man brought up in the woods couldn't stand a little smoke. No—that's his excuse! Marie! do you know what I firmly believe?"

"No," said Marie, quickly.

"I firmly believe that poor man is ashamed of his past rough life, and does everything he can to forget it. That's why he affects those ultra-civilised and effeminate ways, and goes to the other extreme, as people always do."

"Then you think he's really reformed, and isn't likely to take an impulse to rob and murder anybody again?"

"Why, Marie, what nonsense!"

Nevertheless, Uncle Sylvester appeared quite fresh and cheerful at breakfast. It seemed that he had lit the fire before undressing, but the green logs were piled so far into the room that the smoke nearly suffocated him. Fearful of alarming the house by letting the smoke escape through the door, he opened the window, and when it had partly dispersed, sought refuge himself from the Arctic air of his bed-room in the drawing-room. So far the act did not seem inconsistent with his sanity, or even intelligence and consideration for others. But Marie fixed upon him a pair of black, audacious eyes.

"Did you ever walk in your sleep, Mr. Lane?"

"No—but"—thoughtfully breaking an egg—"I have ridden, I think."

"In your sleep? Oh, do tell us all about it?" said cousins Jane and Emma in chorus.

Uncle Sylvester cast a resigned glance out of the window.



Bending stealthily over the aperture, she suddenly snatched the ring from the extended finger.

they lie on. Hisht! Howly Mother! it's something else he's wanting now!"

The door of Uncle Sylvester's room had slowly opened, and a blue pyjama'd sleeve appeared, carefully depositing the sheaf of bows and arrows outside the door. "I say, Norah, or Bridget there, some of you take those infernal things away. And look out, will you, for the arrow-heads are deadly poison. The fool who got 'em didn't know they were African, and not Indian at all! And hold on!" The hand vanished, and presently reappeared holding two rifles. "And take these away too! They're loaded, capped, and *not* on the half-cock! A jar, a fall, the slightest shock is enough to send them off!"

"I'm dreadfully sorry that you should find it so uncomfortable in our house, Uncle Sylvester," said Kitty, with a flushed cheek and vibrating voice.

"Oh, it's you—is it?" said Uncle Sylvester's voice, cheerfully. "I thought it was Bridget out there. No, I don't intend to



"HERE COMES SANTA CLAUS!"

DRAWN BY T. HALLIDAY.

"Oh yes—certainly; it isn't much. You see at one time I was in the habit of making long monotonous journeys, and they were often exhausting, and," he added, becoming wearied as if at the recollection, "always dreadfully tiresome. As the trail was sometimes very uncertain and dangerous, I rode a very sure-footed mule that could go anywhere where there was space big enough to set her small hoofs upon. One night I was coming down the slope of a mountain towards a narrow valley and river that were crossed by an old, abandoned flume, of which nothing was now left but the upright trestle-work and long horizontal string-piece. As the trail was very difficult and the mule's pace was slow, I found myself dozing at times, and at last I must have fallen asleep. I think I must have been awakened by a singular regularity in the movement of the mule—or else it was the monotony of step that had put me to sleep and the cessation of it awakened me. You see, at first I was not certain that I wasn't really dreaming. For the trail seemed to have disappeared; the wall of rock on one side had vanished also, and there appeared to be nothing ahead of me but the opposite hillside."

Uncle Sylvester stopped to look out of the window at a passing carriage. Then he went on: "The moon came out, and I saw what had happened. The mule, either of her own free will or obeying some movement I had given the reins in my sleep, had swerved from the trail, got on top of the flume, and was actually walking across the valley on the narrow string-piece, a foot wide, half a mile long, and sixty feet from the ground. I knew," he continued, examining his napkin thoughtfully, "that she was perfectly surefooted and that if I kept quiet she could make the passage, but I suddenly remembered that midway there was a break and gap of twenty feet in the continuous line, and that the string-piece was too narrow to allow her to turn round and retrace her steps."

"Good heavens!" said Cousin Jane.

"I beg your pardon?" said Uncle Sylvester, politely.

"I only said, 'Good heavens!' Well?" she added, impatiently.

"Well?" repeated Uncle Sylvester, vaguely. "Oh, that's all. I only wanted to explain what I meant by saying I had ridden in my sleep."

"But," said Cousin Jane, leaning across the table with grim deliberation and emphasising each word with the handle of her knife, "how—did—you—and—that—mule get down?"

"Oh, with slings and ropes, you know—so," demonstrating by placing his napkin-ring in a sling made of his napkin.

"And I suppose you carried the slings and ropes with you in your five trunks!" gasped Cousin Jane.

"No. Fellows on the river brought 'em in the morning. Mighty spry chaps, those river miners."

"Very!" said Cousin Jane.

Breakfast over, they were not surprised that their sybaritic guest excused himself from an inspection of the town in the frigid morning air, and declined joining a skating party to the lake on the ground that he could keep warmer indoors with half the exertion. An hour later found him standing before the fire in Gabriel Lane's study, looking languidly down on his elder brother.

"Then, as far as I can see," he said quietly, "you have made ducks and drakes of your share of the property, and that virtually you are in the hands of this man Gunn and his father."

"You're putting it too strongly," said Gabriel, deprecatingly. "In the first place, my investments with Gunn's firm are by no means failures, and they only hold as security a mortgage on the forest land below the hill. It's scarcely worth the money. I would have sold it long ago, but it had been a fancy of father's to keep it wild land for the sake of old times and the healthiness of the town."

"There used to be a log cabin there, where the old man had a habit of camping out whenever he felt cramped by civilisation up here, wasn't there?" said Uncle Sylvester, meditatively.

"Yes," said Gabriel, impatiently; "it's still there—but to return to Mr. Gunn. He has taken a fancy to Kitty, and even if I could not lift the mortgage, there's some possibility that the land would still remain in the family."

"I think I'll drive over this afternoon and take a look at the old shanty if this infernal weather lets up."

"Yes; but just now, my dear Sylvester, let us attend to business. I want to show you those investments."

"Oh, certainly; trot 'em out," said his brother, plucking up a simulation of interest as he took a seat at the table.

From a drawer of his desk, Gabriel brought out a bundle of prospectuses and laid them before Uncle Sylvester.

A languid smile of recognition lit up the latter's face. "Ah! yes," he said, glancing at them. "The old lot: 'Carmelita,' 'Santa Maria,' and 'Preciosa'! Just as I imagined—and yet who'd have thought of seeing them *here*! A good deal rouged and powdered, Miss Carmelita, since I first knew you! Considerably bolstered up by miraculous testimony to your powers, my dear Santa Maria, since the day I found you out, to my cost! And you too, Preciosa!—a precious lot of money I dropped on you in the old days!"

"You are joking," said Gabriel, with an uneasy smile. "You don't mean to imply that this stock is old and worthless?"

"There isn't a capital in America or Europe where for the last five years it hasn't been floated with a new character each time. My dear Gabriel, that stock isn't worth the paper it is printed on."

"But it is impossible that an experienced financier like Gunn could be deceived."

"I'm sorry to hear that."

"Come, Sylvester! confess you've taken a prejudice against Gunn from your sudden dislike of his son! And what have you against him?"

"I couldn't say exactly," said Uncle Sylvester, reflectively. "It may be his eyes, or only his cravat! But," rising cheerfully and placing his hand lightly on his brother's shoulder,

"don't you worry yourself about that stock, old man; I'll see that somebody else has the worry and you the cash. And as to the land and—Kitty—well, you hold on to them both until you find out which the young man is really after."

"And then?" said Gabriel, with a smile.

"Don't give him either! But, I say, haven't we had enough business this morning? Let's talk of something else. Who's the French girl?"

"Marie? She's the daughter of Jules Du Page—don't you remember?—father's friend. When Jules died, it was always thought that father, who had half adopted her as a child, would leave her some legacy. But you know that father died without making a will, and that—rich as he was—his actual assets were far less than we had reason to expect. Kitty, who felt the disappointment as keenly as her friend, I believe would have divided her own share with her. It's odd, by the way, that father could have been so deceived in the amount of his capital, or how he got rid of his money in a way that we knew nothing of. Do you know, Sylvester, I've sometimes suspected"—

"What?" said Uncle Sylvester, suddenly.

The bored languor of his face had abruptly vanished. Every muscle was alert; his grey eyes glittered.

"That he advanced money to Du Page, who lost it, or that they speculated together," returned Gabriel, who, following Uncle Sylvester's voice only, had not noticed the change of expression.

"That would seem to be a weakness of the Lane family," said Uncle Sylvester, grimly, with a return of his former carelessness. "But that is not *your* own opinion—that's a suggestion of someone else?"

"Well," said Gabriel, with a laugh and a slight addition of colour, "it *was* Gunn's theory. As a man of the world and a practical financier, you know."

"And you've talked with *him* about it?"

"Yes. It was a matter of general wonder, years ago."

"Very likely—but, just now, don't you think we've had enough financial talk?" said Uncle Sylvester, with a bored contraction of his eyebrows. "Come," looking around the room, "you've changed the interior of the old house."

"Yes. Unfortunately, just after father's death it was put in the hands of a local architect or builder, one of father's old friends, but not a very skilful workman, who made changes while the family were away. That's why your present bedroom, which was father's old study, had a slice taken off it to make the corridor larger, and why the big chimney and hearthstone are still there, although the fireplace is modernised. That was Flint's stupidity."

"Whose stupidity?" asked Uncle Sylvester, trimming his nails.

"Flint's—the old architect."

"Why didn't you make him change it back again?"

"He left Lakeville shortly after, and I brought an architect from St. Louis after I returned from Europe. But nothing could be done to your room without taking down the chimney, so it remained as Flint left it."

"That reminds me, Gabriel, I'm afraid I spoke rather cavalierly to Kitty, last night, about the arrangements of the room. The fact is, I've taken a fancy to it, and should like to fit it up myself. Have I your permission?"

"Certainly, my dear Sylvester."

"I've some knick-knacks in my trunks, and I'll do it at once."

"As you like."

"And you'll see that I'm not disturbed; and you'll explain it to Kitty, with my apologies."

"Yes."

"Then I'm off."

Gabriel glanced at his brother with a perplexed smile. Here was the bored traveller, explorer, gold-seeker, soldier of fortune, actually as pleased as a girl over the prospect of arranging his room! He called after him: "Sylvester!"

"Yes."

"I say, if you could, you know, just try to interest these people to-night with some of your adventures—something told *seriously*, you know, as if you really were in earnest—I'd be awfully obliged to you. The fact is—you'll excuse me—but they think you don't come up to your reputation."

"They want a story?"

"Yes—one of your experiences."

"I'll give them one. Ta-ta!"

For the rest of the day Uncle Sylvester was invisible, although his active presence in his room was betrayed by the sound of hammering and moving of furniture. As the remainder of the party were skating on the lake, this eccentricity was not remarked except by one—Marie Du Page—who on pretence of a slight cold had stayed at home. But with her suspicions of the former night, she had determined to watch the singular relative of her friend. Added to a natural loyalty to the Lanes, she was moved by a certain curiosity and fascination towards this incomprehensible man.

The house was very quiet when she stole out of her room and passed softly along the corridor; she examined the wall carefully to discover anything that might have excited the visitor's attention. There were a few large engravings hanging there; could he have designed to replace them by some others? Suddenly she was struck with the distinct conviction that the wall of the corridor did not coincide with the wall of his room as represented by the line of the door. There was certainly a space between the two walls unaccounted for. This was undoubtedly what had attracted *his* attention; but what *business* was it of his?

She reflected that she had seen in the wall of the conservatory an old closed staircase, now used as shelves for dried herbs and seeds, which she had been told was the old-time communication between the garden and Grandfather Lane's study—the room now occupied by the stranger. Perhaps it led still further, and thus accounted for the space. Determined to satisfy herself, she noiselessly descended to the conservatory. There, surely, was the staircase—a narrow

flight of wooden steps encumbered with packages of herbs—losing itself in upper darkness. By the aid of a candle she managed to grope and pick her way up step by step. Then she paused. The staircase had abruptly ended on the level of the study, now cut off from it by the new partition. She was in a stifling enclosure, formed by the walls, scarcely eighteen inches wide. It was made narrower by a singular excrescence on the old wall, which seemed to have been a bricked closet, now half destroyed and in ruins. She turned to descend, when a strange sound from Uncle Sylvester's room struck her ear. It was the sound of tapping on the floor close to the partition, within a foot of where she was standing. At the same moment there was a decided movement of the plank of the flooring beneath the partition: it began to slide slowly, and then was gradually withdrawn into the room. With prompt presence of mind, she instantly extinguished her candle and drew herself breathlessly against the partition.

When the plank was entirely withdrawn, a ray of light slipped through the opening, revealing the bare rafters of the floor, and a hand and arm inserted under the partition, groping as if towards the bricked closet. As the fingers of the exploring hand were widely extended, Marie had no difficulty in recognising on one of them a peculiar signet ring which Uncle Sylvester wore. A swift impulse seized her. To the audacious Marie impulse and action were the same thing. Bending stealthily over the aperture, she suddenly snatched the ring from the extended finger. The hand was quickly withdrawn with a start and uncontrolled exclamation, and she availed herself of that instant to glide rapidly down the stairs.

She regained her room stealthily, having the satisfaction a moment later of hearing Uncle Sylvester's door open and the sound of his footsteps in the corridor. But he was evidently unable to discover any outer ingress to the enclosure, or believed the loss of his ring an accident, for he presently returned. Meantime what was she to do? Tell Kitty of her discovery, and show the ring? No—not yet! Oddly enough, now that she had the ring, taken from his wicked finger in the very act, she found it as difficult as ever to believe in his burglarious design. She must wait. The mischief—if there had been mischief—was done; the breaking in of the bricked closet was, from the appearance of the ruins, a bygone act. Could it have been some youthful escapade of Uncle Sylvester's, the scene of which he was revisiting as criminals are compelled to do? And had there been anything taken from the closet—or was its destruction a part of the changes in the old house? How could she find out without asking Kitty? There was one way. She remembered that Mr. Gunn had once shown a great deal of interest to Kitty about the old homestead, and even of old Mr. Lane's woodland cabin. She would ask *him*. It was a friendly act, for Kitty had not of late been very kind to him.

The opportunity presented itself at dusk, as Mr. Gunn, somewhat abstracted, stood apart at the drawing-room window. Marie hoped he had enjoyed himself while skating; her stupid cold had kept her indoors. She had amused herself rambling about the old homestead; it was such a queer place, so full of old nooks and corners and unaccountable spaces. Just the place, she would think, where old treasures might have been stored. Eh?

Mr. Gunn had not spoken—he had only coughed. But in the darkness his eyes were fixed angrily on her face. Without observing it, she went on. She knew he was interested in the old house; she had heard him talk to Kitty about it: had Kitty ever said anything about some old secret hoarding place?

No, certainly not! And she was mistaken, he never was interested in the house! He could not understand what had put that idea in her head! Unless it was this ridiculous, shady stranger in the guise of an uncle whom they had got there. It was like his affectation!

"Oh, dear, no," said Marie, with unmistakable truthfulness, "he did not say anything. But," with sudden inconsistent aggression, "is *that* the way you speak to Kitty of her uncle?"

Really he didn't know—he was joking only, and he was afraid he must just now ask her to excuse him. He had received letters that made it possible that he might be called suddenly to New York at any moment. Marie stared. It was evident that he had proposed to Kitty and been rejected! But she was no nearer her discovery.

Nor was there the least revelation in the calm, half-bored, yet good-humoured presence of the wicked uncle at dinner. So indifferent did he seem not only to his own villany but even to the loss it had entailed, that she had a wild impulse to take the ring from her pocket and display it on her own finger before him then and there. But the conviction that he would in some way be equal to the occasion prevented her. The dinner passed off with some constraint, no doubt emanating from the conscious Kitty and Gunn. Nevertheless, when they had returned to the drawing-room, Gabriel rubbed his hands expectantly.

"I prevailed on Sylvester this morning to promise to tell us some of his experiences—something *complete* and satisfactory this time. Eh?"

Uncle Sylvester, warming his cold blood before the fire, looked momentarily forgetful and—disappointing. Cousins Jane and Emma shrugged their shoulders.

"Eh," said Uncle Sylvester, absently, "er—er—Oh yes! Well" (more cheerfully), "about what, eh?"

"Let it be," said Marie, pointedly, fixing her black magnetic eyes on the wicked stranger, "let it be something about the *discovery* of gold, or a buried *treasure hoard*, or a robbery."

To her intense disgust Uncle Sylvester, far from being discomfited or confused, actually looked pleased, and his grey eyes thawed slightly.

"Certainly," he said. "Well, then! Down on the San Joaquin River there was an old chap—one of the earliest settlers—in fact he'd come on from Oregon before the gold discovery. His name, dear me!"—continued Uncle Sylvester, with an effort of memory and apparently beginning already to lose his interest in the story—"was—er—Flint."



"Oh, dear, no," said Marie, with unmistakable truthfulness, "he did not say anything. But," with sudden inconsistent aggression, "is that the way you speak to Kitty of her uncle?"

As Uncle Sylvester paused here, Cousin Jane broke in impatiently. "Well, that's not an uncommon name. There was an old carpenter here in your father's time who was called Flint."

"Yes," said Uncle Sylvester, languidly. "But there is, or was, something uncommon about it—and that's the point of the story, for in the old time Flint and Gunn were of the same stock."

"Is this a Californian joke?" said Gunn, with a forced smile on his flushed face. "If so, spare me, for it's an old one."

"It's much older history, Mr. Gunn," said Uncle Sylvester, blandly, "which I remember from a boy. When the first Flint traded near Sault Sainte Marie, the Canadian voyageurs literally translated his name into Pierre A'Fusil, and he went by that name always. But when the English superseded the French in numbers and language the name was literally translated back again into 'Peter Gunn,' which his descendants bear."

"A laboured form of the old joke," said Gunn, turning contemptuously away.

"But the story," said Cousins Jane and Emma. "The story of the gold discovery—never mind the names."

"Excuse me," said Uncle Sylvester, placing his hand in the breast of his coat, with a delightful exaggeration of offended dignity. "But, doubts having been cast upon my preliminary statement, I fear I must decline proceeding further." Nevertheless, he smiled unblushingly at Miss Du Page as he followed Gunn from the room.

The next morning those who had noticed the strained relations of Miss Kitty and Mr. Gunn were not surprised that the latter was recalled on pressing business to New York by the first train; but it was a matter of some astonishment to Gabriel Lane and Marie Du Page that Uncle Sylvester should have been up early, and actually accompanied that gentle-

man as far as the station! Indeed, the languid explorer and gold-seeker exhibited remarkable activity, and, clad in a rough tourist suit, announced, over the breakfast-table, his intention of taking a long tramp through the woods, which he had not revisited since a boy. To this end he had even provided himself with a small knapsack, and for once realised Kitty's ideal of his character.

"Don't go too far," said Gabriel, "for, although the cold has moderated, the barometer is falling fast, and there is every appearance of snow. Take care you are not caught in one of our blizzards."

"But you are all going on the lake to skate!" protested Uncle Sylvester.

"Yes; for the very reason that it may be our last chance; but should it snow we shall be nearer home than you may be."

Nevertheless, when it came on to snow, as Gabriel had predicted, the skating party was by no means so near home as he had imagined. A shrewd keenness and some stimulating electric condition of the atmosphere had tempted the young people far out on the lake, and they had ignored the

first fall of fine greyish granulations that swept along the icy surface like little puffs of dust or smoke. Then the fall grew thicker, the grey sky contracted, the hurrying flakes, lashed against them by a fierce north-wester, were larger, heavier, and seemed an almost palpable force that held them back. Their skates, already clogged with drift, were beginning to be useless. The bare wind-swept spaces were becoming rarer; they could only stumble on blindly towards the nearest shore. Nor when they reached it were they yet safe; they could scarcely stand against the still increasing storm that was fast obliterating the banks and stretch of meadow beyond. Their only hope of shelter was the range of woods that joined the hill. Holding hands in single file, the little party, consisting of Kitty, Marie, and Cousins Jane and Emma—stout-hearted Gabriel leading and Cousin John bringing up the rear—at last succeeded in reaching it, and were rejoiced to find themselves near old Lane's half-ruined cabin. To their added joy and astonishment, whiffs of whirling smoke were issuing from the crumbling chimney. They ran to the crazy door, pushed aside its weak fastenings, and found—Uncle Sylvester calmly enjoying a pipe before a blazing fire. A small pick-axe and crowbar were lying upon a mound of freshly turned earth beside the chimney, where the rotten flooring had been torn up.

The tumultuous entrance of the skating party required no explanation; but when congratulations had been exchanged, the wet snow shaken off, and they had drawn round the fire, curious eyes were cast upon the solitary occupant and the pile of earth and debris before him.

"I believe," said Gabriel, laughingly, "that you have been so bored here that you have actually played at gold-hunting for amusement."

Uncle Sylvester took his pipe from his mouth and nodded.

"It's a common diversion of yours," said Marie, audaciously.

Uncle Sylvester smiled sweetly.

"And have you been successful *this time*?" asked Marie.

"I got the colour."

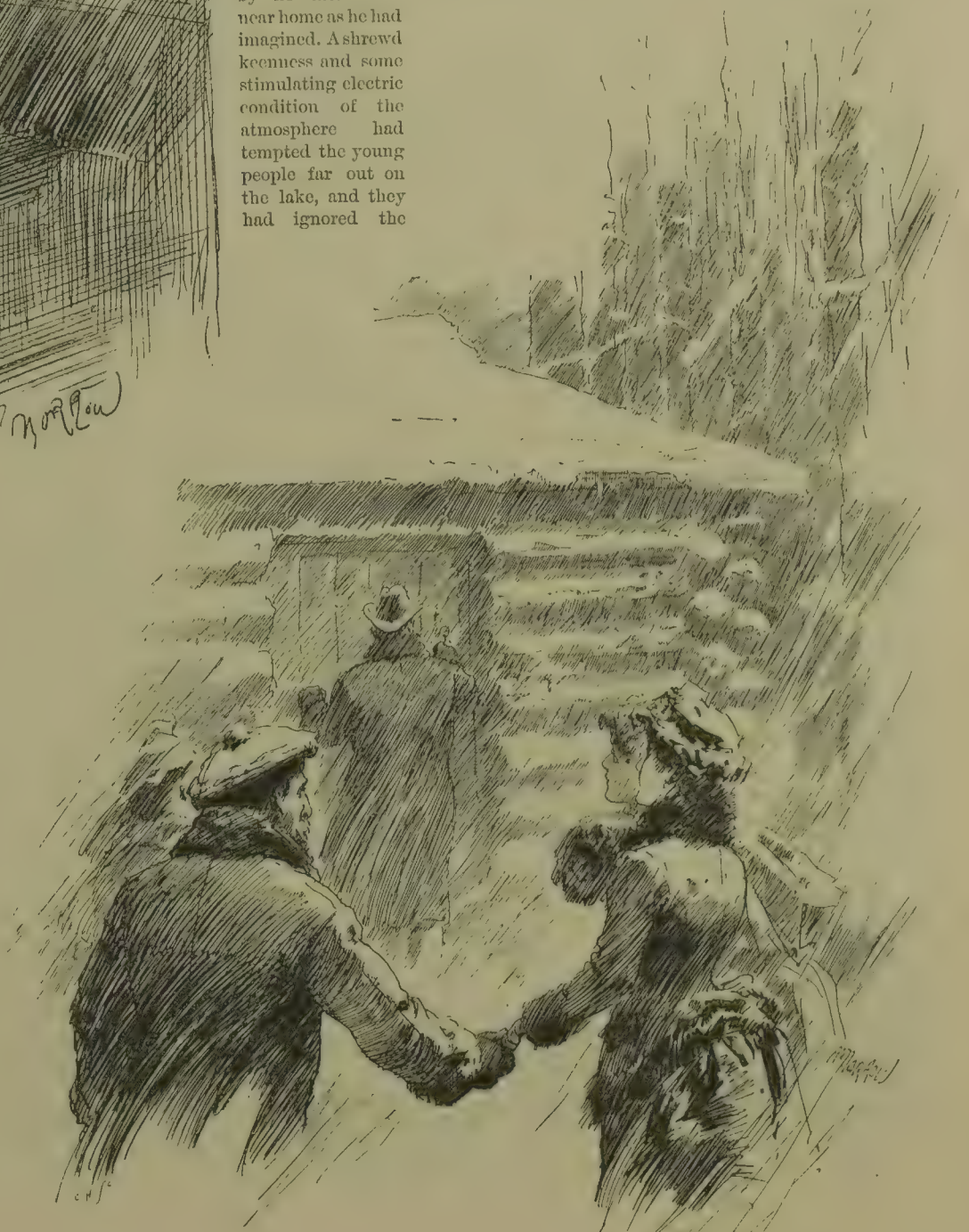
"Eh?"

Uncle Sylvester rose and placed himself with his back to the fire, gently surveying the assembled group.

"I was interrupted in a story of gold-digging last evening," he said blandly. "How far had I got?"

"You were down on the San Joaquin River in the spring of '50, with a chap named Flint," chorussed Cousins Jane and Emma, promptly.

"Ah! yes," said Uncle Sylvester. "Well, in those days there was a scarcity of money in the diggings. Gold dust there was in plenty, but no coin. You can fancy it was a



They ran to the crazy door.



A CHRISTMAS PUDDING FOR THE LIGHTHOUSE.

DRAWN BY W. H. OVEREND.



T U N I N G U P .

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.

bother to weigh out a pinch of dust every time you wanted a drink of whisky or a pound of flour; but there was no other legal tender. Pretty soon, however, a lot of gold and silver pieces found their way into circulation in our camp and the camps around us. They were foreign—old French and English coins. Here's one of them that I kept." He took from his pocket a gold coin and handed it to Gabriel.

Lanc rose to his feet with an exclamation: "Why, this is like the louis-d'ors that grandfather saved through the war and gave to father."

Uncle Sylvester took the coin back, placed it in his left eye, like a monocle, and winked gravely at the company.

"It is the same!" he went on quietly. "I was interested, for I had a good memory, and I remembered that, as a boy, grandfather had shown me one of those coins and told me he was keeping them for old Jules Du Page, who didn't believe in banks and bank-notes. Well, I traced them to a trader called Flint, who was shipping gold dust from Stockton to Peter Gunn and Sons, in New York."

"To whom?" asked Gabriel, quickly.

"Old Gunn—the father of your friend!" said Uncle Sylvester, blandly. "We talked the matter over on our way to the station this morning. Well, to return. Flint only said

But, through haste or ignorance, he did not touch the papers and documents also hidden there. And they told of the existence of grandfather's second cache, or hiding-place, beneath this hearth, and were left for me to discover."

He coolly relit his pipe, fixed his eyes on Marie without apparently paying attention to the breathless scrutiny of the others, and went on: "Flint, alias Pierre Fusil, alias Gunn, died a maniac. I resolved to test the truth of his story. I came here. I knew the old homestead, as a boy who had wandered over every part of it, far better than you, Gabriel, or anyone. The elder Gunn had only heard of it through the criminal disclosure of his relative, and only wished to absorb it through his son in time, and thus obliterate all trace of Flint's outrage. I recognised the room perfectly—thanks to our dear Kitty, who had taken up the carpet—which thus disclosed the loose plank before the closet that was hidden by the partition. Under pretext of re-arranging the room—for which Kitty will forgive me—I spent the day behind a locked door, making my way through the partition. There I found the rifled closet, but the papers intact. They contained a full description of the sum taken by Flint, but also of a larger sum buried in a cask beside this chimney. I had just finished unearthing it a few moments before you came. I had at first hoped to offer it to

"My way of telling this one," said Uncle Sylvester.

As the others were eagerly gathering around the unearthed treasure, Maria approached him timidly, all her audacity gone, tears in her eyes, and his ring held hesitatingly between her fingers. "How can I thank you—and how can you ever forgive me?"

"Well," said Uncle Sylvester, gazing at her critically, "you might keep the ring to think over it."

MY LADY'S LILIES.

"They're full of graciousness," you said
Of lilies in your garden growing.

"And you," I answered, "you are like
The fairest lily blowing."

To you the simile was naught:

It was too trite—it did not strike you.

But weren't the lilies mad with joy

At hearing they were like you!



"I believe," said Gabriel, laughingly, "that you have been so bored here that you have actually played at gold-hunting for amusement." Uncle Sylvester took his pipe from his mouth and nodded.

that he had got them from a man called Thompson, who had got them from somebody else in exchange for goods. A year or two afterwards this same Thompson happened to be frozen up with me in Starvation Camp. When he thought he was dying he confessed that he had been bribed by Flint to say what he had said, but that he believed the coins were stolen. Meantime, Flint had disappeared. Other things claimed my attention. I had quite forgotten him, until one night, five years afterwards, I blundered into a deserted mining camp, by falling asleep on my mule, who carried me across a broken flume, but—I think I told you that story already."

"You never finished it," said Cousin Jane, sharply.

"Let me do so now, then. I was really saved by some Indians, who took me for a spirit up aloft there in the moonlight and spread the alarm. The first white man they brought me was a wretched drunkard known to the boys as 'Old Fusil,' or 'Fusel Oil,' who went into delirium tremens at the sight of me. Well, who do you suppose he turned out to be? Flint! Flint played out and ruined! Cast off and discarded by his relations in New York—the foundation of whose fortunes he had laid by the villany they had accepted and condoned. For Flint, as the carpenter of the old homestead, had discovered the existence of a bricked closet in the wall of father's study, partitioned it off so that he could break into it without detection and rifle it at his leisure, and who had thus carried off that part of grandfather's hoard which father had concealed there. He knew it could never be missed by the descendants.

the family as a Christmas gift to-morrow, but"—he stopped and sucked slowly at his pipe.

"We anticipated you," said Gabriel, laughing.

"No," said Uncle Sylvester, coolly. "But because it doesn't happen to belong to you at all! According to the paper I have in my pocket, which is about as legal a document as I ever saw, it is father's free gift to Miss Marie Du Page."

Kitty threw her arms around her white and breathless friend with a joyful cry, and honest Gabriel's face shone with unselfish gratification.

"For yourself, my dear Gabriel, you must be satisfied with the fact that Messrs. Peter Gunn and Sons will take back your wild-cat stock at the price you paid for it. It is the price they pay for their share in this little transaction, as I had the honour of pointing out to Mr. Gunn on our way to the station this morning."

"Then you think that young Mr. Gunn knew that Flint was his relation, and that he had stolen father's money," said Kitty, "and that Mr. Gunn only wanted to"—she stopped, with flashing eyes.

"I think he would have liked to have made an arrangement, my dear, that would keep the secret and the property in the family," said Uncle Sylvester. "But I don't think he suspected the existence of the second treasure here."

"And then, Sir," said Cousin Jane, "it appears that all these wretched, unsatisfactory scraps of stories you were telling us were nothing after all but"—

THE END OF THE NOVEL.

So the book closes: yet awhile you linger,
And give your thoughts their will,
Keeping (for habit) one caressing finger
Among the pages still.

Twelve? Why, it's midnight. See, there's not one flicker—
Only the embers' glow—
Those fragrant pine-logs quiet down far quicker
Than common coals, you know.

Your hair's untidy—careless gold; don't mind it—
You're quite alone to-night;
All the great house is still—out there behind it
Sinks the moon's baby light.

The story ended sadly—'t was distressing
To see that hero die;
You'd counted on the murderer confessing,
And freeing Emily.

How exquisitely sorrowful it made you!
Really, you almost wept,
And still stayed reading when, I am afraid, you
Should have left books and slept.

Listen! The night-wind passes whisper-laden
Across the frosty lawn;
And you grow sleepy—well, good night, sweet maiden,
Dream of your book till dawn.

BARRY PAIN.



"THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON TO YOU!"

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.

THE HAUNTED DRAGOON.

BY "Q,"

AUTHOR OF "THE SPLENDID SPUR" AND "NOUGHTS AND CROSSES."

THE parish church of Ruan Lanihale, with its narrow strip of graveyard, stands right above the sea, with scarcely a road to spare between the cliff's edge and the Plymouth Road, that by the lych-gate crosses the crest of a long hill, and plunges down again past Sheba Farm to the white sands of Ruan beach. Ten paces beyond the lych-gate—where the graves lie level with the coping, and the horseman can decipher their inscriptions in passing, at the risk of a twisted neck—the base of the churchyard wall is pierced with a low archway festooned with toad-flax and fringed with the hart's-tongue fern. Within the archway bubbles a well, the water of which was once used for all baptisms in the parish, for no child sprinkled with it could ever be hanged with hemp. But the belief is discredited now, and the well neglected: and the events which led to this are still a winter's tale in the neighbourhood. I set them down as they were told me, across the blue glow of a wreck-wood fire, by Sam Tregear, the parish bedman, or sexton. Sam himself had borne an inconspicuous share in them: and because of them Sam's father had carried a white face to his grave.

My father an' mother (said Sam) married late in life, for

his trade was what mine's is, an' 'twasn' till her fortieth year that my mother could bring hersel' to kiss a gravedigger. That accounts, maybe, for my bein' born ricketty an' wi' other drawbacks that only made father the fonder. Weather permittin' he'd carry me off to churchyard, set me 'pon a flat stone, wi' his coat folded under, an' talk to me while he delved. I can mind, now, the way he'd settle lower an' lower, till his head played hidey-peep wi' me over th' grave's edge, an' at last he'd be clane swallowed up, but still discoursin' or callin' up how he'd come upon wonnerful towns an' kingdoms, down undergroun', an' how all the kings an' queens there, in dyed garments, was offerin' en meat for his dinner every day o' the week if he'd only stop an' hobbynob wi' 'em—an' all such gammut. Aw! he finely doted on me—the pore old ancient!

But there comed a day—a dry arternoon i' th' late wheat harvest—when we was up i' th' churchyard together, an', though father had his tools beside en, no a tint did a work, but kep' travishin' back an' forth, one time shadin' his eyes an' gazin' out to sea, an' then looking far along the Plymouth road for minnits at a time. Out by Braddon P'int there stood a little dandy-rigged craft, tackin' lazily to an' fro, wi' her

A turned slowly roun', an' says he, "Noa, sonny. Reckon us 'll climb skywards for a change"—an' wi' that, tuk my hand, an' pushin' abroad the belfry door begun to climb the stairway. Up an' up, roun' an' roun' us went in a sort o' blind-man's-holiday full o' little glints o' light an' whiffs o' wind when the open windeys came; an' at las' stepped out 'pon the leads o' the tower an' drew breath.

"There's two-an'-twenty parishes to be witnessed from where we're standin', sonny—if ye've got eyes."

Well, fust I looked down t'wards the harvesters an' laughed to see 'em so small: 'an then I fell to countin' t'other church-towers, an' seein' if I could make out two-an'-twenty. 'Twas the prettiest sight—all the country roun' lookin' as if 'twas dusted wi' gold, an' the Plymouth road windin' away over th' hills like a long white tape. I'd a-made up thirteen churches, when my father p'int his hand out along this road an' calls to me—

"Look-ee out yonder, honey, an' say what ye see."

"I see dust," says I.

"Nothin' else? Sonny boy, use your eyes, for mine be dim."

"I see dust," says I agen, "an' suthin' twinklin' in it, like a tin can"—



Weather permittin' he'd carry me off to churchyard, set me 'pon a flat stone, wi' his coat folded under, an' talk to me while he delved.

mains'le all shiny-yaller i' the sunset. Though I didn' know it then, she was the Preventive boat, an' her business was to watch the haven: for there'd a-been a brush between her an' the Unity lugger, a forni't back, and a Preventive man shot dro' the breast-bone, an' my mother's brother Philip was hidin' down i' the town. I minded, later, how that the men, across the vale, i' Farmer Tresidder's wheat-field, paused ivery now an' then, as they pitched the sheaves, to give a look up towards the churchyard, and the gleaners moved about in small knots, causeying an' glancin' over their shoulders at the cutter out in the bay; an' how, when all th' field was carr'd they waited roun' the last load, no man offerin' to cry th' "Neck," as the fash'n was, but lingerin' till sun was near down behind the slope an' the long shadders stretchin' athurt the stubble. "Sha'n't thee go undergroun' to-day, father?" says I, at last.

"Dragooners!" shouts my father; an' then, runnin' to the side o' the tower facin' the harvest-field, he put both hands to his mouth an' called "What have 'ee! What have 'ee!" very loud an' long.

"A neck—a neck!" came back from th' field, like as if 'all shouted to once—aw, the sweet sound! And then a gun was fired, an' lookin' over the copin' I seed a dozen men rinnin' across the stubble an' out into the road t'wards the haven; an' they called as they rinned, "A neck—a neck!"

"Iss," says my father, "'tis a neck, sure 'nuff. Pray God they save en! Come, sonny"—

But we dallied up there till the horsemen were plain to see, an' their scarlet coats an' armour blazin' i' the dust as they came. An' when they was come within a mile, an' our l'imbs ached wi' crouchin'—for fear they should spy us agen' the sky—father tuk me by the hand an' pulled hot foot down the

stairs. Before they rode by a 'd-a-picked up his shovel an' was shovellin' out a grave for his life.

Forty valiant hussmen they were, ridin' two-an'-two (by reason o' the narrowness o' the road) an' a Cap'n beside 'em—men broad an' long, wi' hairy top-lips, an' all clad in scarlet jackets an' white breeches that showed bravely agen' their black war-horses an' jet-black holsters, thick as they were wi' dust. Each man had a goulden helmet, an' a scabbard flappin' by his side, an' a cypher in letters o' gould 'pon his blue huss-cloth.

Tramp, tramp! they rode by, talkin' an' jokin', an' takin' no more heed o' me—that sat 'pon the wall wi' my heels danglin' above 'em—than if I'd a been a sprig o' stonecrop. But the Cap'n, who carr'd a drawn sword an' mopped his face wi' a handkercher so that th' dust ran across it in strakes, drew rein, an' looked over my shoulder to where father was diggin'.

"Sergeant!" he calls back, turnin' wi' a hand 'pon his crupper; "didn't we see a figger like this a-top o' the tower, some way back?"

The sergeant pricked his hoss for'ard an' saluted. He was the tallest, straightest man i' the troop, an' the muscles 'pon his arm filled out his sleeve wi' the dree stripes upon it—a handsome red-faced fellow, wi' curly black hair.

Says he, "That we did, Sir—a man wi' slopin' shoulders an' a boy wi' a goose neck." Sayin' this, he looks up at us wi' a grin.

"I'll bear it i' mind," answers the officer, an' the troop rode on in a cloud o' dust, the sergeant lookin' back an' smilin', as if 'twas a joke that a shared wi' us. Well, to be short, they rode down into th' town as night fell. But 'twas too late, Uncle Philip havin' had fair warnin' an' plenty o' time to flee up t'wards the little secret hold under Mabel Down, where none but two families knowed how to find en. All th' town, though, knowed a was safe, an' lashins o' women an' childer turned out to see the comely souldjers hunt in vain till ten o'clock at night.

to ha' knowed all about en. But woman's ways be past findin' out.

Hearin' the hoofs in his yard an' the sergeant's *stram-a-ram* 'pon the door, down comes the old curmudgeon wi' a candle held high above his head.

"What the devil's here?" he axes.

Sergeant Basket looks over th' ould man's shoulder; an' there, halfway up the stairs, stood Madam Noy in her night veil—a high-coloured ripe girl, languishin' for love, her red lips parted an' neck all lily-white agen' a loosened pile o' dark-brown hair.

"Be cussed if I turn back!" says the sergeant to hisself; an' added out loud—

"Forty souldjers, in the King's name!"

"Forty devils!" says ould Noy.

"They're devils to eat," answers the sergeant, i' the most friendly sperrit; "an', begad, ye must feed an' bed 'em this night—or else I'll search your cellars. Ye are a loyal man—eh, farmer? An' your stables are big, I'm told."

"Sarah," calls out the ould man, followin' the sergeant's bold glance, "go back an' dress yersel' decently this instant.

bowin', "a souldjer wi' my responsibility sleeps but little. I' the first place, I must see that my men sup."

"The maids be now cuttin' the bread an' cheese and drawin' the cider."

"Then, Madam, leave me but possession o' the parlour, an' let me have a chair to sleep in."

By this they were in the passage together, an' her gaze devourin' his regimentals. Th' ould man stood a pace off, lookin' sourly. The sergeant fed his eyes upon her, an' Satan got hold o' him.

"Now if only," said he, "one o' you could play cards!"

"But I must go to bed," she answered; "though I can play cribbage, if only you stay another night."

For she saw the glint i' the farmer's eye; an' so Sergeant Basket slept bolt upright that night by the parlour fender. Nex' day the dragooners searched the town agen', an' were billeted all about among the cottages. But the sergeant returned to Constantine, an' before goin' to bed—this time i' the spare room—played a game o' cribbage wi' Madam Noy, the farmer smokin' sulkily in his arm-chair.

"An' two for his heels!" said the rosy woman suddenly,



"What the devil's here?" he axes. "Forty souldjers, in the King's name!"

The next thing was to billet the warriors. The Cap'n o' the troop, by this, was pesky cross-tempered; an' flounced off to the Jolly Pilchards in a huff. "Sergeant," says he "here's an inn, though a d-d bad 'un, an' here I means to stop. Somewheres about there's a farm called Constantine, where I'm told the men can be accommodated. Find out the place, if you can, an' do your best: an' don't let me see yer face till to-morrow," says he.

So Sergeant Basket—that was his name—gied the salute, an' rides his troop up the street, where—for his manners were mighty winnin', notwithstandin' the dirty natur' of his errand—he soon finds plenty to direct en to Farmer Noy's, o' Constantine: an' up the coombe they rode into the darkness, a dozen or more goin' along wi' them to show the way, bein' won by their martial bearin' as well as the sergeant's very friendly way o' speech.

Farmer Noy was in bed—a pock-marked, lantern-jawed old gaffer o' sixty-five: an' the most remarkable p'int about en was that, two year afore, he'd a-married a young maid but just husband-high. Money did it, I reckon: but if so, 'twas a bad bargain for her. He was noted for stinginess to such a degree that they said his wife wore a brass weddin'-ring, weekdays, to save the genuine article from wearin' out. She was a Ruan woman, too, an' so baptised, an' therefore ought

These here honest souldjers—forty d-d honest gormandisin' souldjers—be come in his Majesty's name, forty strong, to protect honest folks' rights in the intervals of eatin' 'em out o' house an' home. Sergeant, ye be very welcome i' the King's name. Cheese an' cider ye shall have, an' I pray the mixture may turn your forty stomachs."

In a dozen minnits he'd fetched out his stable-boys an' farm-hands, an', lantern in hand, was helpin' the sergeant to picket out the hosses and stow the men about 'pon clean straw in the outhouses. They war turnin' back to th' house an' th' ould man was turnin' over in his mind that the sergeant hadn't yet said a word about where he was to sleep, when by the door they found Madam Noy waitin', in her weddin' gown, an' wi' her hair freshly braided.

Now, the farmer was mortally feared o' the sergeant, knowin' he had thirty ankers an' more o' contraband liquor in his cellars, an' mindin' the sergeant's threat. None the less his jealousy got th' upper hand.

"Woman," he cries out, "to thy bed!"

"I was waitin'," said she, "to say the Cap'n's bed."

"Sergeant's," says the dragoon, correctin' her.

"—Was laid i' the spare room."

"Madam," replies Sergeant Basket, lookin' into her eyes an'

halfway dro' the game. "Sergeant, you're cheatin' yourself an' forgettin' to mark. Gie me the board; I'll mark for both."

She put out her hand upon th' board, an' Sergeant Basket's closed upon it. 'Tis true he'd forgot to mark; an' feelin' the hot pulse in her wrist, an' beholdin' the hunger in her eyes, 'tis to be supposed he'd ha' forgot his own soul.

He rode away nex' day wi' his troop: but my uncle Philip not being caught yet, an' the Government set on makin' an example of en, we hadn't seen the last o' these dragoons. 'Twas a time o' fear down i' the town. At dead o' night or at noonday they came on us—six times in all: an' for two months the crew o' the Unity couldn' call their souls their own, but lived from day to day in secret closets an' wandered the country by night, hidin' in hedges an' straw-houses. All that time the revenue men watched the haven, night an' day, like dogs before a rat-hole.

But one November mornin' 'twas whispered abroad that Uncle Philip had made his way to Falmouth, an' slipped across to Guernsey. Time passed on, an' the dragooners war seen no more, nor the han'some devil-may-care face o' Sergeant Basket. Up to Constantine, where he'd al'ays contrived to billet hisself, 'tis to be thought pretty Madam Noy pined to see en agen', kickin' his spurs i' the porch an' smilin' out o' his gay brown eyes; for her face fell away from its plump



She put out her hand upon th' board, an' Sergeant Basket's closed upon it.

condition, an' the hunger in her eyes grew an' grew. But a more remarkable fac' was that her ould husband—who wouldn't ha' yearned arter the dragoon, ye'd ha' thought—began to dwindle an' fall away too. By the New Year he was a dyin' man, an' carr'd his doom on his face. An' on New Year's Day he straddled his mare for the las' time, an' rode over to Looe, to Doctor Gale's.

"Goody-losh!" cried the doctor, tuk aback by his appearance—"what's come to ye, Noy?"

"Death!" says Noy. "Doctor, I bain't come for advice, for before this day week I'll be a clay-cold corpse. I come to ax a favour. When they summon ye, before lookin' at my body—that'll be past help—go you to the little left-top corner drawer o' my wife's bureau, an' there ye'll find a packet. You're my executor," says he, "and I leaves ye to deal wi' that packet as ye thinks fit."

Wi' that, the farmer rode away home along, an' the very day week he went dead.

The doctor, when called over, minded what th' ould chap had said, an' sendin' Madam Noy 'pon some pretence to the kitchen, went over an' unlocked the little drawer wi' a dooplicate key, that the farmer had unhitched from his watch-chain an' gied en. There was no parcel o' letters, as he looked to find, but only a small packet crumpled away i' the corner. He pull'd it out an' gave a look, an' a sniff, an' another look: then shut the drawer, locked it, strode straight downstairs to his hoss, an' galloped away.

In dree hours' time pretty Madam Noy was in th' constables' hands 'pon the charge o' murderin' her husband by p'ison.

They tried her, nex' Spring Assize, at Bodmin, afore the Lord Chief Justice. There wasn't evidence enow to put Sergeant Basket i' the dock alongside o' her—though 'twas freely guessed he knew more than anyone (savin' the prisoner herself) about th' arsenic that was found i' the little drawer an' inside th' ould man's body. He was subpoena'd from Plymouth, an' cross-examined by a great hulkin' King's counsel for dree-quarters of an hour. But they got nothin' out of en. All dro' th' examination the prisoner looked at en an' nodded her white face ivery now an' then, at his answers, as much as to say, "That's right—that's right: they sha'n't harm you, my dear." An' the love-light shone in her eyes for all the court to see. But the sergeant niver let his look meet it. When he stepped down at last she save a sob o' joy, an' fainted bang off.

They roused her up, arter this, to hear the verdict o' *Guilty* an' her doom spoken by the judge. "Pris'ner at the bar," said the Clerk of Arraigns, "have ye anything to say why this court should not pass sentence o' death?"

She held tight o' the rail before her, an' spoke out loud an' clear—

"My Lord an' gentleman all, I be a guilty woman: an' I be ready to die at once for my sin. But if ye kill me now, ye kill the child in my body—an' he is innocent."

Well, 'twas found she spoke truth; an' the hangin' was put off till after the time o' her delivery. She was led back to prison, an' there, about th' end o' June, her child was born, an' died afore he was six hours old. But the mother recovered, an' quietly abode the time of her hangin'.

I can mind her execution very well: for father an' mother determined 'twould be an excellent thing for my rickets to take me into Bodmin that day, an' get a touch o' the dead woman's hand, which i' those times was considered an unfaillin' remedy. So we borrowed the parson's manure-cart, and claned it thoroughly, an' drove in together.

The place o' the hangin's, then, was a little door in the prison-wall, lookin' over the bank where the railway now goes an' a dismal piece o' water called Jail-pool, where the townsfolk drowned most o' the dogs an' cats they'd no funder use for. All the bank under the gallows was that thick wi' people you could a'most walk 'pon their heads; an' my ribs was squeezed by the crowd, I couldn't breathe freely for a month arter. Back across the pool, the fields along the side o' the valley were lined wi' booths an' sweet-stalls an' standin's—a perfect Whitsun-fair; and a din goin' up that cracked yer ears.

But there was the stillness o' death when the woman came forth, with the sheriff an' the chaplain readin' in his book, an' the unnamed man behind—all from the little door. She wore a straight black gownd an' a white kerchief about her neck—a lovely woman, young an' white an' tearless.

She ran her eye over the crowd and stepped for'ard a pace, as if to speak; but lifted a finger an' beckon'd instead: an' out o' the people a man fought his way to the foot o' the scaffold. 'Twas the dashin' sergeant, that was here 'pon sick-leave. Sick he was, I b'lieve. His face above his shinin' regimentals was grey as a slate; for he'd committed perjury to save his skin, an' on the face o' the perjured no sun will shine.

"Have you got it?" the doomed woman was heard to say.

He tried to reach, but the scaffold was

too high, so he tossed up what was in his hand, an' the woman caught it—a little screw o' tissue paper.

"I must see that, please!" said the sheriff, layin' a hand 'pon her arm.

"'Tis but a weddin'-ring, Sir"—an' she slipped it over her finger. Then she kissed it once, under the beam, an', lookin' into the dragoon's eyes, spoke very slow—"Husband, our child shall go wi' you; an' when I want you, he shall fetch you!"—an' wi' that turned to the sheriff, sayin': "I be ready, Sir."

The sheriff wouldn't give father an' mother leave for me to touch the dead woman's hand; so they drove back that evenin' grumblin' a bit. 'Tis a sixteen-mile drive, an' the ostler in at Bodmin had swindled the pore old hoss out o' his feed, I b'lieve: for he crawled like a slug. But they was so took up wi' discussin' the day's doin's, an' what a mort o' people had been present, an' how the sheriff might ha' used milder langwidge in refusin' my father, that they forgot to use the whip. Th' moon was up afore we got halfway home, an' a star to be seen here an' there; an' still we niver mended our pace.

'Twas in the middle o' the lane leadin' down to Hendra Bottom, where for more'n a mile two carts can't pass each other, that my father pricks up his ears an' looks back.

"Hullo!" says he; "there's somebody gallopin' after us."

Far back in the night we heerd the noise o' horses' hoofs, poundin' furiously 'pon the road an' drawin' nearer an' nearer.

"Save us!" cries father; "whoever 'tis, he's comin' down th' lane." And in a minute's time the clatter was close on us an' someone shoutin' behind.

"Hurry that crawlin' worm o' yourn, or draw aside, i' God's name, an' let me by!" the rider yelled.

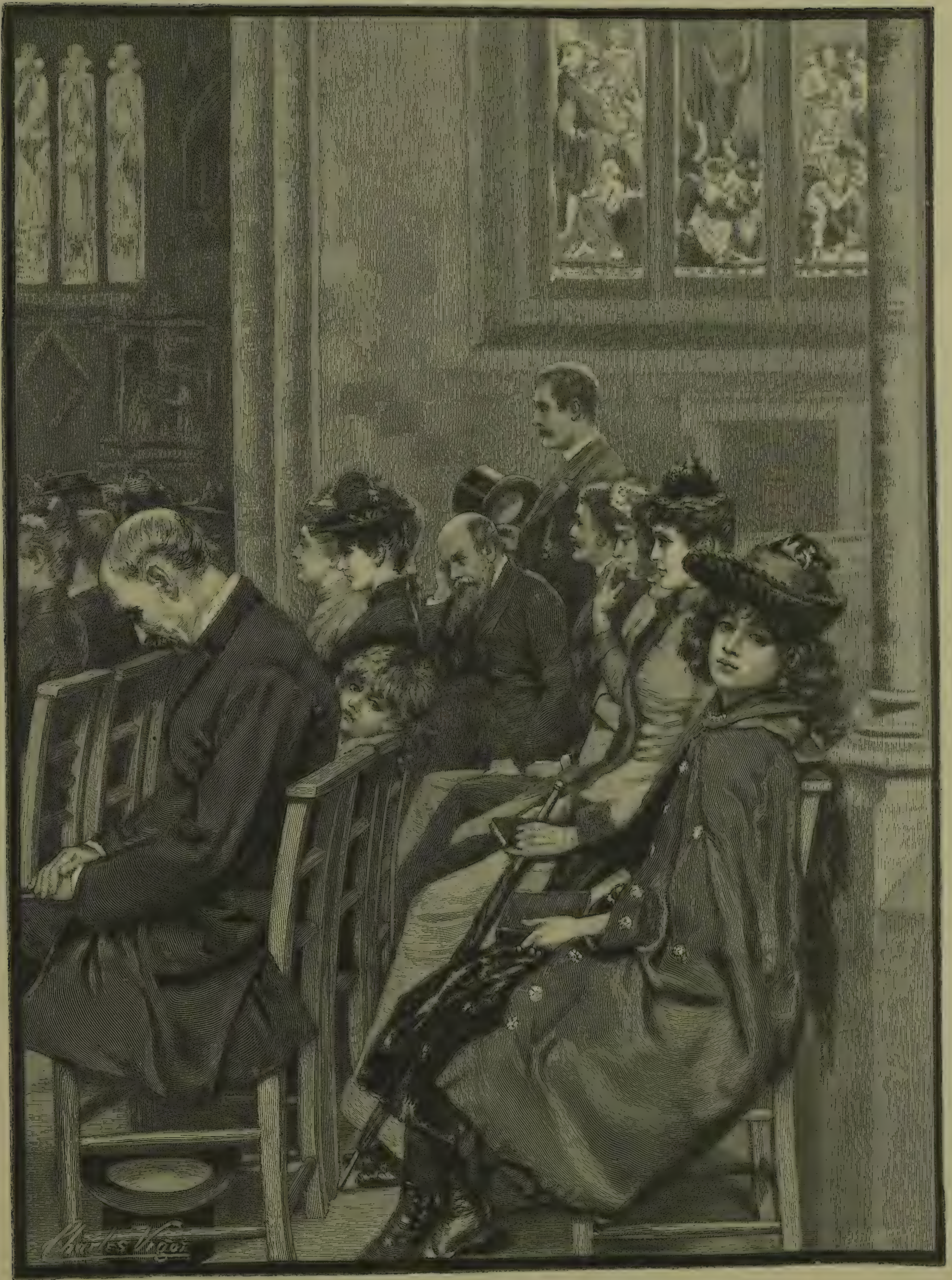
"What's up?" axed my father, quarterin' so well as he could. "Why! Hullo! Farmer Hugo, be that you?"

"There's a mad devil o' a man behind ridin' down all he comes across. A's blazin' drunk, I reckon—but 'tisin' that—'tis the horrible voice that goes wi' en—Hark! Lord protect us, he's turn'd into the lane!"

Sure enough, the clatter of a second horse was comin' down upon us, out o' the night—an' with it the most gashly sounds that ever creemed a man's flesh. Farmer Hugo pushed past us an' sent a shower o' mud in our faces as his hoss leapt off agen', an' 'way-to-go down th' hill. My father stood up an' lashed our ould grey wi' the reins, and down us went too, bump-bump for our lives, the pore beast bein' taken suddenly like one possessed. For the screamin' behind was like nuthin' airthly but the wailin' an' sobbin' of a little child—only tenfold louder. 'Twas



"'Tis but a weddin'-ring, Sir"—an' she slipped it over her finger.



CHRISTMAS MORNING

DRAWN BY C. VIGOR.

just as you 'd fancy a baby might wail if his little limbs was bein' twisted to death.

At the hill's foot, as you know, a stream crosses the lane—that widens out there a bit, an' narrows agen as it goes up t'other side o' the valley. Knowin' we must be overtook funder on—for the screams an' clatter seem'd at our very backs by this—father jumped out here into the stream an' backed the cart well to one side; an' not a second too soon.

The nex' second, like a wind, this thing went by us in the moonlight—a man 'pon a black hoss that splashed the stream all over us as he dashed dro' it an' up the hill. 'Twas the scarlet dragoon wi' his ashen face; an' behind en, holdin' to his side-belt, rode a little shape that tugged an' wailed an' raved. As I stand here, Sir, 'twas the shape of a naked babe!

Well, I won't go on to tell how my father dropped 'pon his knees i' the water, or how my mother fainted off. The thing war gone, an' from that moment for eight year nothin' was seed or heered o' Sergeant Basket. The fright killed my mother. Before nex' spring she fell into a decline, an' early nex' fall th' ould man—for he was an ould man now—had to delve her grave. Arter this he went feebly about his work, but held on, being wishful for me to step into his shoon, which I began to do as soon as I was fourteen, havin' outgrown the rickets by that time.

But one cool evenin' in September month father was up

their eyes burned up like coals: an' the woman's veil was lifted, an' her throat bare. As the hoss went down the bank t'wards these two, they reached out an' tuk each a stirrup an' climbed 'pon his back, the child before the dragoon an' the woman behind. The man's face was set like a stone. Not a word did either speak, an' in this fash'n they rode down th' hill t'wards Ruan sands. All that my father could mind beyond was that the woman's hands were passed round the man's neck, where the rope had passed roun' her own.

No more could he tell, bein' a stricken man from that hour. But Aun' Polgrain, the housekeeper up to Constantine, saw 'em an hour later go along the road below the town-place; an' Jacobs, the smith, saw 'em pass his forge t'wards Bodmin about midnight. So the tale's true enow. But since that night no man has set eyes on horse or riders.

THE HUMANOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.

ONLY students of the bypaths of philanthropy have ever heard of the Humanological Institute. It was founded by a philanthropist, who had become disappointed: if he had ever tried to do any good to humanity, humanity had always punished him badly for it; so he tried to benefit inani-

could not possibly have confirmed them—not being a bishop. He would suggest that they should take the minutes as read.

"As Now Worn," from the clothing emporium, desired to second that.

The Whist-dummy pointed out that if there were seconds there must be minutes.

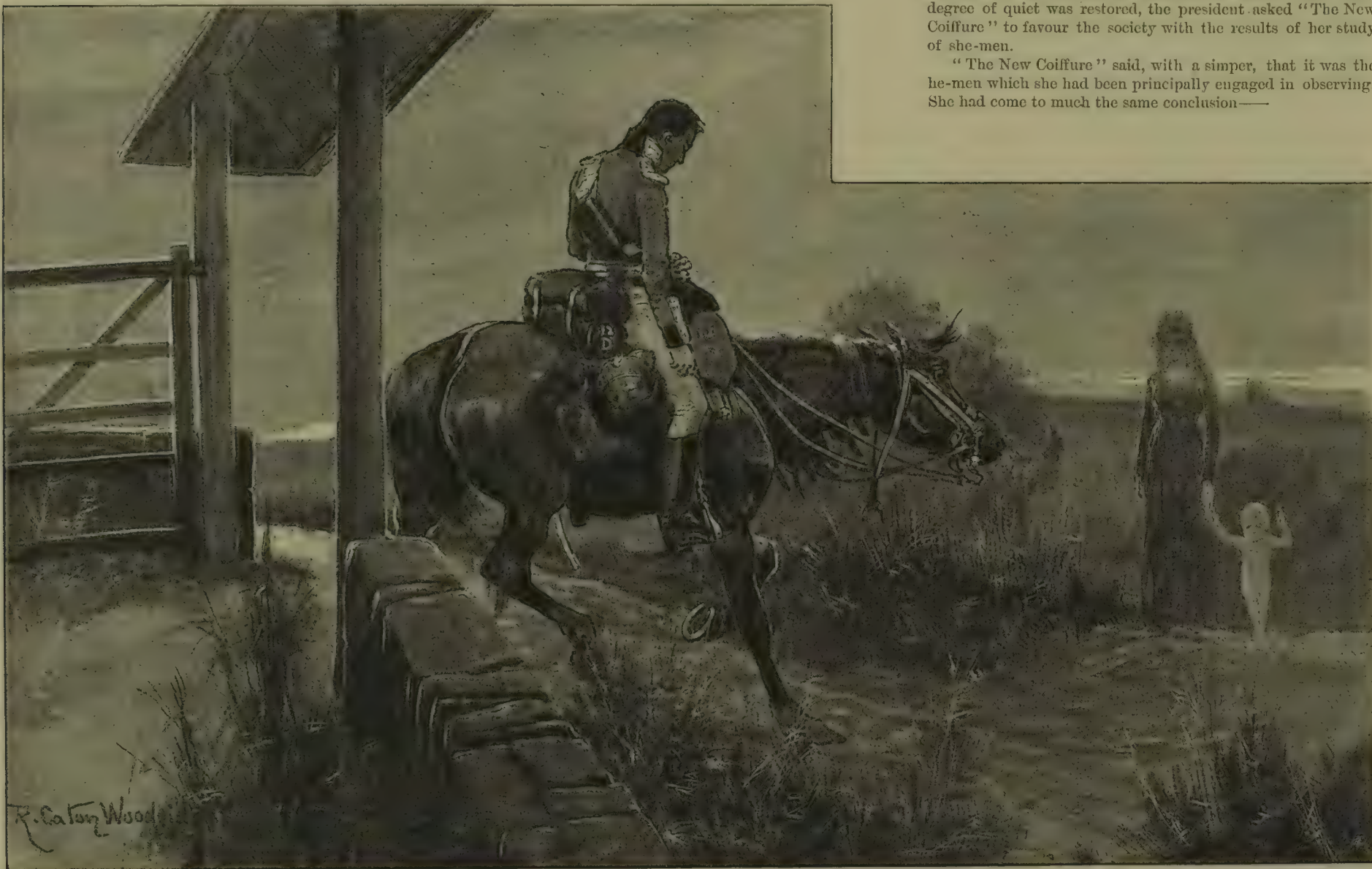
Upon his suppression, the president asked that those who were in favour of his suggestion would signify the same by holding up their hands. The Whist-dummy objected that his own hand was always laid on the table, and was then thrown into the coal-scuttle. The president next proceeded to the discussion of humanity by asking "As Now Worn" to give the meeting the benefit of his observations.

"As Now Worn," a young man with a smile and too much eyebrows, produced a card, on which was printed "Exceptional Value," and read some remarks pencilled on the back of it. He apologised for their incoherence, which arose from the fact that his arm was not jointed at the elbow. They were as follows—

"Man is a deterioration of the dummy. I stand alone in my glorious glass-house hung with bright trousers in the clothing emporium, and I observe man in the street outside. His feet are not painted black as mine are. He wears boots to hide the deficiency. He has not my glorious immobility. He chiefly exists to show dummies the truth of the doctrine of devolution, which in a tailor's shop would, of course, result in the survival of the fitter. With regard to she-man, I am more in doubt. A good deal passes"—

The Whist-dummy was understood to observe that it was the other kind of deal which generally passed. When some degree of quiet was restored, the president asked "The New Coiffure" to favour the society with the results of her study of she-men.

"The New Coiffure" said, with a simper, that it was the he-men which she had been principally engaged in observing. She had come to much the same conclusion—



My father saw two figgers waitin'. 'Twas the woman an' the child, hand in hand. The hoss went down the bank t'wards these two.

diggin' i' the yard alone: for 'twas a small child's grave, an' in the loosest soil, an' I was off 'pon a day's work, thatchin' Farmer Tressida's stacks. He was diggin' away slowly when he heerd a rattle at the lych-gate, an' lookin' over the edge o' the grave, saw in the dusk a man hitchin' his hoss there by the bridle. 'Twas a coal-black hoss, an' the man wore a scarlet coat all powdered with pilm; an' as he opened th' gate an' came over the graves, father saw that 'twas the dashin' dragoon. His face was still a slatey-grey; an' clammy with sweat; an' when he spoke his voice was all of a whisper, wi' a shiver therein.

"Bedman," says he, "go to the hedge an' look down the road, and tell me what you see."

My father went, wi' his knees shakin', an' comes back agen.

"I see a woman," says he, "not fifty yards down the road. She is dressed in black, an' has a veil over her face; an' she's comin' this way."

"Bedman," answers the dragoon, "go to the gate an' look back along the Plymouth road, an' tell me what you see."

"I see," says my father, comin' back wi' his teeth chatterin', "twenty yards back, a naked child comin'. He looks to be callin', but makes no sound."

"Because his voice is wearied out," says the dragoon, an' wi' that he faced about, an' walked to the gate slowly. "Bedman, come wi' me an' see the rest," he says, over his shoulder. He opened the gate, unhitched the bridle and swung hisself heavily up i' the saddle.

Now, from the gate the bank goes down pretty steep into the road, an' at the foot o' the bank my father saw two figgers waitin'. 'Twas the woman an' the child, hand in hand, an'

mate things instead. He set apart one large room in his house for the use of shop-window dummies; he wrote invitations to four dummies of whom he had cognisance, inviting them to use the room as an institute. He was shortly afterwards removed to one of our asylums; before he went, however, I attended the first meeting of the four dummies in question. I was taken there by the Whist-dummy, with whom I had been playing during the evening. He secreted me in a cupboard, lest my presence should offend the others. I went to sleep at once, and when I woke up the business of the meeting had already commenced; I gathered that the four dummies had formed themselves into a society for the study of humanity, to be called "The Humanological Institute." The door of the cupboard was sufficiently open to allow me to see and hear distinctly.

The Curate-dummy, from the ecclesiastical outfitter's, had been elected president. He did not seem to be in a good temper. "I suppose I must apologise," he said, "for appearing in a surplice, stole, mortar-board, and no face. But that's the way they do things at the establishment, where I live. It's not my fault. I call upon 'The New Coiffure' to read the minutes of the last meeting."

"The New Coiffure," from the hair-dresser's, said that there was no last meeting. She was dressed in velvet and precious gems, and her voice was lady-like. Only the upper half of her was present.

The president remarked that this was not material. The society was founded upon paradox. He himself, although clerical, was a lay-figure. If there had been any minutes, he

("Then don't go on," cried the Whist-dummy.)

—Much the same conclusion as the former speaker. She thought that the charge of intelligence which was often brought against the human race was not quite just. There might be cases, but she did not believe that intelligence was at all general. Where it existed, it could generally be removed by civilisation. The work of the Humanological—

The Whist-dummy apologised for interruption, but the word "humanological" was a barbarism. He had spent some time in the society of scholars, and this kind of thing hurt him.

The president thought the Whist-dummy's interference needless. What did the present company care for his scholars? He (the president) knew a vicar who took pupils, and his collars always buttoned at the back. That, however, was not the point.

The Whist-dummy thought that the points should have been decided before they began.

"The New Coiffure" protested against the introduction of gambling. She would continue her paper—

"As Now Worn" pointed out that his own paper was not finished yet. There was no reason why they should not both read their papers at the same time.

The Whist-dummy agreed, on condition that they were not read aloud. Perfect silence was absolutely necessary.

The president thought that the question should be put to the vote. He would take the sense of the meeting.

It was then discovered that the meeting had no sense, and the proceedings terminated in some confusion.

THE STRAWBERRY CLUB:

IT was at one of the dormitory suppers at The Grove that we started The Strawberry Club. Jane Malling—a very well-meaning girl—happened to remark that she considered strawberry to be quite the noblest jam of all. Christine, our poetess, agreed with her, calling special attention to the beautiful wording of the label: "Prepared from fresh ripe fruit and pure refined sugar only." She said that it was sweet and joyous, and that "only" was a dear word. Gladys Dreincourt agreed with her. In fact, we found that we all of us preferred strawberry jam to any other. Here was a bond of union. It lifted us above the girls in the other dormitories, who might possibly prefer apricot—"the state jam of the middle classes," as Gladys remarked. Gladys is very satirical and rather aristocratic. It provided us with a basis for a club.

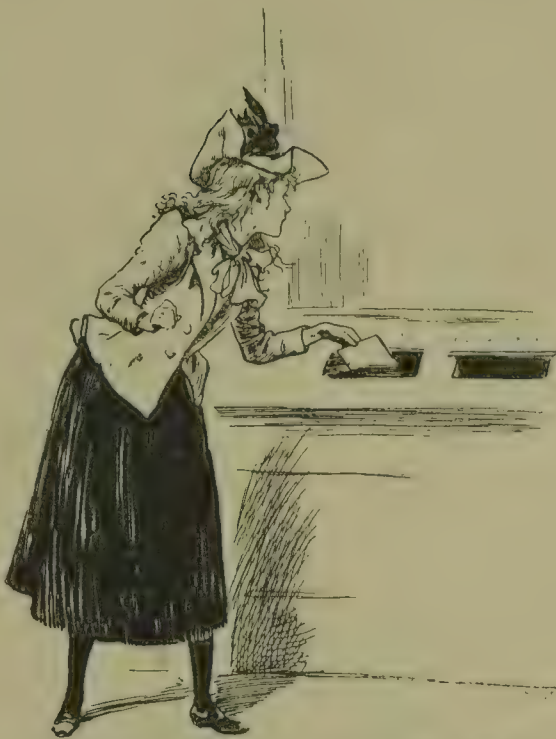
We elected Gladys president, and we drew up rules. In them we said that the club was "founded on a community of tastes, to encourage friendship and devotion to each other among its members."



SWEET AND JOYOUS.

But I am afraid the chief attraction was its exclusiveness. It was not so much that we were in it as that all the other girls were not. We were all to wear crushed-strawberry dressing-gowns at the meetings of the club. It was hard on Jane Malling, who had red hair, but she was very good and obedient about it. We were always to take strawberry ices in preference to any other. Christine Rose-Grayson kept this rule with most pathetic fidelity; she had confessed to me that she thought vanilla ices were more spiritual—less worldly—and that she loved them better. This perhaps accounts for a certain undertone of sadness that one always noticed in her poems during the hot weather. Jane Malling only suggested one rule, and I think she did it out of desperation, because she thought she really ought to suggest something. It was to the effect that the use of bad language was strictly prohibited. "My dear child," said Gladys, gently, "if you feel any strong temptation in that direction, let us have your rule by all means; but in the case of the rest of us"—A shrug of the shoulders finished the sentence. Jane apologised at once. She spent most of her time in apologising for the thing she said or did in the rest of it. The president was treated with the greatest respect. Officially, we always called Gladys Miss Dreincourt. She was helped first at the suppers, and you were expected to agree with her opinions more than you would naturally have done. I longed to be president. I was ambitious. In the history books the statesmen who are ambitious are generally also said to be unscrupulous; but I was not, as will be seen, unscrupulous.

On the birthday of any member every other member had to send her a birthday card; at Christmas each member was to send every



I POSTED A BIRTHDAY CARD TO HER IN A GREAT HURRY.

and very purple. There was a solid, conventional bloom on them, looking as if it were a quarter of an inch thick; and the high-lights suggested sand-paper and varnish. There were a willow-pattern plate and a bad sunset behind the plums. It was inscribed—

FOR MY NEAREST AND DEAREST FRIEND,
WITH BEST WISHES.

Christine also received an enormous card, with embossed angels on it, from Jane Malling. There was a little figure 6 pencilled in one



SHE LOOKED SO SAD, AND MADE SO MUCH POETRY.

corner on the back of it. By the next post she got an agonised letter from Jane, saying that the figure 6 was misleading and acting a lie. The card had really cost sixpence once, but had been reduced to

I did not recognise it. But Christine had made a list of the cards she received on her birthday, and discovered afterwards the terrible thing that she had done. She was overjoyed next term when she saw that I had not found her out.

I suppose it was destiny. On Christine's next birthday I had forgotten to get a card to send her until the shops were all shut. So I went over my old cards, and picked the cleanest. This happened to be the plum card—the card which I had sent her on her previous birthday, and she had returned by accident on the following Christmas.

She thought that I had sent it the second time as a tacit and sarcastic reproof to her for having returned it. Whereas, of course, I had done nothing of the kind. I simply had not recognised it. It must have been destiny. She wrote a very penitent letter, explaining that it was carelessness and not want of heart which had made



THE USE OF BAD LANGUAGE WAS STRICTLY PROHIBITED.

her return me my old card. She thought that my method of silent reproach in sending it back again was very just. She also offered in penitence to give up her candidature for the presidency of The Strawberry Club, which would be vacant at the end of the following term.

On my return to The Grove I told her that I had forgiven her, and that I hoped that she would still stand for the presidency. But she refused. It was believed among the members that there was some romance connected with her withdrawal. She looked so sad, and made so much poetry, that at last I confessed everything, and explained that I was just as bad as she was. Even then she would not put her name again on the list of candidates for the presidency. So I took my name off as well. And we wept and loved each other.

However, that left only one candidate, Jane Malling, who had apologised for being a candidate at all. About a week before the election Christine and I came to reason. We saw that a club like ours could not possibly have one long apology with red hair for a president. So we both put our names up again. We got an equal number of votes, and so were both presidents together.

Nobody in the club quite knew why we introduced a new rule that the name of the sender should be written on the back of any card sent.

But Christine knew, and so did I.



CHRISTINE GOT HER OLD CARDS AND HER NEW CARDS MIXED.

other member a Christmas card. Jane told me that she had nearly suggested valentines. I pointed out that this would have been in bad taste, and she apologised. Then she asked about funeral cards, in case any of us died. I told her not to be morbid, and she apologised again.

Christine's birthday came during the autumn holidays, when we were all at home. I posted a birthday card to her in a great hurry, and two minutes after I had sent it I could not have given you the least idea of what it was like. I can now. I HAVE SEEN IT SINCE. It was a picture of two plums on one stalk. They were very large

threepence because it had been so long in stock. She had not had the heart to rub out the splendid price of it. And, of course, she apologised.

Now, at Christmas, Christine got her new cards and her old cards mixed, and sent me back my plum card by mistake. The inscription on it suited any season.



BUT CHRISTINE KNEW, AND SO DID I.



The Artist wishes it to be understood that this is not a regulation "Servants' Ball," but a spontaneous diversion after the Christmas Dinner. The Squire is advancing, in the Pastorale of the Quadrille, with his partner, the Housekeeper, and his Lady, John Thomas's partner. The couple on the right show the Son of the House, a Captain in the Army, doing the agreeable to the Lady's Maid, much to the annoyance of Madam,

AN EQUAL FOOTING. A CHRISTMAS DANCE AT A COUNTRY HOUSE.

DRAWN BY F. BARNARD.

his Mother, and the entertainment of the Servants generally, as may be seen by the whispering and giggling going on among them. Opposite this couple are the Butler and one of the Young Ladies. She is naively pointing out the humours of the situation, but he, though human, is still a butler, and adamant. On the left, behind the Governess and Children, stands the Squire's Sister, who evidently disapproves of the whole performance.

THE SON'S VETO.

BY THOMAS HARDY.

TO the eye of a man viewing it from behind, the nut-brown hair was a wonder and a mystery. Under the black beaver hat, surmounted by its tuft of black feathers, the long locks, braided and twisted and coiled like the rushes of a basket, composed a rare, if somewhat barbaric, example of ingenious art. One could understand such weavings and coilings being wrought to last a year, or even a month only; but that they should be all demolished again at bedtime, after a single day of permanence, seemed a reckless waste of successful fabrication.

And she had done it all herself, poor thing. She had no maid, and it was almost the only accomplishment she could boast of. Hence the unstinted pains.

She was a young invalid lady—not so very much of an invalid—sitting in a wheeled chair, which had been pulled up in the front part of a green enclosure, close to a band-stand, where a concert was going on, during a warm June afternoon. It had place in one of the minor parks or private gardens that are to be found in the suburbs of London, and was the effort of a local association to raise money for some charity. There are worlds within worlds in the great city, and though nobody outside the immediate district had ever heard of the charity, or the band, or the gardens, the enclosure was filled with an interested audience, sufficiently informed on all these.

As the strains proceeded, many of the listeners observed the chaired lady, whose back-hair, by reason of her prominent position, so challenged inspection. Her face was not easily discernible, but the aforesaid cunning tress-weavings, the white ear and poll, and the curve of a cheek which was neither flaccid nor sallow, were signals that led to the expectation of good beauty in front. Such expectations are not infrequently disappointed on a disclosure; and in the present case, when the lady, by a turn of the head, at length revealed herself, she was not so handsome as the people behind her had supposed, and even hoped—they did not know why.

For one thing (alas! the commonness of this complaint), she was less young than they had fancied her to be. Yet attractive her face unquestionably was, and not at all sickly. The revelation came each time she turned to talk to a boy of twelve or thirteen who stood beside her, and the shape of whose hat and jacket implied that he belonged to a well-known public school. The immediate bystanders could hear that he called her "Mother."

When the end of the recital was reached and the audience withdrew, many chose to find their way out by passing at her elbow. Almost all turned their heads to take a full and near look at the interesting woman, who remained stationary in the chair till the way should be clear enough for her to be wheeled out without obstruction. As if she expected their glances, and did not mind gratifying their curiosity, she met the eyes of several of her observers by lifting her own, showing these to be soft, brown, and affectionate orbs, a little plaintive in their regard.

She was conducted out of the gardens, and passed along the pavement till she disappeared from view, the schoolboy walking beside her. To inquiries made by some persons who watched her away, the answer came that she was the second wife of the incumbent of a neighbouring parish, and that she was lame. She was generally believed to be a woman with a story—an innocent one, but a story of some sort or other.

In conversing with her on their way home, the boy who walked at her elbow said that he hoped his father had not missed them.

"He has been so comfortable these last few hours that I am sure he cannot have missed us," she replied.

"Has, dear mother—not have!" exclaimed the public-school boy, with an impatient fastidiousness that was almost harsh. "Surely you know that by this time!"

His mother hastily adopted the correction, and did not resent his making it, or retaliate, as she might well have done, by bidding him to wipe that crumbly mouth of his, whose condition had been caused by surreptitious attempts to eat a piece of cake without taking it out of the pocket wherein it lay concealed. After this the pretty woman and the boy went onward in silence.

That question of grammar bore upon her history, and she fell into reverie, of a somewhat sad kind to all appearance. It might have been assumed that she was wondering if she had done wisely in shaping her life as she had shaped it, to bring out such a result as this.

In a remote nook in North Wessex, forty miles from London, near the town of Oldbrickham, there stood a pretty village with its church and parsonage, which she knew well enough, but her son had never seen. It was her native village, and the first event bearing upon her present situation had occurred at that place when she was only a girl of nineteen.

How well she remembered it, that first act in her little tragi-comedy, the death of her husband's first wife. It happened on a spring evening, and she who now and for many years had filled that first wife's place was then parlour-maid in the parson's house.

When everything was over, and the death was announced, she had gone out in the dusk to visit her parents, who were

living in the same village, to tell them the sad news. As she opened the white swing-gate and looked towards the trees which rose westward, shutting out the pale light of the evening sky, she discerned, without much surprise, the figure of a man standing in the hedge, though she roguishly exclaimed as a matter of form, "Oh, Ned, how you frightened me!"

He was a young gardener of her acquaintance. She told him the particulars of the late event, and they stood silent, these two young people, in that elevated philosophic mind which is engendered when a tragedy has happened, and has not happened to the philosophers themselves. But it had its bearings upon their relations.

"And will you stay on now at the Vicarage just the same?" asked he.

She had hardly thought of that. "Oh, yes—I suppose!" she said. "Everything will be just as usual, I imagine."

He walked beside her towards her mother's. Presently his arm stole round her waist. She gently removed it; but he placed it there again, and she yielded the point. "You see, dear Sophy, you don't know that you'll stay on; you may want a home; and I shall be ready to offer one some day, though I may not be ready just yet."

"Why, Ned, how can you be so fast! I've never even said I liked 'ee; and it is all your own doing, coming after me!"

"Still, it is nonsense to say I am not to have a try at 'ee, like the rest." He stooped to kiss her a farewell, for they had reached her mother's door.

"No, Ned; you sha'n't!" she cried, putting her hand over his mouth. "You ought to be more serious on such a night as this." And she bade him adieu without allowing him to kiss her or to come indoors.

The vicar left a widower was at this time a man about forty years of age, of good family, and childless. He had led a secluded existence in this college living, partly because there were no resident landowners; and his loss now intensified his habit of withdrawal from outward observation. He was still less seen than heretofore; kept himself still less in time with the rhythm and racket of the movements called progress in the world without. For many months after his wife's decease the economy of his household remained as before; the cook, the housemaid, the parlourmaid, and the man out of doors performed their duties or left them undone, just as Nature prompted them—the vicar knew not which. It was then represented to him that his servants seemed to have nothing to do in his small family of one. He was struck with the truth of this representation, and decided to cut down his establishment. But he was forestalled by Sophy, the parlourmaid, who said one evening that she wished to leave him.

"And why?" said the parson.

"Ned Hobson has asked me to marry him, Sir."

"Well—do you want to marry?"

"Not much. But it would be a home for me. And we have heard that one of us will have to leave."

A day or two after she said: "I don't want to leave just yet, Sir, if you don't wish it. Ned and I have quarrelled."

He looked up at her. He had hardly ever observed her before, though he had been frequently conscious of her soft presence in the room. What a kitten-like, flexuous, tender creature she was! She was the only one of the servants with whom he came into immediate relation. What should he do if Sophy were gone?

Sophy did not go, but one of the others did, and things went on quietly again.

When Mr. Twycott, the vicar, was ill, Sophy brought up his meals to him; and she had no sooner left the room one day than he heard a noise on the stairs. She had slipped down with the tray, and so twisted her foot that she could not stand. The village surgeon was called in; the vicar got better, but Sophy was incapacitated for a long time; and she was informed that she must never again walk much or engage in any occupation which required her to stand long on her feet. As soon as she was comparatively well she spoke to him alone. Since she was forbidden to walk and bustle about, and, indeed, could not do so, it became her duty to leave. She could very well work at something sitting down, and she had an aunt a seamstress.

The parson had been very greatly moved by what she had suffered on his account, and he exclaimed, "No, Sophy; lame or not lame, I cannot let you go. You must never leave me again!"

He came close to her, and, though she could never exactly tell how it happened, she became conscious of his lips upon hers. He then asked her to marry him. Sophy did not exactly love him, but she had a respect for him which almost amounted to veneration. Even if she had wished to get away from him, she hardly dared refuse a personage so august in her eyes, and she assented forthwith to be his wife.

Thus it happened that one fine morning, when the doors of the church were naturally open for ventilation, and the singing birds fluttered in and alighted on the tie-beams of the roof, there was a marriage service at the communion-

rails, which hardly a soul knew of. The parson and a neighbouring curate had entered at one door, and Sophy at another, followed by two necessary persons, whereupon in a short time there emerged a newly-made husband and wife.

Mr. Twycott knew perfectly well that he had committed social suicide by this step, despite Sophy's spotless character, and he had taken his measures accordingly. An exchange of livings had been arranged with an acquaintance who was incumbent of a church in the south of London, and as soon as possible the couple removed thither, abandoning their pretty country home, with trees and shrubs and glebe, for a narrow, dusty house in a long, straight street, and their fine peal of bells for the wretchedest one-tongued clangour that ever tortured mortal ears. It was all on her account. They were, however, away from everyone who had known her former position; and also under less observation from without than they would have had to put up with in any country parish. Sophy the woman was as charming a partner as a man could possess, though Sophy the lady had her deficiencies. She showed a natural aptitude for little domestic refinements, so far as related to things and manners; but in what is called culture she was less intuitive. She had now been married more than thirteen years, and her husband had taken much trouble with her education; but she still held confused ideas on the use of "was" and "were," which did not beget a respect for her among the few acquaintances she made. Her great grief in this relation was that her only child, on whose education no expense would be spared, was now old enough to perceive these deficiencies in his mother, and not only to see them, but to feel irritated at their existence.

Thus she lived on in the city, and her once cherry cheeks grew lily-pale. Her foot had never regained its natural strength after the accident, and she was mostly obliged to avoid walking altogether. Her husband had grown to like London for its freedom and its domestic privacy; but he was twenty years his Sophy's senior, and had latterly been seized with a serious illness. On this day, however, he had seemed to be well enough to justify her accompanying her son Randolph to the concert.

II.

The next time we get a glimpse of her is when she appears in the mournful attire that proclaims her to be a widow.

Mr. Twycott had never rallied, and now lay in a cemetery to the south of the Metropolis, where, if all the dead it contained had stood erect and alive, not one would have known him or recognised his name. The boy had dutifully followed him to the grave, and was now again at school.

Throughout these changes Sophy had been treated like the child she was in nature, though not in years. She was left with no control over anything that had been her husband's beyond her modest personal income. In his anxiety lest her inexperience should be overreached, he had safeguarded with trustees all he possibly could. The completion of the boy's course at the public school, to be followed in due time by Oxford and ordination, had been all provisioned and arranged, and she really had nothing to occupy her in the world but to eat and drink, and make a business of indolence, and weave and coil the nut-brown hair, merely keeping a home open for the son whenever he came to her during vacations.

Foreseeing his probable decease long years before her, her husband in his lifetime had purchased for her use a semi-detached villa in the same long, straight road whereon the church and parsonage faced, which was to be hers as long as she chose to live in it. Here she now resided, looking out upon the fragment of lawn in front, and through the railings at the overflowing traffic; or, bending forward over the window-sill on the first floor, stretching her eyes far up and down the vista of sooty trees, hazy air, and tawny house-façades, along which echoed the noises common to a suburban main thoroughfare.

Somehow, her boy, with his aristocratic school-knowledge, his grammars, and his aversions, was losing those wide infantine sympathies, extending as far as the sun and moon themselves, with which he had been born and which she had loved in him; he was reducing their compass to a population of a few thousand wealthy and titled people, the mere veneer of a thousand million or so of others who did not interest him at all. He drifted farther and farther away from her. Sophy's *milieu* being a suburb of minor tradesmen and under-clerks, and her almost only companions the two servants of her own house, it was not surprising that after her husband's death she soon lost the little artificial tastes she had acquired from him, and became—in her son's eyes—a mother whose mistakes and origin it was his painful lot as a gentleman to blush for. As yet he was far from being man enough—if he ever would be—to rate these sins of hers at their true infinitesimal value beside the yearning fondness that welled up and remained penned in her heart till it should be more fully accepted by him, or by some other person or thing. If he had lived at home with her he would have had all of it; but he seemed to require so very little in present circumstances, and it remained stored.

Her life became insupportably dreary; she could not take walks, and had no interest in going for drives, or, indeed, in travelling anywhere. Nearly two years passed without an event, and still she looked on that suburban road, thinking of the village in which she had been born, and whither she would have gone back—oh! how gladly—even to work in the fields.

Taking no exercise, she often could not sleep, and would rise in the night or early morning and look out upon the then vacant thoroughfare, where the lamps stood like sentinels waiting for some procession to go by. An approximation thereto was made every morning about one o'clock, when the carts and wagons passed with loads of vegetables for Covent Garden market. She often saw them creeping along at this silent and dusky hour—cabbages, carrots, turnips, built up in pyramids and frustums with such skill that a rope was sufficient to secure the whole load. Wrapped in a cloak, it was soothing to watch them when depression and nervousness hindered rest.

They had an interest, almost a charm, for Sophy, these semirural people and their vehicles, leading a life quite distinct from that of the day-time toilers on the same road. One morning a man who accompanied a wagon-load of potatoes gazed rather hard at the house-fronts as he passed, and with a curious emotion she thought his form was familiar to her. She looked out for him again. His being an old-fashioned vehicle, with a yellow front, it was easily recognisable, and on the third night after she saw it a second time. The man alongside was, as she had fancied, Ned Hobson, formerly gardener at Gaymead, who would at one time have married her.

She had occasionally thought of him, and wondered if life in a cottage with him would not have been a happier lot than the life she had accepted. She had not thought of him passionately, but her now dismal situation lent an interest to his resurrection—a tender interest which it is impossible to exaggerate. She went back to bed, and began thinking. When did these market-gardeners, who travelled up to town so regularly at one or two in the morning, come back? She dimly recollected seeing their empty wagons, hardly noticeable amid the ordinary day-traffic, passing down at some hour before noon.

It was only April, but that morning, after breakfast, she had the window opened, and sat looking out, the feeble sun shining full upon her. She affected to sew, but her eyes never left the street. Between ten and eleven the desired wagon, now empty, reappeared. But Ned was not looking round him then, and drove on in a reverie.

"Ned!" cried she.

Turning with a start, his face lighted up. He called to him a little boy to hold the horse, alighted, and came and stood under her window.

"I can't come down easily, Ned, or I would," she said. "Did you know I lived here?"

"Well, Mrs. Twycott, I knew you lived along here somewhere. I have often looked out for 'ee."

He briefly explained his own presence on the scene. He had long since given up his gardening in the village near Oldbrickham, and was now manager at a market-gardener's on the south side of London, it being part of his duty to go up to Covent Garden with wagon-loads of produce two or three times a week. In answer to her curious inquiry, he admitted that he had come to this particular district because he had seen in the Oldbrickham paper, a year or two before, the announcement of the death of the aforesaid vicar of Gaymead, which had revived an interest in her dwelling-place that he could not extinguish, leading him to hover about the locality till his present post had been secured.

They spoke of their native village, the spots in which they had played together as children. She tried to feel that she was a dignified personage now, that she must not be too confidential with Ned. But she could not keep it up, and the tears hanging in her eyes were indicated in her voice.

"You are not happy, Mrs. Twycott, I'm afraid?" he said. "Oh, of course not! I lost my husband only the year before last."

"Ah! I meant in another way. You'd like to be home again."

"This is my home—for life. The house belongs to me. But I understand"—She let it out then. "Yes, Ned, I long for home—our home! I should like to be there, and never leave it, and die there." But she remembered herself. "That's only a momentary feeling. I have a son, you know, a dear boy. He's at school now."

"Somewhere handy, I suppose? I see there's lots on 'em along this road."

"Oh, no! At a public school—one of the most distinguished in England."

"Chok' it all! of course! I forget, Ma'am, that you've been a lady for so many years."

"No, I am not a lady," she said sadly. "I never shall be. But he's a gentleman; and that—makes it difficult for me."

III.

The acquaintance thus oddly reopened proceeded apace. She often looked out to get a few words with him, by night or by day. Her sorrow was that she could not accompany her one old friend on foot a little way, and talk more freely than she could do while he paused before the house. One night, at the beginning of June, when she was again on the watch, after an absence of some days from the window, he entered the gate and said softly: "Now, wouldn't some air do you good? I've only half a load this morning. Why not ride up to Covent Garden with me? There's a nice seat on the cabbages, where I've spread a sack. You can be home again in a cab before anybody is up."

She refused at first, and then, trembling with excitement, hastily finished her dressing, and wrapped herself up in cloak and veil, afterwards sidling downstairs by the aid of the handrail, in a way she could adopt on an emergency. When she had opened the door, she found Ned on the step, and he lifted her bodily across the little forecourt into his vehicle. Not a soul was visible or audible in the infinite length of the

knew there had been nothing really wrong in the journey, but supposed it conventionally to be very wrong indeed.

Soon, however, she gave way to the temptation of going with him again, and on this occasion their conversation was distinctly tender, and Ned said he never should forget her. After much hesitation, he told her of a plan it was in his power to carry out, and one he should like to take in hand, since he did not care for London work: it was to set up as a master greengrocer down at Oldbrickham, the county town of their native place. He knew of an opening—a shop kept by aged people who wished to retire.

"And why don't you do it, then, Ned?" she asked with a slight heart-sinking.

"Because I'm not sure if—you'd join me. I know you wouldn't—couldn't. Such a lady as ye've been so long, you couldn't be a wife to a man like me."

"I hardly suppose I could!" she assented, also frightened at the idea.

"If you could," he said eagerly, "you'd on'y have to sit in the back parlour and look through the glass partition when I was away sometimes just to keep an eye on things. The lameness wouldn't hinder that. . . . I'd keep you as genteel as ever I could, dear Sophy—if I might think of it!" he pleaded.

"Ned, I'll be frank," she said, putting her hand on his. "If it were only myself I would do it, and gladly; though everything I possess would be lost to me by marrying again."

"I don't mind that! It's more independent."

"That's good of you, dear, dear Ned. But there's something else. I have a son. . . . I almost fancy when I am miserable sometimes that he is not really mine, but one I hold in trust for my late husband. He seems to belong so little to me personally, so entirely to his dead father. He is so much educated and I so little that I do not feel dignified enough to be his mother. . . . Well, he would have to be told."

"Yes. Unquestionably." Ned saw her thought and her fear. "Still, you can do as you like, Sophy—Mrs. Twycott," he added. "It is not you who are the child, but he."

"Ah, you don't know! Ned, if I could, I would marry you, some day. But you must wait a while, and let me think."

It was enough for him, and he was blithe at their parting. Not so she. To tell Randolph seemed impossible. She could wait till he had gone up to Oxford, when what she did would affect his life but little. But would he ever tolerate the idea? And if not, could she defy him?

She had not told him a word when the yearly cricket-match came on at Lord's between the public schools, though Ned had already gone back to Oldbrickham. The bright idea occurred to her that she could casually broach the subject while walking round among the people, when the boy's spirits were high with interest in the game, and he would weigh domestic matters as feathers in the scale beside the day's victory. They promenaded under the lurid July sun, this pair, so wide apart, yet so near; and Sophy saw the large proportion of boys like her own, in their broad white collars and dwarf hats, and the proud fathers and mothers on the coaches around; but never a mother like her. If Randolph had not appertained to these, centred all his interests in them, how happy would things have been! A great huzza at some small performance with the bat burst from the multitude of relatives, and Randolph jumped wildly into the air to see what had happened. She fetched up the sentence that had been already shaped; but she could not get it out. The occasion was, perhaps, an inopportune

one. The contrast between her story and the display of fashion to which Randolph had grown to regard himself as akin would be fatal. She awaited a better time.

It was on an evening when they were alone in their plain suburban residence, where life was not blue but brown, that she ultimately broke silence, qualifying her announcement of a probable second marriage by assuring him that it would not take place for a long time to come, when he would be living quite independently of her.

The boy thought the idea a very reasonable one, and asked if she had chosen anybody? She hesitated; and he seemed to have a misgiving. He hoped his stepfather would be a gentleman, he said.

"Not what you call a gentleman," she answered firmly. "He'll be much as I was before I knew your father"; and by degrees she acquainted him with the whole. His face remained fixed for a moment; then he leant on the table and burst into passionate tears.

His mother went up to him, kissed all of his face that she could get at, and patted his back as if he were still the baby he once had been, crying herself the while. When he had somewhat recovered from his paroxysm he went hastily to his own room and fastened the door.

Parleyings were attempted through the keyhole, outside which she waited and listened. It was long before he would reply, and when he did it was to say sternly at her from

(Continued on page 25.)



Ned came and stood under her window.

straight, flat highway, with its lamps converging to points in each direction. The air was fresh as country air at this hour, and the stars shone, except to the north-eastward, where there was a whitish light—the dawn. Ned carefully placed her in the seat, and drove on.

They talked as they had talked in old days, Ned pulling himself up now and then, when he thought himself too familiar. More than once she said with misgiving that she wondered if she ought to have indulged in the freak. "But I am so lonely in my house," she added, "and this makes me so happy!"

"You must come again, dear Mrs. Twycott. There is no time for taking the air like this."

It grew lighter and lighter. The sparrows became busy in the streets, and the city waxed denser around them. When they approached the river it was day, and on the bridge they beheld the full blaze of morning sunlight in the direction of St. Paul's, the river glistening towards it, and not a craft stirring.

Near Covent Garden he put her into a cab, and they parted, looking into each other's faces like the very old friends they were. She reached home without adventure, limped to the door, and let herself in with her latch-key unseen.

The air and Ned's presence had revived her: her cheeks were quite pink—almost beautiful. She had something to live for in addition to her son. A woman of pure instincts, she



THE ENCHANTED FOREST.

DRAWN BY R. JONES.

IN SEARCH OF A CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

IT is pleasant to remember that, in these days of change and upheaval, the good old custom of indicating one's friendship and esteem by a present, more or less costly, beautiful, or useful, survives.

Indeed, these kindly interchanges form no small part of the enjoyment of the festive season. While on



the continent and across the border New Year's Day is the selected date, yet the Britisher, whether at home or in distant colony, clings to Christmastide as the most befitting time. The custom is a pleasant one, blessing those who give as well as those that receive; but it is by no means an easy task to select a suitable present. So many points have to be considered—what will be acceptable, what its cost, and, above all, where to buy, are important considerations. Our readers, especially those resident in the country, whose time when in London is comparatively limited, and who wish to save the fatigue and worry of journeying from shop to shop, may be glad of a few suggestive hints as to where to seek and what to buy for a Christmas or New Year's present.

It will be assumed that something useful is desired—not something that is practically a white elephant, nor an article of exceptional cost—and in that case there is probably no place where there is a wider range of choice than at Maple's, in Tottenham Court Road. Maple's may be regarded as a perennial Exhibition. Other Exhibitions come and go, but Maple remains, and the



visitor need never fear that he or she will see there only the stereotyped or commonplace articles found in any ordinary shop. An Exhibition it is indeed, the floor space covering many acres, and something new, fresh, and artistic always to be seen. Sketch 1, for example, is a Turkish lounge, which is most delightful in its conception—its wide, roomy settee, in saddlebags and velvet upholstered in a manner luxurious enough to

captivate the heart of the great Caliph Haroun Alraschid, while the embroidered drapery of the doorway is quite unique in its quaintness and beauty. Comfortable



lounges, settees, and really easy chairs are a speciality of Maple's, and as such things are made in their own factories, they are able to do much better for their patrons than the Stores, or other firms who have to buy from the actual makers. We recently saw a Haddon easy-chair, covered in tapestry and trimmed with fringe, that had been supplied at something less than fifty shillings, a perfect marvel of cheapness.

Screenes are always regarded as suitable presents. A screen is ever useful. It prevents draughts. It secures privacy. Who does not appreciate a cup of tea and a friendly chat, protected from the busybody or the tattler by the friendly screen? Maple's have a lovely choice of screens for this year, including some admirable specimens in Louis XV. and Japanese panellings.

Cosy Corners are decidedly English in their origin and conception, and their early prototypes may be seen in many an olden gabled and mullioned mansion.



The idea is good, though it is a mistake to put a cheap, slightly made thing of this kind into an otherwise well-furnished room. Cosy Corners should be substantially made, and those at Maple's seem all that can be desired.

But while it is delightful and interesting to write of Cosy Corners and Turkish Lounges, yet it is scarcely in this direction, perhaps, that Christmas presents will be sought, and it may therefore be helpful to refer to other departments. For example, several saloons are devoted to useful articles of furniture, the cost of which may be covered by five pounds—for instance, delightfully soft and inviting easy-chairs, bureaux, writing-tables, easels, pedestals, card-tables, music-cabinets, tea and coffee tables, escrutoires, gossip-chairs, cabinets, small bookcases, and other articles too numerous to attempt to describe; while for more important presents there are library chairs in morocco, tables, Wootton and Grosvenor cabinets, smoking-chairs, and other objects. A little book, with nearly 400 illustrations, is posted gratis.

Among the elegant cabinets exhibited, a very fine one in Japanese style (sketch 2) greatly took our fancy, as did also some other examples, which we readily recognised as reproductions from the ancient French palaces at Versailles, the Louvre, and the Grand Trianon.

The floor lamps, one of which is illustrated in sketch 4, are in greater demand than ever, and cannot fail to be acceptable as a present for either the manor-house drawing-room or the cosy study at the rectory. The favourite metals are polished brass and copper, or hammered iron with brass or copper relief-work. A very nice specimen can be had for a couple of pounds, or even less, and Maple's have issued a new illustrated price-list of these goods for the guidance of their country customers. Every lamp is fitted with a patent self-extinguishing burner, thus ensuring absolute safety. Many of the new shades are simply lovely.

The show-rooms for clocks, bronzes, and porcelain vases are always attractive. Sketch 5 represents a very charming mercury gilt Louis XV. clock, while we were delighted with another specimen, also in mercury gilt, being a facsimile of one in the Marie Antoinette room at Fontainebleau.



The delicately beautiful Crown Derby and Coalport china quite won our admiration, as did the Boin ware. This latter has very gracefully delineated floral decorations, mostly on dull ivory grounds, though some other pieces were gold clouded, resembling Satsuma ware, and, to our surprise, the prices for really handsome pieces ranged from only six or seven shillings up to a couple of guineas. Sketch 3 illustrates some of the shapes.

Passing through show-rooms full of tempting Eastern embroideries and lovely silken and other curtain textures, and catching a glimpse of a series of great rooms, where piles upon piles of rare Indian and Persian carpets and prayer-rugs are shown, we came to a vast area devoted to wicker chairs in every variety of shape and drapery, quaint cabinets, tables and stands in bamboo with lacquer trays. A chair with long roomy seat, the "Egyptian," struck us as being the acme of comfort.

The new show-rooms for sterling silver and electroplate next claimed our attention. This section of Maple's warehouse is always a favourite resort of those in search of wedding and christening gifts, as well as Christmas presents, and the firm now prominently exhibit Louis Quinze and Empire designs in both silver and silver plate, with the old dull unburnished finish. A charming example of a Louis XV. mirror and candelabra are illustrated in sketch 6.

In other well-appointed show-rooms were dining-room, drawing-room, and bed-room furniture in every



conceivable variety of style, while from adjacent great buildings we heard the whirr and rush of machinery, and saw in large well-lighted factories hosts of workers, busily engaged in the various branches of production.

Asking, as a matter of curiosity, how many persons were employed in this colossal Tottenham Court Road establishment, with all its appurtenances, we learned that the number was nearly 3000, exclusive of those who work indirectly or occasionally.

THE Habit of Health.

CIVILIZATION by Soap is only skin-deep directly; but indirectly there is no limit to it.

If we think of soap as a means of cleanliness only, even then **PEARS' SOAP** is a matter of course. It is the only soap that is all soap and nothing but soap—no free fat nor free alkali in it.

But what does cleanliness lead to? It leads to a wholesome body and mind; to clean thoughts; to the habit of health; to manly and womanly beauty.

PEARS' SOAP has to do with the wrinkles of age—we are forming them now. If life is a pleasure, the wrinkles will take a cheerful turn when they come; if a burden, a sad one. The soap that frees us from humors and pimples brings a life of happiness. Wrinkles will come; let us give them the cheerful turn.

Virtue and wisdom and beauty are only the habit of happiness.

Civilization by soap, pure soap, **PEARS' SOAP**, that has no alkali in it—nothing but soap—is more than skin-deep.

“A LADY WANTS no other Cosmetic than **PEARS' Soap**, but one caution is absolutely necessary. It is notorious that **PEARS' SOAP** is sold by the shopkeepers at a very small profit (I think not more than about one half-penny per tablet), consequently, one or other of the many soaps in the market (on the sale of which they make a profit of threepence to fourpence per tablet) is sometimes substituted or recommended as ‘just as good’ as **PEARS' SOAP**, ‘equally pure,’ &c., &c., &c., the real object, of course, being simply to obtain the greater profit by the sale of the inferior article. The public should, therefore, insist on having **PEARS' SOAP**, otherwise they may find that they have had an article of inferior quality foisted upon them; something worse than worthless, calculated only to set up **HEAT, REDNESS, IRRITATION**, and general unsightliness of the skin.”

*From the “HYGIENE OF THE SKIN,” by Mr. J. L. MILTON,
Senior Surgeon, St. John's Hospital for the Skin, London.*

[See outside of Cover.]



He made her swear before a little cross and shrine in his bed-room that she would not wed Edward Hobson without his consent.

within: "I am ashamed of you. It will ruin me! A miserable boor! a churl! a clown! It will degrade me in the eyes of all the gentlemen of England!"

"Say no more—perhaps I am wrong! I will struggle against it!" she cried miserably.

Before Randolph left her that summer a letter arrived from Ned to inform her that he had been unexpectedly fortunate in obtaining the shop. He was in possession; it was the largest in the town, combining fruit with vegetables, and he thought it would form a home worthy even of her some day. Might he not run up to town to see her?

She met him by stealth, and said he must still wait for her final answer. The autumn dragged on, and when Randolph was home at Christmas for the holidays she broached the matter again. But the young gentleman was inexorable.

It was dropped for three years. Her son, now an undergraduate, was down from Oxford one Easter, when she again opened the subject. As soon as he was ordained, she argued, he would have a home of his own, wherein she, with her bad grammar and her ignorance, would be an encumbrance to him. Better obliterate her as much as possible.

He showed a more manly anger now, but would not agree. She on her side was more persistent, and he had doubts whether she could be trusted in his absence. But by indignation and contempt for her taste he completely maintained his ascendancy, and finally made her swear before a little cross and shrine in his bed-room that she would not wed Edward Hobson without his consent. "I owe this to my father," he said.

The poor woman swore, thinking he would soften as soon as he was ordained and in full swing of clerical work. But he did not. His education had by this time sufficiently ousted his humanity to keep him quite firm; though his mother might have led an idyllic life with her faithful fruiterer and greengrocer, and nobody have been anything the worse in the world.

Her lameness became more confirmed as time went on, and she seldom or never left the house in the long southern thoroughfare, where she seemed to be pining her heart away. "Why mayn't I say to Ned that I'll marry him?" she would murmur plaintively to herself when nobody was near.

Some four years after this date a middle-aged man was standing at the door of the largest fruiterer's shop in Old-brickham. He was the proprietor, but to-day, instead of his usual business attire, he wore a neat suit of black, and his window was partly shuttered. From the railway-station a funeral procession was seen approaching: it passed his door and went out of the town towards the village of Gaymead. The man held his hat in his hand as the vehicles went by; while from the mourning-coach a young cleric looked black as a cloud at the shopkeeper standing there.

A CHRISTMAS CARD.

If in your house there's mistletoe,
'Tis for adornment, not for use;
Kisses, when you are there, you know,
Can want no happier excuse.

TO MUSIC.

THE carelessness of a driver is not necessarily accompanied by any want of heart on the part of those driven. The two fat horses did not want to hurt little boys; neither did Lady Dedlake, who was alone in the carriage. But whether they wanted it or not, the harm was done. The boy lay motionless in the road; the crowd gathered. They carried him into the chemist's shop. It is possible to be more royalist than the king, and a chemist is generally more medical in manner than a doctor; but a doctor was forthcoming—a young man. He bent over the boy, and pushed back an eyelid, touching the white of the eye. Then he rose and said something to Lady Dedlake. After a minute or two, she got into a hansom and drove away, leaving her carriage and servants for the use of the doctor and the patient.

"E won't never walk agen. It's spinal—that's what it is," said a corpulent middle-aged pawnbroker, with intense satisfaction. His sorrow for the boy was overcome by his pleasure at having had an incident of importance in his morning—one about which he could talk and be dogmatic. "It's the likes of 'er as causes all this bloomin' mis'ry," observed a ragged young man. He had an unshaven chin, a bad cough, and no money, and wanted to blame somebody for something. The little boy, Christopher Hummond, lay quite still and said nothing. His father was a drunkard by practice and a billsticker by profession; Chris, as he was generally called, was one too many in a big family; if he had been dead he would have been well out of it, but he was not dead—only insensible.

The next few months were vague to Chris. He remembered afterwards a hospital ward, intervals of complete darkness, mixed up with ice in bags and hothouse grapes and the sound of very gentle footsteps. Then there was a journey, made easy by many luxuries, with someone watching him all the time. Then came another period of darkness, through which he heard always the sound of the sea. Then came a glorious morning, when he opened his eyes and saw that the sun was brilliant. He was lying, it seemed, in a palace; through a glass door he could see a wide sweep of garden-land; there was a step on the gravel, and a girl's voice singing. Chris listened; the step and the voice grew fainter in the distance. He wished they would come back again.

Next morning he heard them again, and this time the girl came up to the glass door. She opened it and entered the room. She had a violin-case in one hand, which she put down on a table. Then she walked up to the bed where Chris was lying, and kissed him on the forehead. "Good morning, Chris," she said. He answered in a weak, far-away voice that surprised him. His eyes were fixed on the scarlet geraniums which she wore in her grey dress. She took them out and put

them in one of his hands. His fingers closed instinctively round two of hers. A queer look came into her eyes; there was a trace of amusement in it, and something else besides. She was not a very pretty girl, but the eyes were good. She bent over him: "I am Constance, the daughter of the doctor who comes to see you every day. This is our house. You are to stop here until you are quite well." Chris smiled intelligently to show that he understood, and then looked towards the violin case. She followed his glance, and, withdrawing her hand from his, she rose, and, after tuning her violin, began to play. She played tunes that she thought he would recognise. He watched her all the time eagerly. When she had finished, he tried to thank her, but she would not let him speak. She kissed him again, and left him, promising to play more to him on the morrow. When she had gone, he lay watching the scarlet geraniums which he still clasped in his thin fingers. He felt, somehow, as if he had done a very hard day's work. At last he dropped off to sleep.

She came on the morrow, and the next day, and the next. As Chris grew slightly stronger and began to talk a little, he asked her many questions—some of them slightly inquisitive—and got answers to all of them. It was not a hospital, he learned. Dr. Dennison was a specialist—looked after cases like Chris. Chris was the only patient in the house just now. Yes, that was the sea which he heard. Who paid? Lady Dedlake paid for everything. No, Constance had no sisters, and no brothers, and her mother had died when she was a baby. How old was she? Twenty-three. In return for this information he told her that he liked her better than either of the nurses—better than anyone, in fact; that she played the fiddle proper, and that he once had a dog who had eyes something like that. He would like to hear "When the bloomin' rye." She played him the tune that he meant.

"You've made a conquest, my dear," Dr. Dennison remarked to her at lunch. He was a man of equable kindness. He considered that Constance was a good daughter; with all her love of music, she was nevertheless quite practical. She managed his household, and Constance wanted more than equable, paternal kindness. But she was not very pretty.

"You mean Chris? He's a nice boy. Will he get better?"

"No, worse," said Dr. Dennison. "He will die probably. A shade too underdone, you know, this beef is. You might speak about it. Yes, he's a bright little chap."

Christopher's father did not come to see the boy, although Lady Dedlake had asked him to go and would have paid his expenses. "I leaves 'im in your 'ands, my lady," he said. There 'e is a-weltherin' in peaches an' all manner o' luxuries. If I'd 'ad 'is stawt in life, I shud a' bin a different man. You've be'aved 'andsome, and I trusts 'im to yer entirely. In fac', I don't keer if I never sees 'im agin." The rest of the family were equally apathetic; life was so very cheap in their quarter.

"Did yer ever go to the Mil'sex?" Chris asked Constance one afternoon. "I've bin twice—it's a cheap 'ouse an' once I went to a real theayter. It was a gran' bit. There was a man come on what 'ad bin fightin' agin the Zulus, and 'e were shot, yer know. It were s'posed to be night, and there were a round bit o' moonlight in the middle on the floor. The man what were shot sat down in the bit o' moonlight, an' groaned, an' talked about a girl what 'e were goin' to marry. 'E were dyin' yer know, and while 'e were dyin' the fiddles all went 'lum-ti-ti, tum-ti-ti,' very faint-like—suthin' like angels. Then the girl come in, and she says 'Too lile!' So that were all."

"Did you cry, Chrissie?"

"No, I didn't. But father did, and 'e were as sober as you that night. Do yer think I'll be goin' off the 'ooks?"

"Oh, no! You're going to get better."

"Well, I wouldn't like my gospul oath on that. But if I'm goin' off, I'd like ter go off ter moose—seems as if one'd go easier, if one were doin' it to a toon."

"If you get better, I'll teach you how to play a little."

"Woodjyer? My s'truth! I were always a wunner on toons. I shud like ter play 'White Wings,' an' 'Bloomin' rye,' an' 'Arp, that once.' Yes, I'll get better so as to play 'em. That'll mike 'em sit up in Blue Pigeon Court, wheer I live."

For the next few days Chris still seemed to be improving, and Constance thought that there was just a possibility that he might recover. She asked her father about it, but Dr. Dennison shook his head. There was a complication of which Constance had known nothing. The boy's brightness and energy at present were almost miraculous; a recovery would be quite impossible.

Soon the change that the doctor expected came. Chris got rapidly worse; Constance was often with him. He suffered a good deal at times, and then Constance alone was of any use to him. Every night she came to play him to sleep with his favourite tunes.

"You're getting very white and washed out," her father said to her. "You worry yourself too much about that urchin; he can't live, you know."

One night the nurse who should have sat up in the sick-room had an attack of neuralgia. Constance sent the woman to bed, and said that she herself would take the nurse's place. Dr. Dennison grumbled a little. "We shall be having you ill next," he said; but he let her do as she wished, and gave her the necessary instructions.

Chris soon went off to sleep that night. For some time Constance watched him; then she picked up a book which she was reading—a volume of Heine. The house was very quiet. It was in the small hours that she grew tired of reading. She put the book down, and, crossing to the glass door, drew back the curtain in front of it. It was a calm summer night—all scents of flowers, and stray white stars. The light from the low moon mirrored the window's pattern on the opposite wall. Just then she noticed that Chris was awake and watching her intently. His lips moved. She stepped quickly towards him, and bent over him.

"That's gran'," he whispered; "an' now the toon."

She picked up her violin from the table and played very softly "White wings, they never grow weary." Then she bent over him and kissed him. She was overwrought with her watching, and there were tears in her eyes. He did not kiss her back again. In a second she crossed to the fireplace and touched the electric bell which rang in her father's room.

"Oh, come, come; there's no sense in this," said Dr. Dennison, fussily but kindly. "There's nothing to get hysterical about; you couldn't save the boy. You'd better go up to bed, Constance. I'll see about all this myself."

THE INCONSIDERATE WAITER.

BY J. M. BARRIE.

FREQUENTLY I have to ask myself in the street for the name of the man I bowed to just now, and then, before I can answer, the wind of the first corner blows him from my memory. I have a theory, however, that those puzzling faces, which pass before I can see who cut the coat, all belong to club-waiters.

Until William forced his affairs upon me, that was all I did know of the private life of waiters, though I have been in the club for twenty years. I was even unaware whether they slept downstairs or had their own homes, nor had I the interest to inquire of other members, nor they the knowledge to inform me. I hold that this sort of people should be fed and clothed and given airing and wives and children, and I subscribe yearly, I believe, for these purposes; but to come into closer relation with waiters is bad form; they are club fittings, and William should have kept his distress to himself or taken it away and patched it up, like a rent in one of the chairs. His inconsiderateness has been a pair of spectacles to me for months.

It is not correct taste to know the name of a club-waiter, so that I must apologise for knowing William's, and still more for not forgetting it. If, again, to speak of a waiter is bad form, to speak bitterly is the comic degree of it. But William has disappointed me sorely. There were years when I would defer dining several minutes that he might wait on me. His pains to reserve the window seat for me were perfectly satisfactory. I allowed him privileges, as to suggest dishes, and would give him information, as that someone had startled me in the reading-room by slamming a door. I have shown him how I cut my finger with a piece of string. Obviously he was gratified by these attentions, usually recommending a liqueur; and I fancy he must have understood my sufferings, for he often looked ill himself. Probably he was rheumatic, but I

cannot say for certain, as I never thought of asking, and he had the sense to see that the knowledge would be offensive to me.

In the smoking-room we have a waiter so independent that once, when he brought me a yellow Chartreuse, and I said I had ordered green, he replied, "No, Sir; you said yellow." William could never have been guilty of such effrontery. In appearance, of course, he is mean, but I can no more describe him than a milkmaid could draw cows. I suppose we distinguish one waiter from another much as we pick our hat from the rack. We could have plotted a murder safely before William. He never presumed to have opinions of his own. When such was my mood he remained silent, and if I announced that something diverting had happened to me he laughed before I told him what it was. He turned the twinkle in his eye off or on at my bidding as readily as if it was the gas. To my "Sure to be wet to-morrow," he would reply "Yes, Sir"; and to Trelawney's "It doesn't look like rain," two minutes afterwards he would reply "No, Sir." It was one member who said Lightning Rod would win the Derby and another who said Lightning Rod had no chance, but it was William who agreed with both. He was like a cheroot, which may be smoked from either end. So used was I to him that, had he died or got another situation (or whatever it is such persons do when they disappear from the club), I should probably have told the head waiter to bring him back, as I disliked changes.

It would not become me to know precisely when I began to think William an ingrate, but I date his lapse from the evening when he brought me oysters. I detest oysters, and no one knew it better than William. He has agreed with me that he could not understand any gentleman's liking them. Between me and a certain member who smacks his lips twelve

times to a dozen of them, William knew I liked a screen to be placed until we had reached the soup, and yet he gave me the oysters and the other man my sardine. Both the other member and I called quickly for brandy and the head waiter. To do William justice, he shook, but never can I forget his audacious explanation, "Beg pardon, Sir, but I was thinking of something else."

In these words William had flung off the mask, and now I knew him for what he was.

I must not be accused of bad form for looking at William on the following evening. What prompted me to do so was not personal interest in him, but a desire to see whether I dare let him wait on me again. So, recalling that a castor was off a chair yesterday, one is entitled to make sure that it is on to-day before sitting down. If the expression is not too strong, I may say that I was taken aback by William's manner. Even when crossing the room to take my orders he let his one hand play nervously with the other. I had to repeat "Sardine on toast" twice, and instead of answering "Yes, Sir," as if my selection of sardine on toast was a personal gratification to him, which is the manner one expects of a waiter, he glanced at the clock, then out at the window, and, starting, asked, "Did you say sardine on toast, Sir?"

It was the height of summer, when London smells like a chemist's shop, and he who has the dinner-table at the window needs no candles to show him his knife and fork. I lay back at intervals, now watching a starved-looking woman asleep on a doorstep, and again complaining of the club bananas. By-and-bye, I saw a little girl of the commonest kind, ill-clad and dirty, as all these arabs are. Their parents should be compelled to feed and clothe them comfortably, or at least to keep them indoors, where they cannot offend our eyes. Such children are for pushing aside with one's umbrella; but this girl I noticed because she was gazing at the club windows. She had stood thus for perhaps ten minutes, when I became aware that someone was leaning over me, to look out at the window. I turned round. Conceive my indignation on seeing that the rude person was William.

"How dare you, William?" I said sternly. He seemed not to hear me. Let me tell, in the measured words of one describing a past incident, what then took place. To get nearer the window, he pressed heavily on my shoulder!

"William, you forget yourself!" I said, meaning as I see now—that he had forgotten me.

I heard him gulp, but not to my reprimand. He was scanning the street. His hands chattered on my shoulder, and, pushing him from me, I saw that his mouth was agape.

"What are you looking for?" I asked.

He stared at me, and then, like one who had at last heard the echo of my question, seemed to be brought back to the club. He turned his face from me for an instant, and answered, shakily—

"I beg your pardon, Sir! I—I shouldn't have done it. Are the bananas too ripe, Sir?"

He recommended the nuts, and awaited my verdict so anxiously while I ate one that I was about to speak graciously, when I again saw his eyes drag him to the window.

"William," I said, my patience giving way at last; "I dislike being waited on by a melancholy waiter."

"Yes, Sir," he replied, trying to smile, and then broke out passionately, "For God's sake, Sir, tell me, have you seen a little girl looking in at the club windows?"

He had been a good waiter once, and his distracted visage was spoiling my dinner.

"There," I said, pointing to the girl, and no doubt would have added that he must bring me coffee immediately, had he continued to listen. But already he was beckoning to the child. I had not the least interest in her (indeed it had never struck me that waiters had private affairs, and I still think it a pity that they should have); but as I happened to be looking out at the window I could not avoid seeing what occurred. As soon as the girl saw William she ran into the middle of the street, regardless of vehicles, and nodded three times to him. Then she disappeared.

I have said that she was quite a common child, without attraction of any sort, and yet it was amazing the difference she made in William. He gasped relief, like one who has broken through the anxiety that checks breathing, and into his face there came a silly laugh of happiness. I had dined well, on the whole, so I said—

"I am glad to see you cheerful again, William."

I meant that I approved his cheerfulness, because it helped my digestion, but he must needs think I was sympathising with him.

"Thank you, Sir," he answered. "Oh, Sir! when she nodded and I saw it was all right I could have gone down on my knees to God."

I was as much horrified as if he had dropped a plate on my toes. Even William, disgracefully emotional as he was at the moment, flung out his arms to recall the shameful words.

"Coffee, William!" I said sharply.

I sipped my coffee indignantly, for it was plain to me that William had something on his mind.

"You are not vexed with me, Sir?" he had the hardihood to whisper.

"It was a liberty," I said.

"I know, Sir; but I was beside myself."

"That was a liberty also."

He hesitated, and then blurted out—

"It is my wife, Sir. She"—

I stopped him with my hand. William, whom I had favoured in so many ways, was a married man! I might have guessed as much years before had I ever reflected about waiters, for I knew vaguely that his class did this sort of thing. His confession was distasteful to me, and I said, warningly—

"Remember where you are, William."

"Yes, Sir; but, you see, she is so delicate"—

"Delicate! I forbid your speaking to me on unpleasant topics."

"Yes, Sir; begging your pardon."

(Continued on page 29.)



Someone was leaning over me, to look out at the window. I turned round. Conceive my indignation on seeing that the rude person was William!

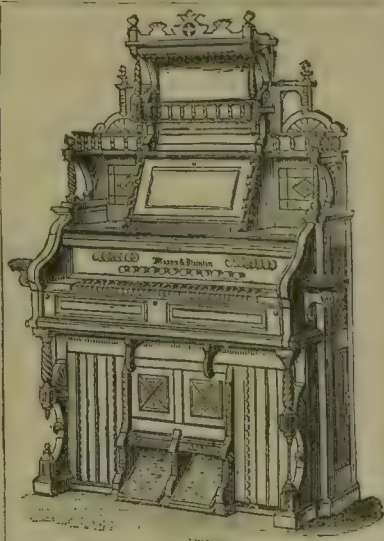


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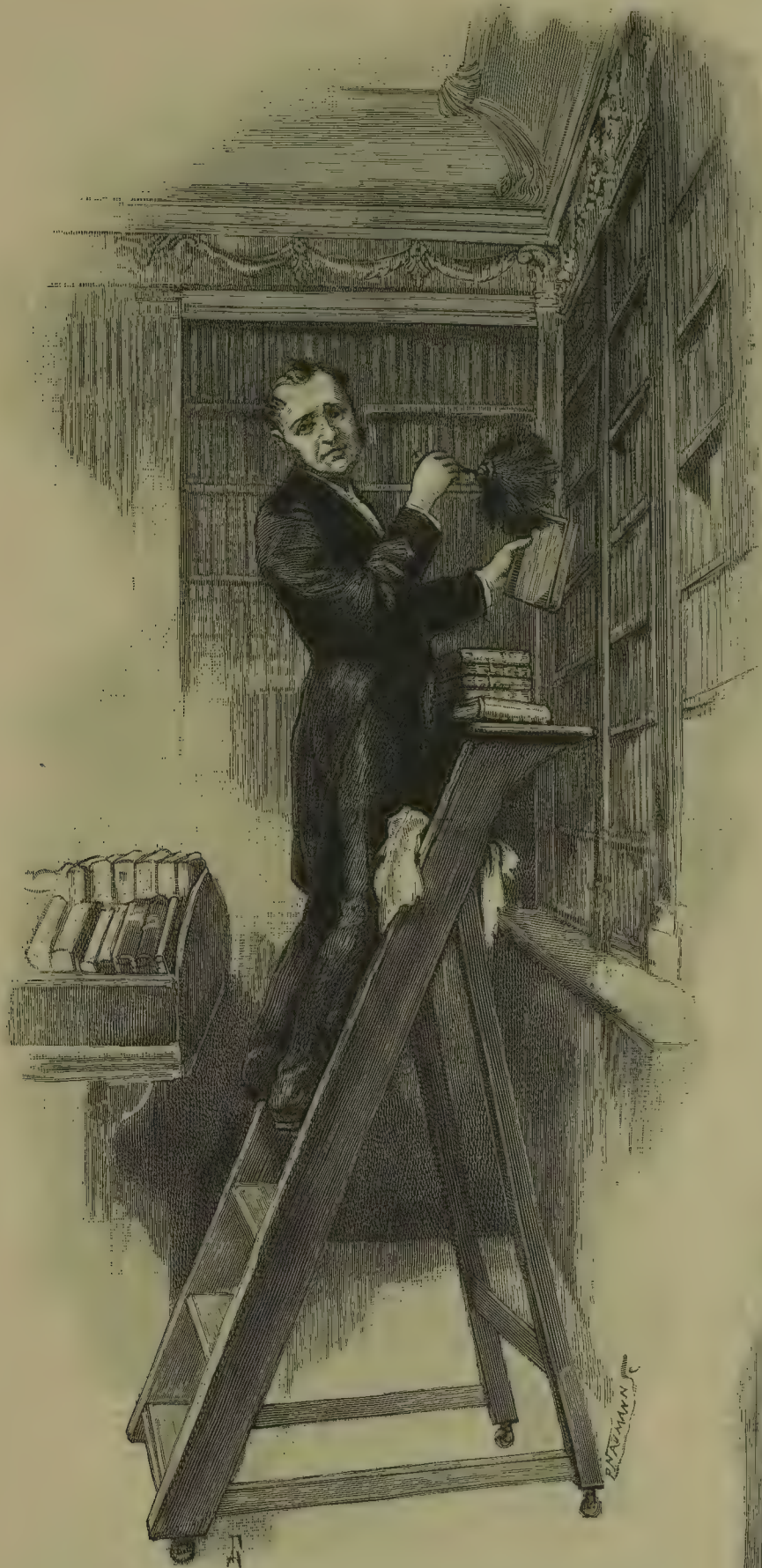
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In the library I found, to my surprise, William on a ladder dusting books.

It was characteristic of William to beg my pardon and withdraw his wife like some unsuccessful dish, as if its taste would not remain in the mouth. I shall be chided for questioning him further about his wife, but, though doubtless an unusual step, it was only bad form superficially, for my motive was irreproachable. I inquired for his wife, not because I was interested in her welfare, but in the hope of allaying my irritation. So I am entitled to invite the wayfarer who has bespattered me with mud to scrape it off.

I desired to be told by William that the girl's signals meant his wife's recovery to health. He should have seen that such was my wish and answered accordingly. But, with the brutal inconsiderateness of his class, he said—

"She has had a good day, but the doctor, he—the doctor is afraid she is dying."

Already I repented my question. William and his wife seemed in league against me, when they might so easily have chosen some other member.

"Pooh the doctor!" I said.

"Yes, Sir," he answered.

"Have you been married long, William?"

"Eight years, Sir. Eight years ago she was—I—I mind her when . . . and now the doctor says"—

The fellow gaped at me. "More coffee, Sir?" he asked.

"What is her ailment?"

"She was always one of the delicate kind, but full of spirit, and—and you see she has had a baby lately"—

"William!"

"And she—I—the doctor is afraid she's not picking up."

"I feel sure she will pick up."

"Yes, Sir?"

It must have been the wine I had drunk that made me tell him—

"I was once married, William. My wife—it was just such a case as yours."

"She did not get better, Sir?"

"No."

After a pause, he said, "Thank you, Sir," meaning for the sympathy that made me tell him that. But it must have been the wine.

"That little girl comes here with a message from your wife?"

"Yes; if she nods three times, it means my wife is a little better."

"She nodded thrice to-day."

"But she is told to do that to relieve me, and maybe those nods don't tell the truth."

"Is she your girl?"

"No, we have none but the baby. She is a neighbour's. She comes twice a day."

"It is heartless of her parents not to send her every hour."

"But she is six years old," he said, "and has a house and two sisters to look after in the daytime, and a dinner to cook. Gentlefolk don't understand."

"I suppose you live in some low part, William?"

"Off Drury Lane," he answered, flushing; "but—but it isn't low. You see, we were never used to anything better, and I mind when I let her see the house before we were married, she—she a sort of cried, because she was so proud of it. That was eight years ago, and now—she's afraid she'll die when I'm away at my work."

"Did she tell you that?"

"Never. She always says she is feeling a little stronger."

"Then how can you know she is afraid of that?"

"I don't know how I know, Sir, but when I am leaving the house in the morning I look at her from the door, and she looks at me, and then I—I know."

"A green Chartreuse, William!"

I tried to forget William's vulgar story in billiards, but he had spoilt my game. My opponent, to whom I can give twenty, ran out when I was sixty-seven, and I put aside my cue pettishly. That in itself was bad form, but what would they have thought had they known that a waiter's impertinence caused it! I grew angrier with William as the night wore on, and next day I punished him by giving my orders through another waiter.

As I had my window seat, I could not but see that the girl was late again. Somehow I dawdled over my coffee. I had an evening paper before me, but there was so little in it that my eyes found more of interest in the street. It did not matter to me whether William's wife died, but when that girl had promised to come, why did she not come? These lower classes only give their word to break it. The coffee was undrinkable.

At last I saw her. William was at another window, pretending to do something with the curtains. I stood up, pressing closer to the window. The coffee had been so bad that I felt shaky. She nodded three times and smiled.

"She is a little better," William whispered to me, almost gaily.

"Whom are you speaking of?" I asked coldly, and immediately retired to the billiard-room, where I played a capital game. The coffee was much better there than in the dining-room.

Several days passed, and I took care to show William that I had forgotten his maunderings. I chanced to see the little girl (though I never looked for her) every evening, and she always nodded three times, save once, when she shook her head, and then William's face grew white as a napkin. I remember this incident because that night I could not get into a pocket. So badly did I play that the thought of it kept me awake in bed, and that, again, made me wonder how William's wife was. Next day I went to the club early (which was not my custom) to see the new books. Being in the club at any rate, I looked into the dining-room to ask William if I had left my gloves there, and the sight of him reminded me of his wife, so I asked for her. He shook his head mournfully, and I went off in a rage.

So accustomed am I to the club that when I dine elsewhere I feel uncomfortable next morning, as if I had missed a dinner. William knew this; yet here he was, hounding me out of the club! That evening I dined (as the saying is) at a restaurant, where no sauce was served with the asparagus. Furthermore, as if that were not triumph enough for William, his doleful face came between me and every dish, and I seemed to see his wife dying to annoy me.

I dined next day at the club, for self-preservation, taking, however, a table in the middle of the room, and engaging a waiter who had once nearly poisoned me by not interfering when I put two lumps of sugar into my coffee instead of one, which is my allowance. But no William came to me to acknowledge his humiliation, and by-and-bye I became aware that he was not in the room. Suddenly the thought struck me that his wife must be dead, and I— It was the worst-cooked and the worst-served dinner I ever had in the club.

I tried the smoking-room. Usually the talk there is entertaining; but on that occasion it was so frivolous that I did not remain five minutes. In the card-room a member told me, excitedly, that a policeman had spoken rudely to him; and my strange comment was—

"After all, it is a small matter."

In the library, where I had not been for years, I found two members asleep and, to my surprise, William on a ladder dusting books.

"You have not heard, Sir?" he said in answer to my raised eyebrows. Descending the ladder, he whispered tragically—



"I was to do like this," she replied, and went through the supping of something out of a plate in dumb show.

"It was last evening, Sir. I—I lost my head and I—swore at a member!"

I stepped back from William, and glanced apprehensively at the two members. They still slept.

"I hardly knew," William went on, "what I was doing all day yesterday, for I had left my wife so weakly that"—

I stamped my foot.

"I beg your pardon for speaking of her," he had the grace to say, "but I couldn't help slipping to the window often yesterday to look for Jenny, and when she did come and I saw she was crying, it—it a sort of confused me, and I didn't know right, Sir, what I was doing. I hit against a member, Mr. Myddleton Finch, and he—he jumped and swore at me. Well, Sir, I had just touched him after all, and I was so miserable, it a kind of stung me to be treated like—like that, and me a man as well as him, and I lost my senses, and—and I swore back."

William's shamed head sank on his chest, but I even let pass his insolence in likening himself to a member of the club, so afraid was I of the sleepers waking and detecting me in talk with a waiter.

"For the love of God," William cried, with coarse emotion, "don't let them dismiss me!"

"Speak lower!" I said. "Who sent you here?"

"I was turned out of the dining-room at once, and told to attend to the library until they had decided what to do with me. Oh, Sir, I'll lose my place!"

He was blubbering, as if a change of waiters was a matter of importance.

"This is very bad, William," I said. "I fear I can do nothing for you."

"Have mercy on a distracted man!" he entreated. "I'll go on my knees to Mr. Myddleton Finch."

How could I but despise a fellow who would be thus abject for a pound a week?

"I dare not tell her," he continued, "that I have lost my place. She would just fall back and die."

"I forbade your speaking of your wife," I said sharply, "unless you can speak pleasantly of her."

"But she may be worse now, Sir, and I cannot even see Jenny from here. The library windows look to the back."

"If she dies," I said, "it will be a warning to you to marry a stronger woman next time."

Now, everyone knows that there is little real affection among the lower orders. As soon as they have lost one mate they take another. Yet William, forgetting our relative positions, drew himself up and raised his fist, and if I had not stepped back I swear he would have struck me.

The highly improper words William used I will omit, out of consideration for him. Even while he was apologising for them I retired to the smoking-room, where I found the cigarettes so badly rolled that they would not keep alight. After a little I remembered that I wanted to see Myddleton Finch about an improved saddle of which a friend of his has the patent. He was in the news-room, and having questioned him about the saddle, I said—

"By the way, what is this story about your swearing at one of the waiters?"

"You mean about his swearing at me," Myddleton Finch replied, reddening.

"I am glad that was it," I said. "For I could not believe you guilty of such bad form."

"If I did swear"—he was beginning, but I went on.

"The version which reached me was that you swore at him, and he repeated the word. I heard he was to be dismissed and you reprimanded."

"Who told you that?" asked Myddleton Finch, who is a timid man.

"I forget; it is club talk," I replied lightly. "But of course the committee will take your word. The waiter, whichever one he is, richly deserves his dismissal for insulting you without provocation."

Then our talk returned to the saddle, but Myddleton Finch was abstracted, and presently he said—

"Do you know, I fancy I was wrong in thinking that waiter swore at me, and I'll withdraw my charge to-morrow."

Myddleton Finch then left me, and, sitting alone, I realised that I had been doing William a service. To some slight extent I may have intentionally helped him to retain his place in the club, and I now see the reason, which was that he alone knows precisely to what extent I like my claret heated.

For a mere second I remembered William's remark that he should not be able to see the girl Jenny from the library windows. Then this recollection drove from my head that I had only dined in the sense that my dinner-bill was paid. Returning to the dining-room, I happened to take my chair at the window, and while I was eating a devilled kidney I saw in the street the girl whose nods had such an absurd effect on William.

The children of the poor are as thoughtless as their parents, and this Jenny did not sign to the windows in the hope that William might see her, though she could not see him. Her face, which was disgracefully dirty, bore doubt and dismay on it, but whether she brought good news it would not tell. Somehow I had expected her to signal when she saw me, and, though her message could not interest me, I was in the mood in which one is irritated at that not taking place which he is awaiting. Ultimately she seemed to be making up her mind to go away—

A boy was passing with the evening papers, and I hurried out to get one, rather thoughtlessly, for we have all the papers in the club. Unfortunately I misunderstood the direction the boy had taken; but round the first corner (out of sight of the club windows) I saw the girl Jenny, and so I asked her how William's wife was.

"Did he send you to me?" she replied, impertinently taking me for a waiter. "My!" she added, after a second scrutiny, "I believe you're one of them. His missis is a bit better, and I was to tell him as she took all the tapioca."

"How could you tell him?" I asked.

"I was to do like this," she replied, and went through the supping of something out of a plate in dumb show.

"That would not show she ate all the tapioca," I said.

"But I was to end like this," she answered, licking an imaginary plate with her tongue. I gave her a shilling (to get rid of her), and returned to the club disgusted.

Later in the evening I had to go to the club library for a book, and while William was looking in vain for it (I had forgotten the title) I said to him—

"By the way, William, Mr. Myddleton Finch is to tell the committee that he was mistaken in the charge he brought against you, so you will doubtless be restored to the dining-room to-morrow."

The two members were still in their chairs, probably sleeping lightly; yet he had the effrontery to thank me.

"Don't thank me," I said, blushing at the imputation. "Remember your place, William!"

"But Mr. Myddleton Finch knew I swore," he insisted.

"A gentleman," I replied stiffly, "cannot remember for twenty-four hours what a waiter has said to him."

"No, Sir, but"—

To stop him I had to say—

"And, ah, William, your wife is a little better. She has eaten the tapioca—all of it."

"How can you know, Sir?"

"By an accident."

"Jenny signed to the window?"

"No."

"Then you saw her, and went out, and"—

"Nonsense!"

"Oh, Sir, to do that for me! May God bl—"

"William!"

"Forgive me, Sir, but—when I tell my missis, she will say it was thought of your own wife as made you do it."

He wrung my hand. I dared not withdraw it, lest we should waken the sleepers.

William returned to the dining-room, and I had to show him that, if he did not cease looking gratefully at me, I must change my waiter. I also ordered him to stop telling me nightly how his wife was, but I continued to know, as I could not help seeing the girl Jenny from the window. Twice in a week I learned from this objectionable child that the ailing woman had again eaten all the tapioca. Then I became suspicious of William. I will tell why.

It began with a remark of Captain Upjohn's. We had been speaking of the inconvenience of not being able to get a hot dish served after 1 a.m., and he said—

"It is because these lazy waiters would strike. If the beggars had a love of their work, they would not rush away from the club the moment one o'clock strikes. That glum fellow who often waits on you takes to his heels the moment he is clear of the club steps. He ran into me the other night at the top of the street, and was off without apologising."

"You mean the foot of the street, Upjohn," I said, for such is the way to Drury Lane.

"No; I mean the top. The man was running west."

"East."

"West."

I smiled, which so annoyed him that he bet me two to one in sovereigns. The bet could have been decided most quickly by asking William a question, but I thought, foolishly doubtless, that it might hurt his feelings, so I watched him leave the club. The possibility of Upjohn's winning the bet had seemed remote to me. Conceive my surprise, therefore, when William went westward.

Amazed, I pursued him along two streets without realising that I was doing so. Then curiosity put me into a hansom. We followed William, and it proved to be a three-shilling fare, for running when he was in breath and walking when he was out of it, he took me to West Kensington.

I discharged my cab, and from across the street watched William's incomprehensible behaviour. He had stopped at a dingy row of workmen's houses, and knocked at the darkened window of one of them. Presently a light showed. So far as I could see, someone pulled up the blind and for ten minutes talked to William. I was uncertain whether they talked, for the window was not opened, and I felt that, had William

(Continued on page 33.)

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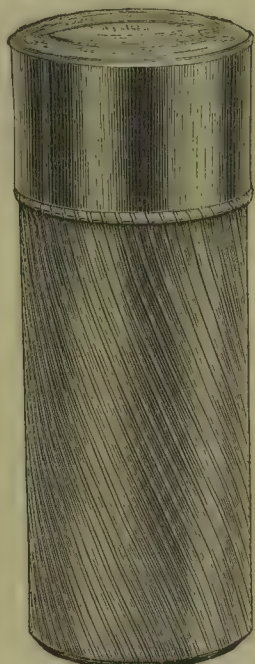
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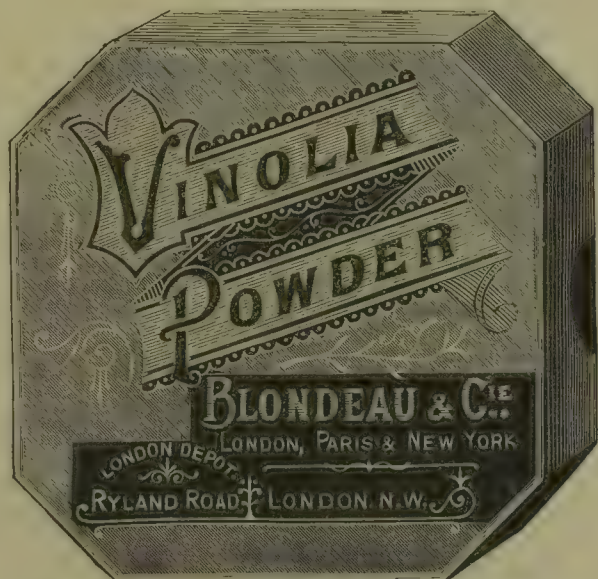
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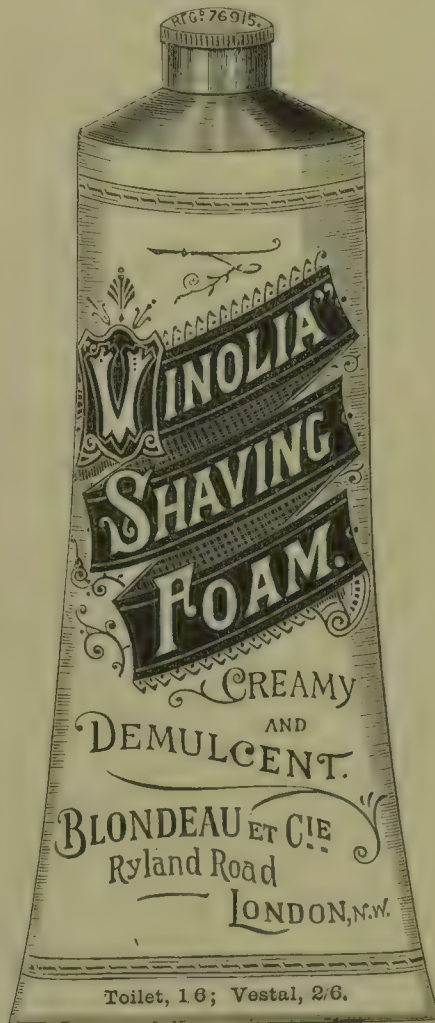
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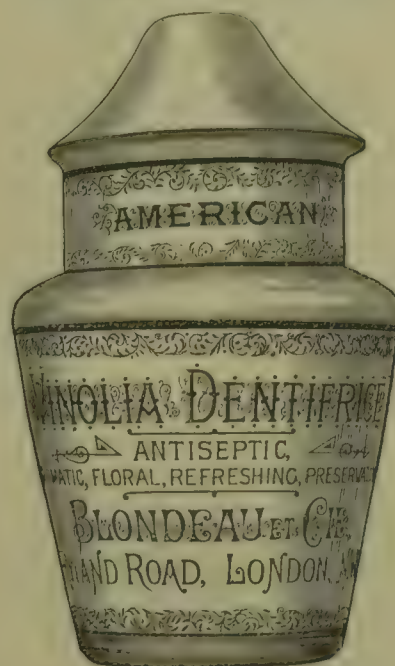
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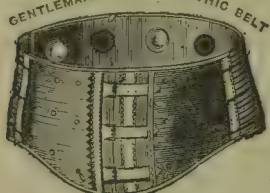
NERVOUS EXHAUSTION
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GOUT
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HYSTERIA
PAINS IN THE BACK
KIDNEY DISORDERS, &c.,

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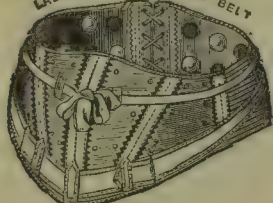
"More Good in Three Months than four Doctors did in Seven Years."

J. G. WILLIAMSON, Esq., Aldenham New Lodge, Nedburn, Elstree, Herts, writes: "I am truly thankful I bought one of your Electropathic Belts. I purchased it at the end of January, and have worn it ever since, and I assure you I would not be without it for anything. Before I had it the pain in my back was most cruel, my life being a misery. At times I could neither walk, sit, nor sleep with any pleasure; now I can walk miles, and feel not a bit the worse for it. My sleep is good, and I feel refreshed by it in the morning, but before I used to get up feeling more tired than when I went to bed. I can truly say the Belt has done me more good in three months than four doctors did me in seven years. I wish I had had it years ago, as it would have saved me many an hour's pain and misery. I will let all my friends know how much good it has done me, and I wish you every success with your appliances. You are at liberty to publish this, and I will answer any questions as far as I am able."

RHEUMATISM.

"Entirely Disappeared."

Miss JULIA HAWLEY, Grammar School Walk Huntingdon, writes Feb. 17, 1891: "I am happy to inform you that my health is quite established, after wearing your Electropathic Belt a little over three months. During the first three weeks I regained strength rapidly, my spirits are now good, and the rheumatism to which I was subject has entirely disappeared."



HYSTERIA.

"Could have Saved Pounds."

Functional Troubles and Constipation.—Mrs. MAUD RENCH, Westland Villa, West Hill Road, Bournemouth, writes: "You will remember I purchased one of your Electropathic Belts about nine weeks since (Case A, 2119), and from that time have been gradually getting better. The comparative ease with which I passed through the menstrual period is wonderful, and I have only had one headache during the whole time of treatment. I could have saved pounds spent in medicine and years of suffering, had I been wise enough to purchase your Electropathic appliances before. I had got into such a fearfully weak and nervous condition, that even on the day of its arrival I felt I had wasted my money, and that nothing would do me good. I think differently now, and I advise ALL, especially those wives having worries combined with illnesses, to wear one, for it will relieve them of their aches and pains, and so enable them to bear their troubles with greater fortitude. You may make whatever use you like of this, and please accept my best thanks for doing me so much good."



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HARNESS' ELECTROPATHIC TREATMENT.



MISS JESSIE BOND'S Opinion of HARNESS' ELECTROPATHIC TREATMENT.

Dear Mr. Harness I think it only right I should tell you how much I feel I have benefited by the careful and intelligent treatment I underwent at the ELECTROPATHIC AND ZANDER INSTITUTE.

I was in a very low state of health when I put myself into your hands some eight months since, and it was, as you know, only with great difficulty I managed to continue my work at the Savoy Theatre, even under the best medical advice. I have never, I think, been stronger or felt better than I now do, notwithstanding recent rehearsals, and singing, playing, and dancing nightly in Comic Operas. Wishing the Institute every success,

Yours sincerely
Jessie Bond

spoken through the glass loud enough to be heard inside, I must have heard him too. Yet he nodded and beckoned. I was still bewildered when, by setting off the way he had come, he gave me the opportunity of going home.

Knowing from the talk of the club what the lower orders are, could I doubt that this was some discreditable love affair of William's? His solicitude for his wife had been mere pretence: so far as it was genuine, it meant that he feared she might recover. He probably told her that he was detained nightly in the club till three.

I was miserable next day, and blamed the devilled kidneys for it. Whether William was unfaithful to his wife was nothing to me, but I had two plain reasons for insisting on his going straight home from his club: the one, that, as he had made me

"Course he is. Ain't she his missis?"

"Why should that make him good to her?" I asked cynically, out of my knowledge of the poor. But the girl, precocious in many ways, had never had my opportunities of studying the lower classes in the newspapers, fiction, and club talk. She shut one eye, and looking up wonderingly, said—

"Ain't you green—just!"

"When does William reach home at night?"

"Tain't night; it's morning. When I wakes up at half dark and half light and hears a door shutting I know as it's either father going off to his work or Mr. Hicking coming home from his."

"Who is Mr. Hicking?"

"But William does not go straight home when he leaves the club?"

"That's the kid."

"Kid!" I echoed, scarcely understanding, for knowing how little the poor love their children, I had asked William no questions about the baby.

"Didn't you know his missis had a kid?"

"Yes, but that is no excuse for William's staying away from his sick wife," I answered sharply. A baby in such a home as William's, I reflected, must be trying, but still— Besides his class can sleep through any din.

"The kid ain't in our court," the girl explained. "He's in W., he is, and I've never been out of W.C.; leastwise, not as I knows on."



Disagreeable circumstances, therefore, compelled me to take tea with a waiter's family—close to a window, too, through which I could see the girl Jenny talking excitedly to villagers.

lose a bet, I must punish him; the other, that he could wait upon me better if he went to bed betimes.

Yet I did not question him. There was something in his face that— Well, I seemed to see his dying wife in it.

I was so out of sorts that I could eat no dinner. I left the club. Happening to stand for some time at the foot of the street, I chanced to see the girl Jenny coming, and— No; let me tell the truth, though the whole club reads; I was waiting for her.

"How is William's wife to-day?" I asked.

"She told me to nod three times," the little slattern replied; "but she looked like nothink but a dead one till she got the brandy."

"Hush, child!" I said, shocked. "You don't know how the dead look."

"Bless yer," she answered, "don't I just! Why, I've helped to lay 'em out. I'm going on seven."

"Is William good to his wife?"

"Him as we've been speaking on: William. We calls him mister, 'cause he's a toff. Father's just doing jobs in Covent Garden, but Mr. Hicking, he's a waiter, and a clean shirt every day. The old woman would like father to be a waiter, but he hain't got the 'ristocratic look."

"What old woman?"

"Go 'long! that's my mother. Is it true there's a waiter in the club just for to open the door?"

"Yes, but—"

"And another just for to lick the stamps? My!"

"William leaves the club at one o'clock?" I said interrogatively.

She nodded. "My mother," she said, "is one to talk, and she says to Mr. Hicking as he should get away at twelve, 'cause his missis needs him more'n the gentlemen need him. The old woman do talk."

"And what does William answer to that?"

"He says as the gentlemen can't be kept waiting for their cheese."

"This is W. I suppose you mean that the child is at West Kensington? Well, no doubt it was better for William's wife to get rid of the child"—

"Better!" interposed the girl. "Tain't better for her not to have the kid. Ain't her not having him what she's always thinking on when she looks like a dead one."

"How could you know that?"

"'Cause," answered the girl, illustrating her words with a gesture, "I watches her, and I sees her arms going this way, just like as she wanted to hug her kid."

"Possibly you are right," I said, frowning, "but William had put the child out to nurse because it disturbed his night's rest. A man who has his work to do"—

"You are green!"

"Then why have the mother and child been separated?"

"Along of that there measles. Near all the young 'uns in our court has 'em bad."

"Have you had them?"

"I said the young 'uns."

"And William sent the baby to West Kensington to escape infection?"
 "Took him, he did."
 "Against his wife's wishes?"
 "Na-o!"
 "You said she was dying for want of the child?"
 "Wouldn't she rather die than have the kid die?"
 "Don't speak so heartlessly, child. Why does William not go straight home from the club? Does he go to West Kensington to see it?"
 "'Tain't a hit, it's an 'e. 'Course he do."
 "Then he should not. His wife has the first claim on him."
 "Ain't you green! It's his missis as wants him to go. Do you think she could sleep till she knowed how the kid was?"
 "But he does not go into the house at West Kensington?"
 "Is he soft? Course he don't go in, fear of taking the infection to the kid. They just holds the kid up at the window to him, so as he can have a good look. Then he comes home and tells his missis. He sits foot of the bed and tells."
 "And that takes place every night? He can't have much to tell."
 "He has just."
 "He can only say whether the child is well or ill."
 "My! He tells what a difference there is in the kid since he see'd him last."
 "There can be no difference!"
 "Go 'long! Ain't a kid always growing? Haven't Mr. Hicking to tell how the hair is getting darker, and heaps of things beside?"

"Such as what?"
 "Like whether he larfed, and if he has her nose, and how as he knowed him. He tells her them things more'n once."
 "And all this time he is sitting at the foot of the bed?"
 "'Cept when he holds her hand."
 "But when does he get to bed himself?"
 "He don't get much. He tells her as he has a sleep at the club."
 "He cannot say that."
 "Hain't I heard him? But he do go to his bed a bit, and then they both lies quiet, her pretending she is sleeping so as he can sleep, and him feared to sleep case he shouldn't wake up to give her the bottle stuff."
 "What does the doctor say about her?"
 "He's a good one, the doctor. Sometimes he says she would get better if she could see the kid through the window."
 "Nonsense!"
 "And if she was took to the country."
 "Then why does not William take her?"
 "My! you are green! And if she drank port wines."
 "Doesn't she?"
 "No, but William, he tells her about the gentlemen drinking them."

On the tenth day after my conversation with this unattractive child I was in my brougham, with the windows up, and I sat back, a paper before my face lest anyone should look in.

Naturally, I was afraid of being seen in company of William's wife and Jenny, for men about town are uncharitable, and, despite the explanation I had ready, might have charged me with pitying William. As a matter of fact, William was sending his wife into Surrey to stay with an old nurse of mine, and I was driving her down because my horses needed an outing. Besides, I was going that way, at any rate.

I had arranged that the girl Jenny, who was wearing an outrageous bonnet, should accompany us, because, knowing the greed of her class, I feared she might blackmail me at the club.

William joined us in the suburbs, bringing the baby with him, as I had foreseen they would all be occupied with it, and so save me the trouble of conversing with them. Mrs. Hicking I found too pale and fragile for a working-man's wife, and I formed a mean opinion of her intelligence from her pride in the baby, which was a very ordinary one. She created quite a vulgar scene when it was brought to her, though she had given me her word not to do so; what irritated me, even more than her tears, being her ill-bred apology that she "had been 'feard baby wouldn't know her again." I would have told her they didn't know anyone for years had I not been afraid of the girl Jenny, who dandled the infant on her knees and talked to it as if it understood. She kept me on tenterhooks by asking it offensive questions: such as, "Oo know who give me that bonnet?" and answering them herself, "It was the pretty gentleman there"; and several times I had to affect sleep because she announced, "Kiddy wants to kiss the pretty gentleman."

(Continued on page 36.)



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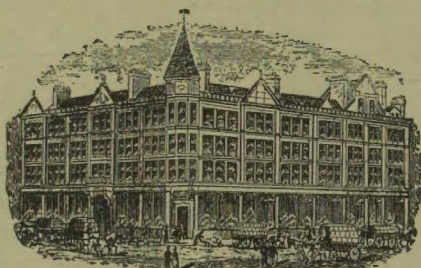
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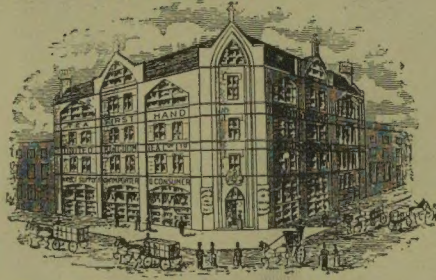
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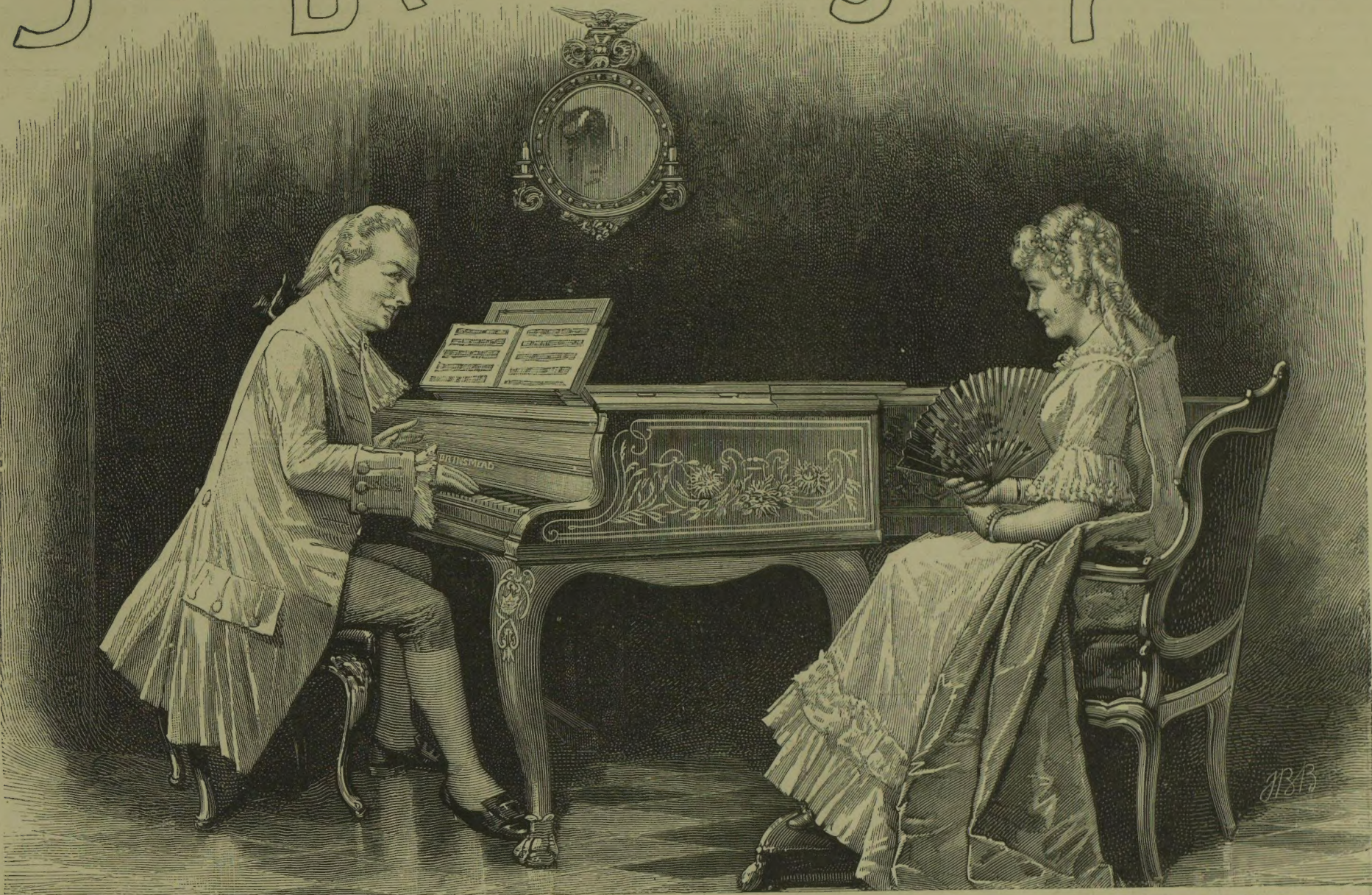
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Irk some as all this necessarily was to a man of taste, I suffered even more when we reached our destination. As we drove through the village the girl Jenny uttered shrieks of delight at the sight of flowers growing up the cottage walls, and declared they were "just like a music-hall without the drink license." As my horses required a rest, I was forced to abandon my intention of dropping these persons at their lodgings and returning to town at once, and I could not go to the inn lest I should meet inquisitive acquaintances. Disagreeable circumstances, therefore, compelled me to take tea with a waiter's family—close to a window, too, through which I could see the girl Jenny talking excitedly to villagers, and telling them, I felt certain, that I had been good to William. I had a desire to go out and put myself right with those people.

William's long connection with the club should have given him some manners, but apparently his class cannot take them on, for, though he knew I regarded his thanks as an insult, he looked them when he was not speaking them, and hardly had he sat down, by my orders, than he remembered that I was a member of the club, and jumped up. Nothing is in worse form than whispering, yet again and again, when he thought I was not listening, he whispered to Mrs. Hicking, "You don't feel faint?" or "How are you now?" He was also in extravagant glee because she ate two cakes (it takes so little to put these people in good spirits), and when she said she felt like another being already, the fellow's face charged me with the change. I could not but conclude, from the way Mrs. Hicking let the baby pound her, that she was stronger than she had pretended.

I remained longer than was necessary, because I had something to say to William which I knew he would misunderstand, and so I put off saying it. But when he announced that it was time for him to return to London, at which his wife suddenly paled, so that he had to sign to her not to break down, I delivered the message.

"William," I said, "the head waiter asked me to say that you could take a fortnight's holiday just now. Your wages will be paid as usual."

Confound them! William had me by the hand, and his wife was in tears before I could reach the door.

"It is your doing again, Sir!" William cried.

"William!" I said fiercely.

"We owe everything to you," he insisted. "The port wine."

"Because I had no room for it in my cellar."

"The money for the nurse in London!"

"Because I objected to being waited on by a man who got no sleep."

"These lodgings!"

"Because I wanted to do something for my old nurse."

"And now, Sir, a fortnight's holiday!"

"Good-bye, William!" I said in a fury.

But before I could get away, Mrs. Hicking signed to William to leave the room, and then she kissed my hand. She said something to me. It was about my wife. Somehow I—What business had William to tell her about my wife?

They are all back in Drury Lane now, and William tells me that his wife sings at her work just as she did eight years ago. I

have no interest in this, and try to check his talk of it; but such people have no sense of propriety, and he even speaks of the girl Jenny, who sent me lately a gaudy pair of worsted gloves worked by her own hand. The meanest advantage they took of my weakness, however, was in calling their baby after me. I have an uncomfortable suspicion, too, that William has given the other waiters his version of the affair, but I feel safe so long as it does not reach the committee.

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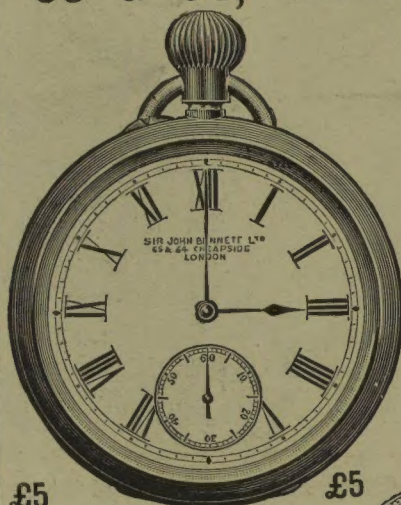
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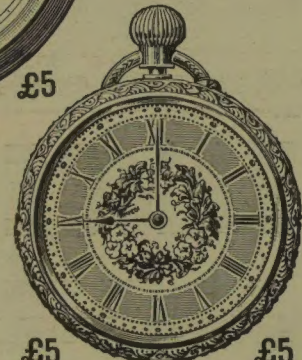
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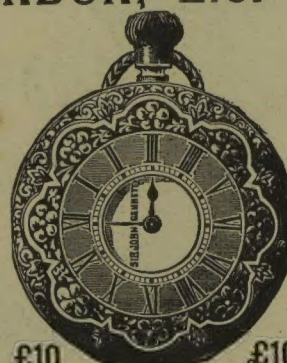
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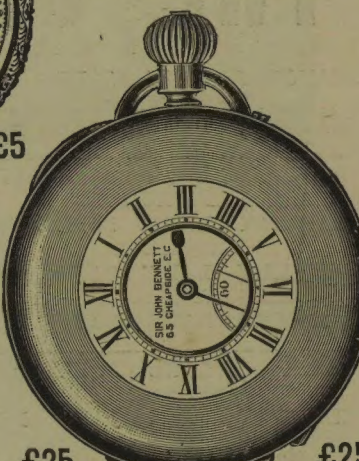
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